

1607/1788.
La Belle Assemblée. *M. W. K.*

Being a CURIOUS *Mary Burgh*

COLLECTION

Of some very

Remarkable Incidents

Which happen'd to PERSONS of the First

QUALITY in FRANCE.

INTERSPERS'D

With Entertaining and Improving
OBSERVATIONS made by
them on several *Passages in History*,
both Ancient and Modern.

*Written in French for the Entertainment of
the KING, and dedicated to him,*

By Madam DE GOMEZ.

V O L. III.

The Fourth Edition.

Adorn'd with COPPER-PLATES.

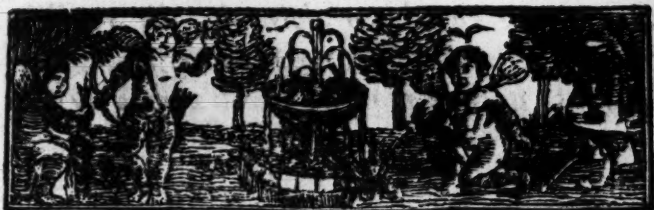
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P R E F A C E.

THE extraordinary Approbation the two former Volumes of this Work have met with from all Persons of Polite Taste, both in France and England, is a sufficient Testimony of their Excellency: but because the whole Matter seem'd to be concluded in the last, and some Persons from thence may infer this to be a spurious Addition; we think it necessary to inform the Publick, that it was at the Request of several of the first Nobility of France that the Author was prevail'd on to make a Continuation. Whoever examines and compares the one with the other, will easily perceive they were wrote by the same Hand: that Purity of Language; that Spirit and Delicacy of Sentiment; that Exactness of Chronology, and Geography, which is to be found in all the Lady's Quotations from History, and Descriptions of Places, could be imitated by

very few, if any of that Sex; nor would one of the other, capable of doing it, be readily persuaded to lose the Glory of so many fine Qualifications as are requisite to furnish a Work such as this.

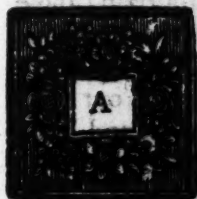
WE are well informed the Lady will oblige the World with a fourth Volume, and no more; which, as soon as it appears, we shall take care to render into English with the same fidelity and exactness as we have hitherto done, and believe our selves altogether out of danger, that the Reader will complain, as it frequently happens to other Authors, that this will be too Voluminous to be Agreeable.





La Belle Assemblée :

V O L. III.



AS the agreeable Season of the Year was but just began, when *Urania* quited her amiable Retreat to be present at the Nuptials of *Camilla* and *Florinda*, with *Alphonso* and *Erasmus* ; she had no sooner satisfied the Demands of Friendship, than she proposed to *Thelamont* returning into the Country. This tender Husband, who, the longer he was so, became more and more the Lover, never thought himself so happy as when free from those Interruptions, which the hurry of all great Cities continually give to the soft and more truly pleasing Ideas of the Soul, consented with pleasure ; and in about eight Days after the two beautiful Cousins had submitted to the Laws of *Hymen*, went with *Urania* to take leave of them.

OROPHANES and *Felicia* could not resolve to separate themselves from Persons they loved with so much Affection,

Affection, and having agreed to be of the Party in this Retirement, accompanied *Thelamont* and *Urania* in the Visit to *Camilla* and *Florinda*; but the Design of it was no sooner known, than the former of these amiable Ladies cry'd out with her ordinary Gaiety, How, beautiful *Urania*! do you pretend to go without us? No *Thelamont*, no *Orophanes*, continued she, with the same Tone; it shall not be said, that our Husbands have less Tenderneſs than yourselves, or that they prize Liberty beyond the Conſervation of thoſe they are bound to love; and I am much miſtaken if *Florinda*, *Alphonſo*, and *Erasmus* will ſuffer ſuch an Affront.

DOUBT it not, ſaid *Erasmus*, charming *Camilla*; *Florinda* and myſelf will follow *Urania* and *Thelamont*, where-ever they are pleas'd to lead. *Alphonſo*, having join'd in this Assurance, the Tenderneſs of theſe eight Friends ſeem'd to be renew'd with added Vigour: nor indeed could it be otherwiſe, between Perſons of ſo exact a Conformity of Diſpoſition, and who in every Action had Virtue and Good-Nature for their Guides.

THE next Morning being agreed on for their Departure, the reſt of the Day was paſt in apprizing thoſe of it, whoſe Company would be agreeable to them in the Retirement they were going to; and every thing happening according to their Deſire, they ſet out with a pleaſure which ſhewed itſelf in every Look and Motion. In this happy turn of Temper did they arrive at *Urania's*, where following the agreeable Law they had impoſed on themſelves, they had no ſooner dined than they withdrew to the Cabinet of Books to paſs the Heat of the Day.

THIS is the only Place, ſaid *Camilla*, as ſhe was entering, in which I imagine myſelf to have Wit, even tho' I ſhould be conſtrain'd to keep ſilence. You have too much, reply'd *Urania*, not to know you have it every where; but my dear *Camilla*, if this Place gives you any Advantage, it is becauſe you are at full Liberty among thoſe whom you love, and by whom you are perfectly beloved. It muſt be confeſs'd, ſaid *Al-*

phonſo,



phonso, that if such a Situation does not inspire Wit, or at least greatly add to it, a Person will never be in a Condition to receive it. Nothing being able to afford such happy Improvements, as a perfect Union with those in Company with us; without it, all is Discord and Confusion, we fall into unavailing Disputes, Heart-burnings, and the little good Understanding we have, is lost in the Hurry of tumultuous Passion. This is a Proof, interrupted *Erasmus*, and an undeniable one too, that Concord is absolutely necessary in all Things; no Society, no Body, no State can long maintain itself without a perfect Intelligence.

WHAT you say, is so true, added *Thelamont*, that *Plutarch* tells us, it was not the Strength of the Walls that render'd *Sparta* so impregnable, but the Union of its Inhabitants. Nor did *Lycurgus* recommend any Thing so strongly to the *Lacedemonians*, as to be in Concord with one another; which Advice they so strictly observ'd for some Time, that the whole City seem'd but as one Family.

WHILE the *Greeks* were united, said *Orophanes*, they were not capable of being shaken by the formidable Power of the *Persians*; but a Misunderstanding no sooner appeared among them, than they became a Prey, Private Animosity seldom fails to bring on publick Ruin. Party-Jars ferment the Mind, and put out the light of Reason, they make the best Advice appear ill, and the justest Measures are often the least followed. Concord, on the contrary, renders all Things agreeable, we seek rather to improve, than lessen the Value of any useful hint, a judicious Sentiment gives Birth to another, yet more just; and tho' there may be Difference in Opinions, yet where a mutual Good-Will subsists, they are easily reconciled. For this Reason, the beautiful *Camilla* meant more than a meer Compliment, in saying, she believ'd herself to have more Wit here than in any other Place: that perfect and disinterested Union among us gives each a thousand Occasions of discovering and enlivening the Genius. One agreeable Expression demands another. A Question full of Vivacity

ty gives Opportunity for an Answer, if possible, more entertaining ; and our reciprocal Esteem making us listen to each other with a pleas'd Attention, nothing is lost, nothing escapes us, and we may be said to give and receive alternately whatever Nature or Education has render'd us possess'd of ; so that in effect this Company may be said to be actuated by one Soul speaking thro' different Mouths.

WELL, said *Felicia* smiling, *Camilla* has given us too much, not to oblige us all to own the Justice of what you have alledged ; and I dare answer, that there is not a Person here who is not of your Mind. Most certainly, reply'd *Florinda* ; and we have also too much experienc'd the Advantages of a happy Union among us, not to be unanimous in our Agreement in this Point. But, continued she, since our Conversation has naturally fallen on this Head, I could wish to be better instructed in the Cause which gave Birth to that implacable and lasting Animosity between the *Guelphs* and *Gibellines* ; all that I have read concerning that Affair, being capable of giving me but a faint Sight into the Truth : and tho' by this Question I make known my Ignorance, I chuse rather to do so than remain any longer in it.

THERE is as much Wisdom, said *Thelamont*, in the Desire of being instructed, as there is in Knowledge itself : because such a Desire is the Source of knowledge, and without it, we could never attain the other. Thus, lovely *Florinda*, you but render yourself more estimable, and for your Satisfaction I will explain the true Original of the Quarrel between the *Guelphs* and *Gibellines* ; of which, I assure you, some who pretend to treat of it, are entirely ignorant.

KNOW then, pursued he, perceiving the whole Company attentive, what gave rise to those unhappy Feuds, was the Divisions in *Italy*, between the Popes and the Emperors of *Germany*. After the Death of *Conrade*, the third of that Name, which happened in the Year 1152, all the Cities of *Italy* refused Obedience to his Successor *Frederick* the 1st, Chief of the illustrious
House

House of *Suabia*, whom the *Italians* furnamed *Barbarossa*. This Prince, irritated by the Obstacles he met with, march'd with a powerful Army into that Country, and putting himself at the head of them, ravaged the most beautiful Provinces of *Italy*, and besieged the City of *Milan*, which in a short Time he took by Assault.

HIS Hatred and Resentment carried him so far on this Occasion, that he put to the Sword all the Inhabitants, without Distinction of Age or Sex, plunder'd the City, and afterwards commanded it to be burnt to the Ground, being deaf to all Regard for the holy Saints with the Reliques of which it abounded, or the famous Antiquities which testified the Magnificence of the ancient Emperors, and the *Roman* Grandeur. Not content with this Desolation, he demolish'd all that had escaped the Flames, or Fury of the Soldiers, and order'd great Quantities of Salt to be sown in this unfortunate Earth, therewith to condemn it to an eternal Sterility.

THIS Excess of Cruelty alienated the Hearts of all *Italy*, they gave him many Battles, in every one of which he was successful, and bloody in his Conquest; but his Son *Otho* being taken Prisoner by the *Venetians*, he was constrain'd to make Peace with Pope *Alexander* the Third. However, the Dissatisfaction which had caus'd these Misfortunes, reviv'd in the Reign of *Henry* the Sixth, his Son and Successor; but grew to a greater Height under the Reign of *Frederick*, the second Son of *Henry*. This young Prince, too much elevated by the Glory he had acquired in the Holy Land, where he had obtain'd many signal Victories over the *Saracens*, was resolv'd to reduce all *Italy* to his Subjection: and to that end led a great Army thither, which ravag'd all those beautiful Countries which lie between the *Po* and the Mountains of *Tirol*. The Pope justly alarm'd, offer'd to make Peace on honourable Terms; but he refused to listen to any proposal on that score, and the other publish'd an Anathema against him. After this, the greatest Part of the *Italians* forbore any farther

ther Communication with this Prince, and looking on him as forsaken of Heaven, and no longer a Son of the Church, made use of their utmost Efforts to drive him entirely out of that Country ; and this it was that occasion'd those terrible Factions which so long disturbed all *Italy*.

THE great Men forming themselves in two Parties, the one declaring for the Pope, under the Name of *Guelphs*, the other for the Emperor, under that of *Gibellines*, was an exhaustless source of Quarrels and Diffensions. Whoever enter'd himself into either of these Factions, was immediately so much agitated by Rage and Hate against his opposite, that he scrupled not to commit the most enormous Crimes for the Gratification of these two Passions : Cities, Towns, Villages, felt the smart of Civil Broils ; Persons of all Degrees reveng'd their particular Quarrels, under the pretence of doing publick Good ; the Love of their Country was in their mouths, but the Destruction of their Fellow-Creatures at their Hearts. The Robber, the Incendiary, the Murtherer, had now full Employment ; all manner of Outrages were committed without fear of Laws, either Human or Divine, and Force and Power had now the place of Justice.

HOWEVER, the Excommunication thunder'd out against *Frederick*, made such an Impression on the Minds, as well of the *Germans* as *Italians*, that when the Pope had deposed this Prince in the Council of *Lyons*, some Princes of *Germany* assembled themselves together, and elected in his room *Henry* Landgrave of *Thuringia* ; but he dying the Year of his Election, the same Princes called *William* Earl of *Holland* to the Empire, with whom *Conrade*, Son of *Frederick*, disputed it vigorously. After many Battles, in which these Princes had different Success, *Conrade* quitted *Germany*, and retired to his Hereditary Kingdoms of *Naples* and *Sicily*, where he died in the Year 1254, and his Antagonist *William* Earl of *Holland* losing his Life also soon after in a Battle with the *Grisons*, the Power of the Emperors was very near destroy'd in *Italy*. The Party of the
the

the *Guelphs* being now much superior to that of the *Gibellines*, contributed to the Distraction of the Princes in chusing an Emperor. Cruel and unhappy Divisions! which one cannot think on but as a just Judgment of Heaven on 'em, for the Mischiefs they had occasioned by persecuting the Heads of the Church.

THIS Reflection is very just said *Urania*, perceiving *Thelamont* had given over speaking: for tho' these Wars were look'd on but as Temporal ones, they could not be made without attacking the Spiritual Power; and I find, that *Frederick Barbarossa* having been guilty of a direct Offence to the Divine Being by his excessive Cruelty, and *Frederick the II*d by his injustice in refusing to accept an advantageous Peace, offer'd him with no other View than to put an end to those Civil Commotions which the War in a manner protected, drew down on themselves, their Adherents, and even Successors, the Miseries in which they were involv'd.

NOTHING can be more true, repl'd *Alphonso*, than that the Opposition the Princes of *Germany* met with in their choice of an Emperor, threw that vast Country into infinite Troubles and Misfortunes: what served to add to 'em also was, that the Pope, to take from the House of *Suabia* all Power, gave to *Charles*, Duke of *Anjou*, the Kingdom of *Naples*, into which he marched at the head of a formidable Army. *Conradin* the Son of *Conrade* came toward him, no less prepared for Battle; his Troops consisted chiefly of *Germans* and some few *Neapolitans*, who still remain'd faithful. A very terrible Fight ensued, in which the Army of *Conradin* was routed, and himself taken Prisoner, and *Charles*, resolv'd to exterminate all the Race of this noble Family, he being the only surviving Heir, order'd his Head to be struck off, which was accordingly executed.

WHILE these Troubles were without intermission in *Germany*, the Princes, however, thought of nothing so much as chusing an Emperor; and being still divided in their Opinions, the one Party elected

Richard Duke of Cornwall, the Son of *John King of England* ; and the other made choice of *Alphonso*, the tenth of that Name, King of *Castile*, in the Year 1257. But neither of these Princes making the least Effort to render himself Master of *Germany*, an Anarchy ensued; which made this State fall into the utmost Disorder and Desolation; the Great Ones taking no care of any thing but to form Parties, rendred almost every thing the prey of Violence. One distinguished not the Sovereign from the Subject; the three principal Families, the *Swabian*, the *Austrian*, and that of the Landgrave of *Thuringia*, being extinct; every one seemed to vie for Superiority, and to render himself Master of these noble Inheritances, without the least appearance of Right: Force therefore was the only Arbitrator, and none submitted without Compulsion. As these Princes stood in need of Soldiers to support their Cause, all that were so, were admitted to be of their Party, and had free Leave to act in what licentious manner they pleas'd. Hence followed, as it necessarily must, all kind of Outrages; nor could the League, which the Cities on the *Rhine* had made, put any stop to 'em, because the Soldiers, by them disbanded, were entertain'd by the Princes, and canton'd out in Parties, to which the whole Country was obliged to contribute.

BUT at last, the supreme Disposer of all things had pity on this unhappy People, and inspired some Princes to join with the Cities which were in league: They assembled together, drove the Robbers from the strong places which had served them as a Retreat, and made them undergo the punishment due to their Crimes; and having cleared the Country of these inferior Disturbers of its peace, in spite of the Divisions which still reigned among the Great; *Rodolphus*, Count of *Hapsbourg*, was elected Emperor in 1273, from whom is descended the present Emperor. He had the Blessing to spread an universal Calm throughout all the Territories which own'd his Power; to make his Subjects due Observers of the Laws; and in fine, to settle every thing in the manner it ought to be.

ONE can never too much admire this wise Prince, said *Erasmus*, who without doing injury to any of those over whom he had power, knew so well how to profit by the imperial Dignity, as to render his House the most powerful in all *Germany*; for *Ottocare*, King of *Bohemia*, after the death of *Frederick*, Marquess of *Austria*, who had the same Fate as *Conradin* at *Naples*, having possess'd himself of *Austria*, *Carinthia*, *Carniola*, the Country of *Vindisfmark*, and of *Portnaon*, lost them all to the superior Force of *Rodolphus*, who invested the Title of them in his Son *Albert*; and gave to his Second Son *Rodolphus*, the Dutchy of *Suabia*. So true it is, that there requires only Occasions to make us know great Men, and those who are worthy of commanding others.

THIS Prince, added *Thelamont*, being so wise and politick, after having assured the Glory of his House, as *Erasmus* has related, was very much press'd by the Princes to carry the War into *Italy*, in order to recover the Rights of the Empire; but he reply'd, that he knew the Justice of his Cause, but he had much to apprehend from the Steps of his Predecessors. He let them see, however, that he knew how to proceed by Means less violent; and that he was not ignorant of his Power nor Right, he sent Agents secretly to the principal Cities of *Italy*; who propos'd to 'em an entire Liberty, on condition they would pay him a considerable Sum of Money. They negotiated this Affair so well, that all was regulated; the Imperial Patents sent, and received; the ready Money paid, and transported into *Germany*, before the Pope was informed of it. They murmured at *Rome*; but the Thing being done, and no possibility of a Remedy, they were constrained to silence: And the Emperor *Rodolphus*, without spilling Blood, filled his Coffers, and gave Marks of his Authority and Imperial Power, in a Country where they were thought to be extirpated.

ANOTHER Proof, added *Urania*, of the Sagacity of this Prince, was, that after having confirm'd his Power in *Germany*, and rooted out those Robbers

who had been the public Pest, he caused an Edict to be publish'd, by which he ordain'd, that all the public or private Acts, and Judgments, should be written in the *German* Tongue, which till then had been done in *Latin*: And by that means, he not only refined the Language, but also disposed the Hearts of the People to a joint concurrence for the good of the Empire. After having accomplish'd all these great things, he died in the Year 1291.

INDEED, said *Florinda*, I am glad my Curiosity has furnish'd an occasion for the relating of a History no less agreeable than instructive. But, I believe, continued she, it is now near the Hour allotted for walking; and a Place so perfectly pleasant as that we are going to, cannot but afford a great variety of new Subjects for our Entertainment.

ALL the Company applauded this Proposal, they adjourn'd to the Terrass which over-look'd the Water; where having taken several Turns, sometimes severally, and sometimes together, they re-united, and seated themselves on the fine green Banks with which it was ornamented: and the Conversation becoming general, each mentioning something that had been formerly an Amusement in the Cabinet of Books, *Felicia* happen'd to fall on a Treatise of the Passions; on which *Camilla* said, For my part, I think, of all the Passions, Rage and Revenge are the most dangerous, because of the cruel Effects they produce.

AH! my dear *Camilla*, cried *Florinda*, forbear to do so much honour to Passions, which it wou'd be a shame even to think on without detestation, as to speak of 'em in a Company such as this. We must not altogether condemn *Camilla*, interrupted *Felicia*; Custom authorizes what she was about to say. But, in effect, there are so many Passions in the Soul, and those so mingled, that to me it seems very difficult to distinguish them. Besides, every Emotion of the Mind bears the Name of Passion; Love, Hate, Ambition, Revenge, Anger, Pity, Grief, Joy, Voluptuousness, an eagerness of Play, of Wine, of the Chace, and a thousand

stand others which occur not to my remembrance, bear all the Name of Passion; and I cannot conceive how the Soul, which doubtless is pure in itself, can give room to Sentiments so much the reverse; and suffer all its brightness to be tarnish'd by an inordinate desire of any thing.

THIS is a Subject worthy of *Thelamont*, said *Orophanes*; and as his fine Reasoning alone can draw *Felicia* out of the uncertainty she is in, so I dare promise her, his Good-nature will prevail on him to do it. I assure you, answer'd he, you have promis'd more in my Name, than, I fear, I shall be able to make good. To make a just Dissertation on the Passions, requires not only more Eloquence, but also more Knowledge, than I can boast my self Master of.

NO, no, reply'd *Urania* hastily, affect not an unseasonable Modesty: We very well know of what you are capable: and as we are not in an Academy, where there is a necessity of illustrating Argument with florid Phrases, and hard Words, which the very Speakers sometimes would be at a loss to explain the Meaning of, 'twill be easy for you to let us know what you think, and will content us better.

SINCE you, my dear *Urania*, resum'd *Thelamont*, make your self of the Party who injoin this Task, 'tis impossible for me to refuse undertaking it. To satisfy you then, without entring into the detail of the irascible, the sensitive, and the rest of those learned Expressions which would rather serve to puzzle, than obviate my Discourse, and my Thoughts; I shall tell you, that I give the Name of Passion only to those things which are capable of being regulated by Reason, but cannot be destroyed by it; because they being born with us, are absolutely necessary for our perfection.

ON this Principle, I admit no more than three Passions, which are Love, Hate, and Ambition; they are Movements attach'd to the Soul, to render a Man capable of loving what is good, hating what is evil, and of seeking the Means to acquire Glory by his Virtues. These three Passions are three Emanations from the Di-

vine Essence to the Creature ; and by which we are taught to know, to love, and to render our selves worthy the Protection of our Almighty Maker. All Men are born with them, and it is impossible to extinguish them ; but reason, which is one of the most beautiful parts of the Soul, conducts and sets 'em bounds, that they may not turn into Vices.

NOTWITHSTANDING, said *Camilla*, this Reason, which you term the most beautiful part of the Soul, is also common to all Men ; yet every one knows not how to regulate his Love, his Hate, or his Ambition.

IT is true, reply'd *Thelamont* ; but tho' we all partake of Reason, the difference of Humours, of Tempers, of Constitutions, of Times, Places, Occasions, and Education, oblige us to act different from one another, and frequently from our selves too in other junctures. But this does not take away the power Reason has over the Passions, nor the certainty of our being possess'd of the three I have mention'd.

IN Infancy we are possess'd of 'em in the same degree as in Maturity ; we love, we hate, and have an ambition for things agreeable to our age ; Years do not at all augment 'em ; they are only more discoverable, as well as Reason ; for every one is born also with the same share of Reason which is destin'd for his whole Life : Age and Education serve indeed to render it more conspicuous ; but the three Passions I speak of, stand in need of nothing to make themselves be known. It is natural for us to love Good, to hate Evil, and to desire Perfection ; and this Desire is no other than Ambition.

ANGER, Revenge, Fear, Grief, Jealousy, and Pity, are not properly called Passions, but Diseases of the Soul ; which are merely accidental, and must have some Object to excite them : For if they were natural, like the three I mention'd, the Soul would be in an eternal agitation and contention within itself. We should never be without Anger, without Revenge, without Fear, without Grief, and without Pity ; and the violence of these

these different Emotions would not suffer us to enjoy one Moment's Calm : The Disorder of the Mind would so far influence the Body, that we should fall into the most terrible Diseases ; and, in fine, Life itself must in a short time yield.

LOVE, Hate, and Ambition, are so natural, and so much a part of the Soul, that it wou'd cease to be a Soul, if any one of these three Passions could cease to actuate it ; and as it is natural, it is pleasant : What a delight to love what is worthy to be loved ! What a satisfaction in an aversion to the contrary ? And how charming is the hope that flatters our Ambition, that we shall one day be able to attain what we desire ? From these Passions arise a sweet composure of Mind, which renders it happy in itself, and almost unconcern'd with any exterior Transaction.

REASON has no more to do with these three Passions, than to regulate, conduct, and set Bounds to them. But it is not so with those other Movements which are vulgarly call'd Passions ; Anger and Revenge, when once enter'd, are very powerful ; and he must exert his whole Force in the Combat with them, or be overthrown. Grief, Jealousy, and Pity, also have their turns to reign ; it is his Business to drive out the Usurpers, and as it is impossible for them to unite, the Work is the more easily compleated. Besides, as these must have some Incident to excite them, whenever that is past over, the Emotion ceases of course ; which, I think, is a very plain proof that they are not natural, nor born with us.

WE cannot, unprovoked, be angry, nor study Revenge where there is no Offence : Some Misfortune must arrive before we can know Grief ; we must behold our likeness in Misery, before we are sensible of Pity : but Anger vanishes at the approach of any pleasing Entertainment ; we think no more of Revenge, when the Person who has injur'd demands Forgiveness. Joy for some good Event obliterates our Grief for the past Ill, and when the Person whose Affliction touched us, is relieved from 'em, Pity is no more.

THIS is entirely different from the Effects, of that Love, that Hate, and that Ambition, which are born with us ; they have no occasion for Objects to *excite*, or to *maintain* them. We love Good without Object, we hate Evil without Object, and without Object are ambitious of knowing both the one and the other. We wait not to be loved before we love, nor to be hated before we hate, nor till we're offer'd to desire. But it is not so with Anger, Revenge, Fear, Grief, or Pity ; we are, as it were, constrain'd by their Emotions ; and when deliver'd from them, we breathe as tho' fatigu'd with their Force, the Soul is glad to take rest. Whereas Love, Hate, and Ambition, gave us a continual Employment ; but so agreeable, so satisfactory a one, that we can never tire. And how can it be otherwise, since these Passions, while in free and uncontroll'd Operation, disengage us from all the Frailties and Troubles of Humanity, and turn our regard wholly on him who has created us ; our Love is acts of Adoration, our Hate a detestation of what he has forbid, and our Ambition a desire of being united to him.

THIS Definition, said *Camilla*, has a great deal of Force : But in what Rank then will you put those other Agitations which are commonly called Passions ?

THAT Title, lovely *Camilla*, resumed *Thelamont*, is given to 'em only by the vanity of Mankind ; who, because by the word Passion is understood something almost irresistible, aims at the Glory of having it in his power to subdue it. To overcome the Passions, seems a Conquest worthy of us ; and 'tis rather to gratify our Pride, than true Wisdom, that we make Passions of what are in reality only simple Amusements, to the end our pretended Victory over them may appear greater.

NOTWITHSTANDING, said *Alphonso*, the common Opinion is, that we are born with Inclinations to Evil more than Good ; yet if it be so there is certainly a very great glory in vanquishing such a propensity.

BUT

BUT methinks, reply'd *Erasmus*, this Opinion is evidently erroneous; for if it were true, that the great Creator had given us a stronger tendency to evil, his Divine Justice wou'd lay him under a necessity of pardoning all the Vices it wou'd influence us to commit.

NO, resum'd *Thelamont*, we are undoubtedly born only for Good; and the Author of Nature has given us the knowledge of Evil for no other purpose, than that we may avoid it. And as our Soul cannot be sensible of the one, nor the other, without Love, Hate, and Ambition, he gave us these three Passions in order for our perfection; but foreknowing the weakness to which Humanity would be liable, added Reason for a Guide, lest these Passions, by being misapplied, should turn to Vices.

IN regard to Play, it is no more than an Amusement, not faulty in itself, but as the Will of Man has made it. An immoderate love of it perverts the passion of Love, given as a Vertue, into a Vice; and the Avarice, which for the most part is attach'd to it, renders it still more pernicious. The Plays of the Ancients were no more than a relaxation from Business or Study, to prevent the Mind from being too much fatigu'd, and that it might return to its useful Occupations with more Vigour. They had nothing in them sordid, or mercenary; Honour and Glory were the only Aim; and to excel in wit, address, or agility of Body, was the Emulation of those who play'd. The modern Plays, with Cards and Dice, are founded on Covetousness; and the end of them is loss of Time, Money, and Reputation, without any one Advantage to compensate for such Misfortunes.

VOLUPTUOUSNESS is also far unworthy the Name of a Passion: It is produced by a too nice delicacy of Taste and Inclination. Yet there is a Desire of the Pleasures of this World, which is not to be condemned; and that is, such as pursues them not to excess, and enjoys them with Moderation. Tranquillity, Cheerfulness, and Purity of Manners, are the Companions of this Propensity, and one cannot be without it, and
be

be entirely free from a certain Austerity which is irksome to Society, and disagreeable to ourselves ; nor does this consist in Tables loaded with Provisions, or in the variety of Beauties we may indulge it, even in the most frugal Repast, and with the Woman, who to all Eyes but our own, is the least lovely. This is owing to Content, which gives us a relish to the meanest Pleasure ; but a continual Pursuit and Eagerness after new Enjoyments, is no other than Debauchery, and the Inclination at length becomes too much vitiated to taste any thing with Satisfaction.

AS for the Chace, it is neither a Passion nor a Vice ; 'tis an Exercise innocent and noble ; it gives us martial Sentiments and an Activity of Body ; it enures us to Fatigue, renders us more able to undergo it when required But as excess in all things is condemnable ; this ought not to be without bounds, nor take up too much of our Time or Attention.

BUT to conclude ; these are neither Vices, Virtues, nor Passions, in themselves, but Amusements which succeed each other, and are alternately their own Destruction ; whereas the three Passions, Love, Hate, and Ambition, begin with our Lives, and continue in old Age, in Sickness, in Impotence, in all Misfortunes, and in all Events, nor cease their Operation till we cease to be.

THELAMONT had no sooner given over speaking, than this agreeable Company seem'd to vie with each other, who should most applaud what he had said. But *Urania*, who knew the Trouble these Praises would give his Modesty, put a stop to 'em by these Words : It must be confess'd, said she, that what we have heard, has the utmost Claim to our Admiration ; but as all Demonstrations of it, rob us of the Time might be spent in farther Improvement, let us content ourselves with telling him, we had been very unhappy not to have been instructed in his Sentiments on the Passions.

I am not so complaisant as you, reply'd *Camilla*, with the most charming Sprightliness ; and tho' it should

should be the utmost Constraint on the Modesty of *Thelamont*, I cannot forbear testifying some part of the Effect his incomparable Discourse has had on me ; and in indulging it, I show myself not incapable of that laudable Voluptuousness he has just now so finely pictured out.

THE whole Company found something so pleasant in this Expression, that it furnish'd them an agreeable Entertainment for some Minutes. *Alphonso*, who loved her with the most perfect Ardor, took this Occasion to ask her, if she had never experienc'd that innocent Emotion before ? Yes, answer'd she, looking on him with Eyes full of Softness, I have known it, tho' ignorant of its Name or Definition ; but I am now sensible, that it is the same with that sweet Satisfaction I feel in loving and being beloved. How much I am pleased, said *Urania*, to see *Camilla* and *Florinda* in the state I have long wish'd them ! I read in the Eyes of *Erasmus*, what passes in his Heart ; they tell me he would say to his charming Spouse, all that those of *Alphonso* declare to his.

AS the Mouths of *Erasmus* and *Alphonso* were opening to make an Answer to *Urania* suitable to the Occasion, the sudden Appearance of *Hortensia* and *Melantus*, at the other End of the Terrass, put a stop to the Conversation ; every Body rising to meet these agreeable Visitors, as they came hastily towards them.

THEY were no sooner join'd, and the first Civilities over, than, said *Hortensia*, addressing herself to *Urania*, we heard of your Arrival this Morning ; and as we are at the Castle of *Celemena* for some time, would not omit a Day to congratulate your return, and take part of your instructive Entertainments. *Thelamont* and *Urania*, who had a peculiar regard for this amiable Couple, thank'd them with a Tenderness which was easily distinguish'd from that which mere good Manners occasions. Then returning to the Bank, they all took their places, and the Conversation began on the Happiness of *Florinda* and *Camilla*, and the Obligation they had conferr'd on this agreeable Society, by adding to it two such worthy Members as *Alphonso* and *Erasmus*. Afterwards, the
House

House of *Urania*, said *Melantus*, seems to me to be the Receptacle of faithful Lovers ; 'tis the Temple of Union and Concord, and she herself the Goddess of it.

THE Fiction is full of Gallantry, said *Felicia*, but it is true ; and if *Urania* would oblige the Company with an Ode, she sent some small time before her Marriage with *Thelamont* to one of her Friends, she would easily prove how just *Melantus* has been in this regard.

My dear *Felicia*, reply'd *Urania* smiling, I ought to blame your Indiscretion in mentioning a Trifle such as that. No matter, interrupted *Orophanes*, you ought to obey the Law, which is observ'd here, and give us Encouragement to conceal nothing of the Productions of our Wit, or the Effects of our Memory. It would be as unjust, added *Thelamont*, not to lay before this Company all that our Genius can enable us to perform, as it would be unsincere to have any Reserve to those, to whom we are so tenderly attach'd. I yield, reply'd *Urania*, and I expect, by my exposing this little sally of a Muse perfectly artless, to prove I am altogether free from the Reproaches you throw on me. After these Words, she fell into a little pause, as if to recollect what she was about to repeat, and then began in this manner.

PERFECT

PERFECT LOVE.

A N

IRREGULAR ODE.

TO CELEMENA.

I.

WHY, my too curious Friend! dost thou request
 The only Secret of Urania's Breast?
 That Secret! I've so long with care conceal'd,
 From every busy prying Guest,
 Oh! why dost thou insist should be reveal'd.

II.

Yet nothing, surely, ought to be unknown
 To Celemena of Urania's Soul;
 Then, Muse! to Celemena own
 How sweet my Chains! how grateful their Controul!
 Blend thy best Colours, use thy utmost Art,
 To paint a Flame, without compare,
 Than Friendship stronger far,
 Than Love more soft, more lasting, and more dear:
 The Energy of both united in my Heart.

III.

My Passion glides with such a constant Stream,
 Such soft Desires inspire my Virgin Youth,
 Phoebus ten times his annual Course has run,
 Ten chilly Winters have I seen,
 As many grateful Springs are usher'd in,
 And all have come, and past and gone,
 Yet left my Love the same:
 Kindled by Merit, and confirm'd by Truth.

Time

IV.

*Time, fell Destroyer of all Mortal Things,
 To such a Flame no Alteration brings :
 His Iron Fingers may perhaps invade
 My Blooming Mein ; and I may fade,
 My Eyes to sparkle cease ;
 Frail Gifts of Nature ! only form'd to please
 The giddy Vain, attach'd to shew !
 My Charms shall all consist in being true :
 My Constancy Time's envious Pow'r defy,
 Tho' lost my Bloom, tho' dull my Eye.*

V.

*Those wavering Fires, which have usurp'd Love's Name,
 Serve only to debase its Fame,
 Sick'ning, are gone at every little Blast ;
 True Love's immutable, and will for ever last.
 Such is my Passion, such Urania's Fire,
 And such alone can Thelamont inspire.*

I wonder not, said *Felicia*, when *Urania* had finish'd, at the zeal he express'd for us to hear this Ode, he had certainly a sort of Foreknowledge of the Interest he had in it ; and I believe it would be impossible even for himself to describe Constancy and perfect Love in a more agreeable and touching manner.

OUR Thanks, my dear *Felicia*, reply'd *Hortensia*, are greatly owing to you, for procuring us this delightful Entertainment : But the silence of *Thelamont* surprises me ; for, methinks, he ought not to be less sensible than we are. Look on him, cried *Camilla*, and you will have nothing wherewith to reproach him. And indeed this tender Husband felt so perfect a Satisfaction at this proof he receiv'd of the Affection of his beautiful Wife, that he put a more than ordinary constraint on himself, not to give way to his Transports.

The

The Company perceiv'd it, and would not add to his Confusion by Raillery, which emboldening him a little, he took the Hand of *Urania*, and kissing it with the utmost Ardor; I am too sensible, said he, of the Friendship of all here, not to believe they will pardon so reasonable a Rapture, as that with which my Heart abounds this happy instant. Suffer me, therefore, my ever to be admired *Urania*, to assure you in the presence of this Company, that my Love and my Fidelity is equal to your Tendernefs and Constancy; and tho' you express it with more Graces than I can do, yet I feel it in no less perfection than yourself.

URANIA, who expected not this Action from *Thelamont*, had her Face immediately cover'd with a Scarlet Blush; but reflecting that she was in the Company only of Persons who were married, and who were themselves too sensible of the tender Passion, to ridicule the proofs of it in another, she began to be a little more assured; on looking on *Thelamont* with a Tendernefs which merited all the Testimonies he had given her of his, and then on the Company, who all this time were in a profound Silence, You see, said she, to what your Curiosity has expos'd us: Had it not been for this Ode, we had been engaged in some enlivening Conversation; whereas now we all seem to retire into ourselves, which I am sure is more opposite to the Law here instituted, than any thing I have been guilty of.

IF we have for some Moments, Madam, said *Melantus*, ceased to speak, it does not however denote any one of us has been absent from the Company; and I dare answer, that every Mind here has agreed in the same Sentiment.

FOR me, added *Alphonso*, the quality of Husband will never make me relinquish that of Lover; and I cannot comprehend how any one can deprive *Hymen* of the only thing can render him ageeable.

I am of your Opinion, added *Erasmus*; every Day brings with it an encrease of my affection for my *Florinda*, and I am also so happy to be descended of a Race, who the longer they were married, felt the more pleasure in being so.

'TIS

'TIS this Conformity of Sentiment, replied *Thelamont*, which made me take the Liberty I just now did ; for I confess to you, it would have been a very great mortification to me not to have declared to *Urania*, in that moment what she had inspired me with.

IT must be acknowledged, said *Felicia*, that we are all happy in being united to Persons from whom we can have no wish to change. You have answer'd well, replied *Orophanes* ; and as none can know me without knowing I have the utmost Interest in this pleasing Reflection, I give you my sincere Thanks. *Felicia* was about to speak something on the same Head, when *Florinda* prevented her in this manner, In what part of the World, said that amiable Lady, could we find that happiness we enjoy ? In *Spain* and *Italy* they are such Slaves to Jealousy, that they permit not the least Liberty to their Wives, and they live with them, more like a Captive than a Companion and Friend ; they are kept in an entire Ignorance of all the Sweets of Society and the Improvements of Conversation, and are used only as a chief Servant, or a necessary Something, created only for the convenience of Man and propagation of the World. Among the *Turks* they are separated yet more strictly from the converse of Mankind ; and those who compose the Seraglio of the Grand Signior, who ought, methinks, to enjoy Privileges above others, have the least of any. They are so continually taken up with their Endeavours to please the Emperor, that they seem dead to all Human-kind beside : It is not only criminal to converse with Men, but also with Women, excepting those shut up in the same Walls ; and of consequence can contract no real Friendship, because of the eternal Jealousy that reigns among them ; and if they happen to enter into any Intimacies, the violence of their Humours is such, that it carries 'em to Excesses which destroy all the Sweets of Society. It is not as in *France*, where both Sexes partake of all the true Pleasures of Life by an allowed and innocent Liberty. We converse, we make Parties, and by this Freedom know who are worthy our Esteem, and contract Love or Friendship





Friendship without being liable to those tragical Accidents which the countries I have been speaking of abound in.

WHAT you say, my dear *Florinda*, reply'd *Urania*, is very just; yet I am persuaded, that were our liberty and manner of living to be offered to one of those Women, who pretend to the Heart of the Emperor of the *Turks*, she would refuse it, and prefer that Captivity to our Freedom. The greatest part of the Women being brought up in this hope, Ambition is so strong in them, that they would forego all other Felicities for this honour; 'tis this which makes all the Thoughts, Business, and Wishes of that great Number of Beauties which are contain'd in the Seraglio.

I am well assured, added *Alphonso*, that had the greatest Pleasures of the Christian World been offered to *Roxana*, the favourite Mistress of *Amurat* the IVth, she would have disdain'd them, and choose to remain in that glorious Slavery, rather than accept of the utmost Sweets of our Liberty: yet could she have foreseen her tragic End, said *Thelamont*, perhaps she would have prefer'd a more moderate Rank among us, to all the Splendor she was in at *Constantinople*.

SINCE we are fallen on this Subject, said *Camilla*, I should be glad to know the true Cause which brought on the Death of that beautiful Sultaneß, and by what motive *Amurat* could be prevail'd upon to give it in so cruel a manner to the Person who had been so dear to him.

IT is easy to satisfy you, reply'd *Thelamont*; and if it will be any amusement to this agreeable Company, I will willingly repeat it to 'em. We are too well satisfy'd, said *Hortensia*, to find an Occasion of hearing you speak, not to embrace this Offer: And we have time enough before Supper, added *Florinda*, for you to recount it. All the Company having approved of what had been said by *Hortensia* and *Florinda*, desired *Thelamont* to give them the pleasure his last Words made 'em hope, he immediately began the Narration he had promised in the following Terms.

The



*The History of RAKIMA, and Sultan
AMURAT the Fourth.*

I DO not engage my self, said he, to give you the History of the whole Life of this Emperor, neither is it necessary, none here being ignorant of the general Accidents of the *Ottoman Empire*; and my Design being only to satisfy the Curiosity of the amiable *Camilla*, in reciting those Particulars which occasion'd the death of *Roxana*, I shall only have recourse to some Memoirs which I had once a sight of, but were never publish'd.

FOR your better Instruction then, in what you desire to know, I shall begin my History from the time that *Amurat* turned his Arms against *Persia*. The long Wars which *Uladislaus* King of *Poland* was obliged to maintain with the *Ottomans*, had so much exhausted his Treasures, tho' Victory sometimes declared in his favour, that he was constrained to listen to the Proposals of Peace made him by the Ministers of the *Porte*; and concluded it with them in a short time, to the Satisfaction of both Monarchs, tho' for different Reasons: The one, because both Men and Money began to fail; and the other. because he had a Design of falling on another Quarter.

PEKER, Bashaw of *Babylon*, having made himself Master of immense Treasures by indirect Means, delivered up that fine City into the Hands of the King of *Persia*, as a Bribe for the *Asylum* he expected in his Territories; where, according to his desire, he was received and protected. On which, *Amurat* resolv'd to neglect nothing that might forward his Revenge, for the

the Incouragement given to this Traytor ; and designing to surprize his Enemy, he caused it to be publish'd that the great Forces he was raising were design'd for the Conquest of *Italy*, where he pretended to carry the War, after the Example of his Predecessor *Mabomet* the Second.

BUT the Ambassador of the King of *Persia* being then at the *Porte*, saw into the true Intention, and sent Advice of it to the *Sophi*, who put a strong Garrison into *Babylon*, and very much fortified it, by the Assistance of that skilful Engineer *Natelli*, Native of *Padua*, whom the Doge of *Venice* had sent to him.

AMURAT having prepar'd every thing, pass'd the *Bosphorus*, and march'd with the utmost Diligence towards *Persia*, defeating all the Troops which had been placed to obstruct his Way, and without stopping, came directly to *Tauris*, which was the ordinary Residence of the *Persian* Kings : having ravag'd all the Country between *Euphrates* and that City, and carrying Terror with him, for the Cruelties he had exercised in those Places he had overcome, sparing neither Age nor Sex.

HE found, however, an Opposition at *Tauris*, which he little expected ; and perceiving it would not be easy to reduce it by Storm, made them very fair Promises if they would surrender ; but they knowing their Predecessors had been deceiv'd by the like Offers, by the cruel *Selim*, the first of that Name, and afterward by *Solyman* the Magnificent, both of whom having plunder'd the City, carried the chief of the Inhabitants Prisoners to *Turkey*, resolv'd to resist to the last : Their Courage and Bravery made *Amurat* begin to despair of Conquest, when a Traytor discovered to him a Part of the Town which was weaker than the rest, and advis'd him how to make the Breach ; which *Amurat* taking his Advantage of, assaulted it with so much Fury, that in spite of the most brave and vigorous Defence, that perhaps ever was made, this unfortunate City became the Prey of Conquest ; and the Emperor, provoked by
their

their long Resistance, put all without Distinction to the Sword.

AFTER this, he took out of the Palace all the rich Vessels of Gold, Silver and precious Stones, with which the Luxury and Magnificence of the *Sophi's* had embellish'd it, and the Treasures of the City, which were very great, yet not sufficient to stay his Resentment : he therefore caused all the Mosques, Houses, and Walls to be entirely erased, as a Warning to those other Places he intended to besiege, not to provoke by a vain Hope of Defence so formidable and implacable an Enemy.

HIS Troops were no sooner recover'd from their Fatigue, than he led them to *Rezan*, which he immediately invested. In one of the Attacks made on that place, a Party of *Spahi's* took six Prisoners, one of which was a Painter named *Bionchiny* ; whom having search'd, they found several curious Pictures about him, which seem'd fit Presents for the Emperor, and were therefore carry'd to his Tent.

AMURAT had no sooner cast his Eyes on one of these Pictures, which resembled a Woman of most excellent Beauty, than he burn'd with Impatience to behold the Original ; and having commanded *Bionchiny* to be brought before him, Is this admirable Face, said he, the Work of thy Imagination, or is it the Copy of a living Object ? if it be so, let me know her Name, and place of Abode, and Liberty shall be thy Recompence.

THE Painter, who had no reason to disguise the Truth, immediately told him that it was drawn for the Princess *Rakima*, Sister of *Emir Gumer*, who commanded in *Rezan*, and the whole Province of which that was the Metropolitan ; but assur'd him, that whatever Charms he might find in the Picture, they were infinitely inferior to what that incomparable Princess was possess'd of ; and then proceeded to give such a Description of her Wit and Beauty, as entirely compleated a Conquest over the Heart of the amorous Sultan ; and the long and confirm'd Ascendant *Roxana* had maintain'd, now gave place to this new Charmer.

BUT

BUT making his Passion in some manner assistant to his Policy, he told *Bionchiny* that his Fortune depended on his Readiness to obey him, order'd him to give him a perfect Account of the Character of *Emir Gumer*, and in what manner he was regarded by the People of *Rezan*.

THE cunning *Italian*, who perceiv'd the Motives of the Sultan's Curiosity, and doubting not but he should find his Account in obliging so powerful a Monarch, resolv'd to conceal nothing of the Truth, and answer'd to him in this manner. *Gumer*, said he, my Lord, is the most self-interested and avaricious Man in the World, he is capable of sacrificing every thing to his Ambition, and this Disposition has led him to plunder the whole Province in such sort, that he has the Curses of all sorts of People on him : had not thy Arms, continued he, induced them to unite for the common Good, they would e're this have rose against him. This he is not ignorant of, and I am perswaded if thy Mightiness would condescend to put Confidence in thy Slave, I could prescribe means to deliver this stately and pompous City into thy Disposal.

THIS was not an Offer to be rejected, and without the least Hesitation, Well, said *Amurat*, if thou wilt do this, and quit thy Religion, to embrace that of the true Believers, I will make thee so rich and powerful, that there shall be nothing left for thee to desire.

THE Painter made no scruple of doing every Thing required of him, and being instructed by *Amurat* what Proposals he should make the *Emir* in his Name, he return'd to *Rezan* ; and the Brightness of the Sun the same Day had not given place to shade, before he found an Opportunity of being introduced to *Emir Gumer*, under pretence of discovering to him what he had discover'd in the Camp of *Amurat*.

BEING interrogated by him on that Affair, he so highly exaggerated the Strength and Number of the Sultan's Forces, that the Description struck Terror to the Heart of the Governor ; which *Bionchiny* perceiving, 'Tis certain, said he, this Emperor wants not the Power

to do whatsoever he wills, and is determin'd to treat this City, as he has done *Tauris*, in case it resists ever so little longer. It is therefore in your power, continued he, and only your's, to stop the Rage of Cruelty, to save so many thousand Lives, to save these beautiful Churches and Palaces, and to save yourself, Family and Riches, which else must all become one common Spoil to this imperial Ruiner. Flatter not yourself, my Lord, added he, seeing his Discourse made the desired Impression on him, with the Hope of being able to make any long Defence; by attempting it, you will but irritate the Conqueror; whereas he now would have *Rezan* experience his Clemency, and I doubt not but also allow it very honourable Conditions, besides a very great Increase of Riches and Grandeur to yourself, if by your means it is surrendered.

EMIR GUMER had listened with the utmost Attention to every Article *Bionchiny* had delivered, but this last left him no room to hesitate; and he cry'd out, but art thou certain that *Amurat* will listen to any Proposals from me, and that he will preserve his Faith in a Treaty of this Nature? The Painter then made no scruple to repeat the Conversation he had with the Emperor, and that it was by his Orders he had mentioned a Reward to whoever should yield the City, and spare him the trouble of a long Siege. On which, this perfidious Governor, agitated between the Fear of losing his Life, and what was still more dear, his Treasures, and the Expectation of aggrandizing himself and Family, came immediately to a Resolution of doing whatever might entitle him to the Favour of *Amurat*.

BIONCHINY was therefore dispatch'd secretly to the Camp, with Commission to assure the Emperor that *Emir Gumer* had no higher Ambition than to be the Slave of so great a Prince; that he was ready to renounce the Service of his Master the King of *Persia* for ever; and to resign into the *Ottoman* Power the whole Province and City of *Rezan*, provided he might have his sacred Promise for Protection and future Employment.

AMURAT

AMURAT was no sooner acquainted by *Bionchiny* with this Proposal, than he accepted it with pleasure, giving the Bearer large Rewards, and remitting a great Sum of Money to *Emir Gumer* as an Assurance of his Favour; on which this Villain yielded to the Enemy of his King, his Country and Religion, all that his Royal Master and Kinsman had committed to his Trust.

AS the beautiful *Rakima* was the sole Motive that induced the Sultan to enter this City rather by Stratagem than Force, the moment he was admitted, he left the care of every thing to the Grand-Vizier *Achmet*, and demanded of *Emir Gumer* to be conducted to the Apartment of that Princess; which he immediately did, ardently wishing the Charms of his Sister might have the effect on *Amurat*, which they had already obtain'd in Effigy; so much did Avarice and Ambition prevail on the Mind of a Wretch, as to stifle all regard for Virtue, or the real Honour of his House.

THIS Interview had in it something singular, by the mutual Surprise of these two Lovers. As much as *Amurat* was prepossess'd in favour of this Princess, as much enamour'd as he was of her Idea, he found the Substance so infinitely above all that her Picture or his own imagination had formed of her; that for some Moments he could only behold her with a mute Astonishment. He gazed, but had not the power of Utterance.

SHE, on the other hand, had form'd an Image of *Amurat* in her Mind, all fierce and terrible! She had considered him as a Man, or rather Homicide, panting only after War and Desolation; and now, being presented with a Prince, who to all the Advantages of the most graceful Form, had added a Softness which rarely fail'd to subdue the Heart he wish'd to conquer; she felt a mixture of Delight and Wonder, which soon raised itself almost to Rapture.

BOTH recovering themselves a little, they advanced slowly towards each other; and *Rakima* being about to throw herself at his Feet, he prevented her with the most passionate Action, accompany'd by these Words: 'Tis for me, most beautiful *Rakima*, (said he)

to give you these Marks of Respect. The Sentiments you have inspired me with, will submit for ever the Emperor of the *Turks*. 'Tis hard to say, whether *Rakima* blush'd at this Expression more with Modesty than Joy ; and if she made not an immediate Answer, it was because the uncertainty in what manner she should do it, prevented her. But the *Emir*, whose every Sentiment gave way to his Satisfaction, rendered it needless for her to speak, by saying, whatever Sentiments our mighty Lord may have for my Sister, it is her Duty ; and I doubt not but will be her Inclination also to regulate hers accordingly. He had no sooner ended these Words, than he went out of the Room, under pretence of giving some necessary Orders, leaving the Sultan to prosecute his Courtship without Witnesse, no body being present but *Rakima's* Women, who withdrew to a good distance, out of Respect.

THE young *Rakima*, who was brought up in the same manner those of *Turkey* are, and had never till this instant felt even the Approaches of Love ; could not behold a Prince like *Amurat*, so great, so magnificent, and so amiable, without being agitated at once by Tenderness and Ambition. And as in the East it is the same thing to love and to reveal it, the Sultan was not long before he was made sensible of his Happiness ; which he enjoy'd in so full a Manner, that he forgot *Roxana*, tho' she had accompany'd him in this War ; paying to *Rakima* all the Devoirs she could hope or expect from a Man she so truly loved, and loading *Emir Gumer*, who had delivered his Sister with the same facility he had done his Government, with Presents, Honours, and Employments, even beyond the Aim of his own Avarice and Pride.

WHILE things were thus transacting within the Walls of *Rexan*, the Sultaneſs *Roxana* had Intelligence at the Camp, of all that passed ; and possess'd of the most furious and implacable Hate against this Rival, thought of nothing but how to contrive the Means of her Death ; in which Policy she was not a little versed, as too many of those whose Love or Ambition engaged them

them to please the Sultan, had experienc'd. Her Cruelty had inspir'd so lively a Terror in the Ladies of the Seraglio, that the desire of being approved by the Emperor was almost extinguish'd in them : The Power she had, by having had the Honour to bear him the first Son, and the absolute Conquest her Beauty had made of his Heart, notwithstanding the transitory Passions he sometimes felt for others, made every one despair of being able to gain him wholly from her, or of avoiding being given up Victims to her Rage, whenever her Jealousy should prompt her to demand the Sacrifice.

THIS haughty Princess wrote several Letters to *Amurat*, from the Camp full of Reproaches, mingled with such Menaces as made the Emperor apprehensive his Pleasures would be interrupted by her presence ; and for that reason, as well as to prevent the Effects of her Rage on *Rakima* he sent an express Order to forbid her coming to *Rexan*. He knew her Impatience of a belov'd Rival, he fear'd the Effects of it, and she was neither become indifferent enough to him, for him to be able to exert any great Authority over her Actions ; nor since she had brought him a Prince who was to be his Heir, thought it Prudence to do so. He palliated the Command he sent her, by telling her, that all things were yet in disorder in the City, and the Hearts of the People not well enough assured for her Safety. However, not depending on the Obedience of *Roxana* to this Mandate, and dreading the Fate of *Rakima*, he resolv'd to send her to *Damar*. To this end, he furnish'd a Palace in that place, not inferior in magnificence, to that which was the ordinary Habitation of *Roxana* at *Constantinople*. To the Eunuch *Uglan*, whose Fidelity in a thousand Secrets he had experienc'd, he entrusted the Charge of this Affair. But the beautiful *Rakima* had so sincere a Tenderness for her Imperial Lover, that she could not think of being separated from him without an inexpressible Grief ; and in spite of the Dangers that surrounded her from the Malice of *Roxa-*

na, she chose rather to hazard them all, than endure the Pangs of Absence.

AMURAT was so much touch'd with her Sorrows and the Occasion of them, that his Love increasing with these Proofs of her Tenderness, he could not retain the Resolution he had form'd. Ah! my Lord, (said she to him, with Eyes overflowing with Tears) to prevent the uncertain Peril of my Life, you condemn me to a certain Death! — All that can be feared from the Jealousy of *Roxana*, is far less dangerous than Absence from you — If I must die therefore, let it be in the presence of my loved Lord and Master, that the last Object of my closing Eyes may be him, for whose dear Sight alone, Life or Light can be esteemed a Happiness.

WITH Discourses such as these, she pierc'd the Heart of the Sultan; but the more he loved, the more he feared her loss. My dear *Rakima*! (answered he) whenever you die, your *Amurat* must cease to live; but I must have you preserve yourself for me. I send you not from me, but to put you in a condition, that we hereafter may be together with more security; have then the complaisance to ease me of the continual Cares I am in for your dear Life; I will soon be with you, and you will be convinced at my return, that nothing is so precious to *Amurat* as the incomparable *Rakima*.

SEVERAL Discourses of the like nature pass'd between them; the Consequence of which was, that the Princess was constrain'd to yield to his Reasons, and she departed for *Damas*, after having given and receiv'd all the Assurances of an inviolable Constancy, that a tender Fearfulness could exact, or Love could pay.

RAKIMA had no sooner quitted *Rezan*, than the Sultan return'd to the Camp, where *Roxana* had not much reason to be satisfy'd with his Behaviour, being still too full of his new Passion to make any very great returns to hers. Some days after, he march'd his Army to *Babylon*; but being willing to be deliver'd from the Importunities of the Sultaneis, he sent her to *Constantinople*.

tinople. But not all the Honours paid to her in the Cities and Towns thro' which she pass'd; nor the magnificent Reception given her at that Capital of the Empire, could give any Consolation to the secret discontent of her Soul, at finding her Presence less necessary to the Peace of *Amurat* than it had been.

THE Army being arrived at *Babylon*, *Amurat* laid close siege to it, and followed it with so much Vigour, that after four Assaults, which he made immediately, one on the back of another, without giving the *Persians*, who bravely defended it, the least Relaxation; he carry'd that important Place, in fifty two Days after the opening the Trenches, by the Wisdom and Courage of the Grand-Vizier *Achmet*. The Sultan gave the whole Plunder to the Soldiers, but commanded the Inhabitants to be put to the Sword, as at *Tauris*; which was so rigorously observed, that not one Soul escaped the Conqueror's Rage, tho' some had conceal'd themselves in Mosques, and even in Tombs, whence they were barbarously drag'd forth and slaughter'd.

AFTER this horrible Massacre, *Amurat* subdued several other Provinces to his Empire, which dreaded to provoke, by their resistance, the same fate with *Tauris* and *Babylon*. But as his Hate was chiefly to the Person of the *Sophi*, he enter'd into the Heart of his Dominions, to engage him to come to a pitch'd Battel; but that Monarch would not expose his Life and Kingdom to so uncertain a Decision, and retired into the Mountains, where the *Ottoman* could not reach him, without running the Risque of losing his victorious Army. Resolved, notwithstanding, to satiate his Vengeance some way or other, he sent a Challenge to the *Sophi*; in which he told him, he was willing to set aside all consideration of his Conquests, and the Advantages he still had by his invincible Army, and was ready to put an end to the antient Quarrel between them, by single Combat.

BUT the prudent King of *Persia* pretended not to have receiv'd this Challenge, that he might not be obliged to answer it; and immediately after sent an Am-

ambassador to *Amurat*, with Proposals for Peace. This Prince seeing his Army greatly fatigued, to which the desire of returning to *Rakima* being added, listened to them with Satisfaction; and leaving the Regulation of the whole Affair to the Grand-Vizier, turned all his Thoughts to *Damas*, to which he repaired with an Expedition worthy of his Love, and the Charms of the Person who had inspired it.

THE tender *Rakima* received him with Transports, such as it would be very difficult to describe, or for those unacquainted with the Delicacies, of a true Affection, to conceive. The Emperor finding her more beautiful and more passionate than ever, felt his Flame for her augment in such a manner, that he now thought he had never loved in reality, till that moment. But while he enjoyed at *Damas* all the Pleasures of a mutual Ardor, the cruel *Roxana* revenged the cool Treatment she had receiv'd from the Sultan, in so great a degree on his Subjects, that she made the most courageous of them tremble. As she was discontented, she resolved to make every one so within the compass of her Power; and the least Marks of Satisfaction in the Face of any one who approached her, was sufficient to draw on them her Resentment. She had Spies every where; and whoever murmured at her Cruelty, were sure to fall the Victims of it: In fine, her Tyranny and Barbarity exceeded all that has been wrote of the most inhuman Misusers of Power.

BUT those who had most to fear from this ambitious Woman, were the three Brothers of *Amurat*, *Bajazet*, *Orcan*, and *Ibrahim*: They were confined under a strong Guard, commanded by the Lieutenant of the Grand-Vizier, who was obliged to obey the Sultaneſs; and they were every Day exposed to the ill Treatment of that un pitying Enemy, who had for a long time formed a design to take away their Lives, lest they should one Day dispute the Empire with her Son, but had not yet been successful enough in Invention, to find a pretence which might seem plausible.

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SHE was inform'd by her Emissaries, that these unhappy Princes testified some Satisfaction at the Infidelity of *Amurat* ; as flattering themselves, that by this new Attachment their cruel Enemy would have less Power than she had possess'd : This was enough to make her vow their Death, by what means soever she accomplish'd it.

TO compass this unnatural Design, she gain'd by large Presents, and Promises of future Preferment, the whole Soul of the Lieutenant who had charge of them ; and if before he was inclinable to serve her, he was now ready to lay down his Life in any attempt, she should command. By his Assistance it was that she procured forg'd Letters, intimating that these Princes held a secret Correspondence with the Enemies of the State ; and she had the Boldness to lay them before the Divan, and demand justice on the pretended Criminals.

BUT the Princes being allowed to plead for themselves, and their Innocence triumphing over all the Falshoods of the corrupted Evidences, this wise Assembly cleared them of the Imputation, to the Confusion, and almost distraction of the cruel and implacable *Roxana*.

BUT as she was not of a disposition to bewail a Misfortune, but to use her utmost Efforts for the retrieval, and had so uncommon a Haughtiness and Courage, that there was nothing she dared not do, to bring about whatever she desired ; perceiving all her Designs frustrated, and her Stratagems laid open to the murmuring and secretly detesting World, she had the boldness to counterfeit an Order from *Amurat* for the Death of the two eldest Princes, *Bajazet* and *Orcan*. With this pretended Power, she went in Person to the Seraglio where they were confined, attended by twelve Mutes, and many others who were all her Creatures, and ready for the most barbarous Execution she could impose on them ; she accompany'd the Sentence of these unhappy Princes Deaths, with such Indignities and exulting Expressions, as made them see they were

to fall a Sacrifice rather to her Hate, than any Interest of State.

BAJAZET seem'd willing to purchase Life at any rate, and endeavour'd to sooth the Mind of this inhuman Woman, by all that he could invent of soft and tender; he even humbled himself before her, to Submissions unworthy of his Birth: but finding it had no effect, and the Slaves preparing to execute her Orders, were putting the fatal Bow-string round his Neck, he called back all he had said to mollify her, and continued reproaching her with the Crimes she had been guilty of; till the cruel Mandate being perform'd, left him no Breath nor Utterance.

ORCAN, on the other side, seem'd to disdain all parley with this beautiful Monster of her Sex, he neither implor'd nor reproach'd; but putting himself in a Posture of Defence, shew'd he was above submitting to any Decree should come from her, by killing on the spot two of the Executioners, and giving mortal Wounds to several others, but the number of them encreasing at a Signal given, he was constrain'd to yield to the same fate his Brother had done.

THESE Murders alarm'd all *Constantinople*; those who before were awed by her Power, and the Sanction had been given her by the unbounded Love of the Sultan, now openly avow'd their Discontents, and rising in a body, vowed to enter the Seraglio by force, and tear thence that cruel and ambitious Woman, who had dared to spill the illustrious Blood of *Ottoman*.

WHILE things were thus transacting at *Constantinople*, *Amurat* fill'd all *Damas* with his Passion for *Rakima*: That Princess was now pregnant, and the Joy he conceiv'd at it, left not the meanest Wretch room to complain of his ill Fate; so lavishly did the transported Sultan pour forth his Liberalities on all within reach of them. An eternal round of pleasure made the Walls of this happy City echo with Acclamations; nothing but Feasts, Sports, and whatever can denote the most perfect Joy, was to be seen among them.

IT was in the midst of these Enjoyments, that the Sultan receiv'd News of the Disturbances in *Constantinople*, and the Occasion of them; and resolv'd therefore to send *Achmet* for the quelling the former, and punishing the later; that great Minister having by this time entirely compleated the Peace of *Persia*.

BUT the Grand-Vizier, no less wise than faithful, well perceiving that all these Mischiefs had no other than *Roxana* for their Source, thought it infinitely better that the Sultan should go in person, he alone being able to give an Offender of her Rank the just Chastisement of her Crimes: he therefore represented to his Master, that his presence was absolutely necessary in this Affair; and that with out him, Things instead of mending might yet be made worse by the Interposition of any inferior Power. *Amurat* listned to his Arguments, and found 'em so full of Reason, that he determined to go immediately to *Constantinople* and to take *Rakima* with him.

HE had no sooner entertain'd this Thought, than he communicated it to her, not doubting but the extreme Love she had for him, would make her receive the Knowledge of it with Joy. But this Princess, tho' possess'd of an extraordinary Share of Wit and Understanding, had yet the Superstition of the *Persians* and *Arabians*, and heard not this Purpose of the Sultan's with the pleasure he expected.

SHE had in her Train, a Man call'd *Almasaris*, of the Race of *Haly*, whom the People esteem'd so great a Prophet, that it was believ'd by all of those Countries, that his Gift of Divination descended to all his Posterity. The Princess having an entire confidence in him, no sooner found herself with Child, than she had consulted him on her own and Infant's Fate. *Almasaris* having made his Oraisons with all the Ceremonies which are observ'd on such occasions, deliver'd his Prophecy in these Terms.

OH Princess! Oh *Rakima*! beloved of Heaven, who has given thee Beauty to subdue the Heart of the mighty Sultan, the Ruler and disposer of a thousand Go-

vernments; weigh well the Words of thy ever faithful Slave: The glorious Burthen of thy Womb, shall come forth a Prince adorned with every Quality to surpass in Greatness all his Predecessors. But let him beware of the Cruelty of his Kindred, and shun *Constantinople*: To approach that City, is to run on certain Ruin; at distance from it, he may be Emperor of the *Turks*.

AS for thy peculiar Fate, 'tis wrapt in Shades.; yet great as thou hast lived, thou wilt die—but let no Entreaties, nor even Threats prevail on thee ever to enter the Seraglio; avoid that, the disposer of Nature ordains thee a Death free from Violence. But above all things retain with thee, if possible, the Sultan, till thirteen Moons have past their changing Course: Dangers attend thy Love, and his Life, if before that time he sees that Capital, where all sorts of domestic Troubles wait him.

THESE Predictions had *Rakima* treasured in her Heart; but hearing nothing for a great while of the Emperor's Intention to leave *Damas*, she had communicated no part of it to him: what a Thunder-clap, therefore, was this new Design to her; she threw herself at his Feet, and bathing them in a torrent of Tears, conjured him not to think of leaving *Damas*, much less of conducting her to *Constantinople*, where Mischiefs, terrible and unavoidable attended both the one and the other. *Amurat* loving her with the utmost Tenderness, was touch'd to the Soul at the Condition he beheld her in; and after raising her from that Posture, desired she would explain what she meant: On which she related the Prediction as she had receiv'd it from the Mouth of *Almasaris*, concluding her Discourse with a reiterated Entreaty, that he would neither command her going to *Constantinople*, nor entertain the least Wish of entering it himself. The Emperor of the *Turks* could not forbear laughing at the Stupidity, as he termed it, of *Almasaris*, and laboured all he could, by solid Reason and Argument to convince her that there was no Weakness so pernicious as Superstition. To this he added all that the most tender Passi-

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on could inspire him with, in favour of her accompanying him in this Journey. He told her that she could not in justice to his Interest, his Honour, and his Glory, persuade him to refrain performing the Duties of his Place, which consisted chiefly in the Punishments of Vice and the Rewards of Virtue—that he desired nothing more than to shew the World, by degrading *Roxana* of the Honours he had confer'd on her, and instating *Rakima* in her forfeited Throne, how much he knew what was due both to the one and the other. You must therefore, said- he, throw these groundless Fears aside, and prepare your self to be declared first Sultaneß, to behave according to your Dignity, and the Love which confers it, and which return'd with due obedience, must render you worthy of it.

RAKIMA, who little suspected so arbitrary a command, was struck with the most poignant Grief, inso-much that it threw her into a Swoon in the Sultan's Arms. At this object, *Amurat* was animated with the extremest Rage against *Almasaris*, and ordering he should be brought to his Presence! Behold, Wretch, (said he to him, with an Air the most imperious and terrible) the condition to which thy false Predictions have reduced the Princess! Use thy utmost Wit to convince her that thou art an Impostor, and hast deceived her; or thou shalt find that I who make the Fate of all my Slaves, will inflict the most dreadful one on thee. But, contrary to his expectation, or that of every body present, the Predictor heard this Menace with a Countenance as little moved, as tho' he that made it was without the Power of hurting; and with a Tone altogether solemn and assured, Emperor of the *Turks* answer'd he, thy Threats will never oblige me to retract the Truths I have revealed to the Sultaneß; nor canst thou avert what is written in the Book of Heaven by the Finger of the great *Haly* my Predecessor: Think of it therefore as thou ought'st, and know there is a Power above thee. With these Words he retired, leaving *Amurat* more confused than he was willing to own, at his Behaviour. Not that this Surprize was of
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any long Duration in him ; he had no belief in *Haly*, and therefore looked on his Descendant but as an Enthusiast. The Grief and Terrors of the Princess however continued so strong upon her, that fearing they might be fatal, if not to her, at least to the Offspring of their mutual Loves, he was in the end prevail'd upon not to remove her, but remain'd inflexible as to his own return to *Constantinople* ; nor could all the Tears and Entreaties of his beloved *Rakima* in the least alter that Resolution.

THE Day prefixed for his departure being arrived, they took leave with the most tender and melancholy Adieus ; in which the Sultan more than once repented him of having consented to her stay ; and she, that she had not exerted the Power she had over him yet more, to have deferred his going, at least, till the Expiration of thirteen Months. The care he took that she should live in a fashion becoming the first Woman in his Heart, made her see how dear she was to him, he having order'd the Bashaw of *Damas* to pay her a very considerable Revenue, and added to that an annual Tribute from the several Provinces he had taken from the King of *Arabia*.

HAVING done every thing his Love exacted, he pass'd with the utmost Expedition towards *Constantinople*, where his Presence was desired by all sorts of People with the utmost Impatience, hoping they should now see an end of the Cruelty of *Roxana* ; but how greatly did their Expectations deceive them ! This cunning Princess, who knew the Accusations would be brought against her, and that she could have no refuge from 'em but in the Heart of *Amurat*, summoned all her attractions to her aid, and dressing her Eyes in Love, Joy, and Submission, appear'd before him in a manner so engaging, that in spite of all he had been told, and of his Passion for *Rakima*, he could not behold her without wishing she might be able to clear herself of the Crimes laid to her charge : A Judge prejudiced in favour of the Delinquent, is easily brought to believe every thing that flatters his desire. There was
nothing

nothing she said, tho' ever so false that had not greater Credit with *Amurat* than all the just Remonstrances of her Accusers. In fine, she regain'd her Empire; her Charms blaz'd forth with double Lustre, and the amorous Sultan was no longer capable of listening to any thing but the Love she had inspired him with — *Rakima* was forgot, and the Cries of a whole injured World lull'd in the soft Murmurs of her deceitful Tongue.

CONVINCED of the Power of her too dangerous Charms, she made her greatest Vices appear Virtues; and what merited the severest Punishment, was rewarded by the Thanks of the infatuated Sultan: She magnified with so much Artifice, the Service she had done him, in preserving the State, by the Death of those who had conspired against it, that Murder, Fratricide, and Treason, seemed so many meritorious Actions, which demanded the whole Attachment he could pay. He now looked on her as a Woman capable to rule the Universe, and no less esteemed her Wit, than doated on her Beauty. All that the Sultaneſs his Mother alledged against her, was of no force; and he coldly told her, that he was convinced of the Infidelity of his Brothers, and that *Roxana* had acted nothing but what had served to render her more dear to him. Nay, to such a height did he carry his Resentment against all who attempted to set forth the Crimes of this injurious Woman, that one of the young Princeſſes his Sisters, throwing herself at his Feet, and entreating Justice for many Insults she had been treated with, unbecfitting her Rank, and the Blood of *Ottoman*; he drew his Ponyard, and stabb'd her to the Heart, as she was speaking: Lose then, said he, that Blood, the Pride of which emboldens thee to accuse she whom I not only will defend, but revenge on all who shall presume to incur her Displeasure. This Action being done in the presence of the whole Court, none after that had the Temerity to approach him with any Complaints,

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THUS had the lovely but wicked Sultaneſs eſta-
bliſh'd her Power in defiance of all Oppoſers, *Amurat*
giving himſelf ſo wholly to her, that he ſcarce liſtned to
any Buſineſs, but thro' her Mediation: He was in this
Situation of Mind, when a Courier arriv'd from *Raki-*
ma, who brought the News of that Princeſs's being hap-
pily deliver'd of a Prince, whom ſhe had named *Solyman*
Amurat. But theſe Tidings had now little effect on
the Sultan, and he returned an Answer ſo full of Indiffe-
rence, that the diſconſolate *Rakima* perceiv'd her Ruin
certain: She now not doubted but that her cruel and
triumphant Rival would neglect no means of depriving
her of that Life which ſhe had render'd miſerable; ſhe
took, however, all neceſſary Precaution to guard againſt
her, tho' not ſo much for her own Sake, as for that of
the new-born Prince, who muſt be left entirely deſtitute,
ſhould Rage or Malice deprive him of his Mother.

NOR was ſhe deceiv'd in her Suggestions concern-
ing the Danger to which both her Son and ſelf were ex-
pos'd by the Re-eſta bliſhment of *Roxana*; but the Sulta-
neſs *Valide* or Mother of the Sultan, and *Achmet* the
Grand Vizier, not only diſcovered the Intrigues car-
ried on by *Roxana* againſt them; but alſo gave her ſuch
timely Warning, that tho' ſeveral Attempts were made
on the Lives of both thoſe Innocents, they were all
averted.

THESE Diſappointments made *Roxana* repine in
the miſt of her Pride; ſhe could not reflect that *Ra-*
kima had Charms which might yet recover the Affec-
tions of *Amurat*, without being ſeized with the ſevereſt
Pangs of Jealouſy and Apprehenſion; not that ſhe ſuf-
fer'd this thro' a female Tenderneſs, Love was the leaſt
reigning Paſſion of her Soul, Ambition took up all her
Care, and ſince ſhe had been Mother of a Son, the Aſſu-
rance of making him Emperor was the only thing could
give her true Pleaſure, as the Fear that Title would be
diſputed with him was what gave her the moſt Pain.
As indifferent as *Amurat* now appear'd either to *Raki-*
ma or the young *Solyman*, ſhe knew not but a Change
might happen in their Favour, and therefore thought
this

this a proper time to execute her cruel Designs on them ; but her Stratagems, as I have already said, proving unsuccessful, the Rage that gave them birth, retorted on her self, and render'd her Breast a perfect Hell of Discontent.

SEVERAL of the intended Ministers of her Cruelty were seiz'd by the Bashaw of *Damas*, who after confessing to what End, and by whom they were sent, were executed according to their Crimes, and an Account of the Process against them sent to the *Porte*. Which as soon as the Grand Vizier had acquainted the Sultan with, he became highly discontented, and reproach'd *Roxana* with her too little Consideration of him, since she could resolve to murder him in his Son, and the Woman he had once loved. But this Princess was Mistress of too much Artifice to be easily traced in any thing she found it her Interest to conceal, and knowing that no Crime in her would be look'd on as such by the enamour'd *Amurat*, if she could once make him believe it was occasion'd by Love, counterfeited such a dying Tendernefs, Mingling Tears, and soft Reproaches with her Efforts to justify herself, that the Sultan imagin'd he found more reason to console than blame her.

HAVING thus reduced him to the Condition she desired, she stopped not at screening herself from the Punishment her Crimes demanded, but push'd her Power yet further, resolving to turn the Wrath they but vainly endeavour'd to rouse against her, on the Heads of her Accusers. She told the Emperor that the Sultaneß *Valide*, and the Grand Vizier had join'd in a Conspiracy against her Life, and that this was not the first Attempt they had made for that Purpose——That in his absence, they had not only fermented the common People, but also drawn the two Princes *Bajazet* and *Orcan* into those Measures which had been so fatal to them, and which had compell'd her for the Safety of the Empire, tho' infinitely contrary to her Inclination, to send them from the World: In fine, she so blacken'd the Innocence of the Grand Vizier and Sultaneß, that *Amurat* commanded that the one should be immediately strangled, and
forbad

forbad the other, tho' she had been the most tender Mother, ever to appear before him again.

THE Death of *Achmet* put all *Constantinople* in Confusion, and tho' none durst publickly stand up in his Defence, yet not all they had to fear from the Rage of *Amurat* could hinder every body from murmuring; and indeed there was no Action of this Emperor's Life more justly condemnable, than his rashly putting to Death, so great, so wise, and so faithful a Minister, one who had so well proved his Talents both in the Field and Cabinet; by his Success in the one, having added to the Empire the famous City of *Babylon*, and several other Towns and Provinces; and by the other, preserved his Monarch from falling into a thousand Errors, into which the Impetuosity of his Disposition would otherwise have plunged him. In fine, no Prime-Minister ever lived more justly beloved, nor died more lamented; the Soldiers, who regarded him as their Father, had no Measure in their Grief, and all the Courtiers, who were not the Creatures of *Roxana*, regretted his Loss as the utmost Misfortune to themselves as well as to the State.

BUT the more *Roxana* discover'd the Concern of the People for the Death of *Achmet*, the more she triumphed in having had the Power to inflict it; and having procured the Office of Grand Vizier for *Caimacan*, that perfidious Instrument of her Cruelties on the two Princes, she now thought herself above the reach of Fate, and indulg'd herself in a Security, which in effect she had never less reason to boast of. Divine Justice thus long withheld the Blow, but to make it fall with the severer Weight, and that the dire Potion of its Wrath she was to swallow might seem more bitter, when administred to her, in the midst of her full Height of Pride, and Sweets of Grandeur. The Death of *Achmet* had open'd the Eyes of all the great Men of the Empire, and every one thinking his Turn was next, and equally fearing this imperious and barbarous Woman, join'd themselves in a League, and resolv'd to make a joint Complaint to the Grand Signior of the Injustices, Murders,

Murders, and Treasons, by which she had abused the power he permitted her to enjoy.

HAVING made themselves, by strict Enquiries, Masters of her most secret Contrivances, they caused the whole History to be wrote, and obliged the Musty to present it to the Sultan in the Name of all his Subjects; but this Priest, willing to disengage himself from so dangerous a Commission, put it into the Hands of the Sultaness *Valide*, who being a Princess of uncommon Courage, sent an Eunuch to her Son, to inform him she had such a Writing, and to require him, by that Duty he owed to Heaven, to the holy Prophet, and to herself as his Mother, to grant her permission to lay it at his feet. *Amurat*, who knew the Hatred she bore *Roxana*, imagined it only some new and false Accusation against a Person he was yet determined to believe innocent; and not only treated the Eunuch as an Impostor, but uttered the severest Menaces against the Sultaness *Valide*. The Person she had made Choice on for this Message, however, not being of a disposition to prefer Life to the Service of his Mistress, repeated in a brief Manner the Contents of the Writing, and painted in such lively Colours the Barbarity and Treachery of *Roxana* in her Attempts against the Mother of her Lord, the Princess *Rakima* with her young Son, the Grand Vizier, and the two Princes, that *Amurat*, in spite of himself, was moved by it; and after some Moments Reflection, demanded of the Eunuch by what means such a History fell into the hands of the Sultaness *Valide*? He answer'd with Intrepidity, that it was deliver'd to her by the Musty. Think therefore, Emperor! added he, how terrible *Roxana* must be to thy Subjects, when even the Missioner of our holy Prophet dare not approach thee with the just Complaints of thy faithful Subjects whom she has provoked by a thousand Inhumanities against her. The Sultan made no Answer to these Words, but sent immediately for the Musty and Sultaness, and order'd the former of them to read the History before him, which he listned to with the utmost Attention; and finding the Circumstances

stances just in all their Parts, and the Evidence clear and demonstrable, he began to wonder how he had been so long deceiv'd ; and Love giving place to Indignation, and that growing up to the most violent Fury, as the Reflection on these Things enter'd more fully in him ; he order'd *Roxana* should be brought that Instant into his Presence, where, as soon as she was come, he repeated all the Charges against her, commanding her to make an immediate Reply : but so confident was she of her Power, that she no longer had recourse to her usual Artifices, and instead of endeavouring to justify herself by soft means, broke out into the most outrageous Imprecations against the Sultaneſs *Vailde* and the Muſty, and had even the presumption to threaten them with Death.

THE Sultan, irritated with her want of Respect, told her with an Air that shew'd he was Master of himself, that to menace belong'd to him alone, as well as to punish Crimes, tho' found in the Person who had been most dear to him ; and that I will do so, continued he, those of my Subjects who have most blamed my Partiality shall now be judge. In speaking these last Words, he drew his Ponyard, and plung'd it into the Bosom of the beautiful and perfidious *Roxana*, with which she fell, and expired that Moment at his feet.

THIS unexpected Instance of his Justice surprized and made glad the Hearts of all present, but they prudently forbore any immediate Testimonies of it, till the Sultan's assuring them that he was pleased with this Conquest over himself, authorized their Demonstrations of Gratitude for being deliver'd from the Fears of so cruel and powerful an Enemy.

THUS ended the Life of this Princess, the most lovely and most cruel of all her Sex, being but three and twenty Years old, and in the full Perfection of all her Charms. *Philip de Harlay*, Count *Cecy*, being Ambassador from France at Constantinople, had a Sight of her Picture, drawn by the famous *Vinelli a Venetian*, as had also his Cousin the *Sieur Achilles de Harlay Sancy*, Baron
of

of *Mole* ; and if we may give any Credit to the Accounts given by these Gentlemen, nothing was ever more beautiful.

BUT tho' the Crimes of *Roxana* were far from being over-paid by her Death, yet could the Manner of it have been excused in no other than *Amurat*, nor among other Nations ; but when one considers that the *Turks* are extreme in all their Passions, particularly in their revenge,——the Absurdities of their Religion, which gives them no notion of Things we tremble at——the excess of Tenderness with which this Monarch had regarded her——the Authority he had given her, and the absolute power over himself ; and then reflect, how all in a Moment he was convinced of her Ingratitude, her Treasons, her Cruelties, her little Consideration of him, and that instead of mollifying the just Indignation she perceiv'd was rais'd in him, she affronted him to his Face, in the Person of his Mother, and seemed to bid defiance to his Wrath ; when all these Things, I say, are well weigh'd, it will appear less strange that he waited not the result of cool Deliberation to dispatch her. He that could strike his Ponyard to the Heart of an innocent Princess his Sister, only for demanding Justice against the Person he loved, might well do the same to one who he found had so grossly abused his Love, and the entire Confidence he repos'd in her.

IN fine, it was written, continued *Thelamont*, not with the Finger of *Mahomet*, nor that of *Haly*, but by that of the King of Kings, in the Legend of Divine Providence, that this wicked Woman should lose her Life by the Hands of him who had the most dearly loved her. The News of her Death was no sooner heard in the City, than it seemed to give Birth to a general Tranquillity : Murmurs were heard no more, Complaints were stifled, every one now vied with his Companion in praising the Justice of the Emperor, in having reveng'd by this Blow so many illustrious Families, for whom nothing but the Death of this fair

fair, cruel Enemy could have dryed the Tears of the People.

AMURAT also for some Days appeared satisfied with what he had done ; the Congratulations of the great Men for this happy Conquest over his Passion, the universal Joy of all his People, and the Remains of a just Indignation, took up all his Heart, but when these Transports ceased, when Anger was dissipated, and he reflected on the Beauties of the Sultaness, now pale and lifeless by his Hand, he fell into the most profound Melancholy : a heavy Gloom hung lowering on his Brow, his Accents were accompany'd with Sighs, his Words with Peevishness, every thing displeas'd him, the Image of *Roxana* was continually before his Eyes, and if he pass any Moments with Satisfaction, it was in his Closet, when shut from all Society, he contemplated that fatal Picture of his Favourite, which by perpetually looking on, kept alive the Passion he had for the Original.

THE Sultaness, his Mother, and *Uglan Aga*, or Chief of the black Eunuchs, who had not a little Share in the good-will of his Master, thought of nothing but the Means of restoring him to his wonted Vivacity and Cheerfulness. They assembled all the Beauties of the Seraglio, hoping some new Amour might extinguish in him the Memory of the former ; they contrived rare Entertainments of Dancing and Singing to divert him : but neither these, nor the Exercise of Hunting, which of all others he was accustomed to like, could drive *Roxana* from his Thoughts. He pined inwardly, his Strength both of Mind and Body visibly decayed, till he became little more than the Shadow of the once haughty, fierce, and lovely *Amurat*.

THELAMONT was in this part of his Narration, when a Servant informed them Supper was served up. This amiable Company were ill satisfied with the Interruption, nor would consent to take part of it, till he had promised to prosecute his Discourse, as soon as the Collation was over. *Melantus* and *Hortensia* were not however contented, as believing it would be late ;
but

but *Urania* told them, with her usual Freedom, that it happened well for her, since the Curiosity they had to hear the Remainder of this History would perhaps engage them to tarry all night ; which else, added she, it might have been difficult for me to have done. That agreeable Pair join'd in replying to this Compliment in the manner it deserved : For my part, said *Camilla*, with a great Sigh, I should be able to take little Repose this Night, without having learn'd what became of *Rakima* ; and whether the Charms of that Princess were capable of putting an end to the Sorrows of *Amurat*.

YOUR Curiosity shall not fail of its Gratification, answer'd *Thelamont* ; and if *Urania* consents to this Proposal, I promise you shall not go early to bed. *Hortensia* and *Melantus* having said they accepted the Invitation with Pleasure, they sat down to Table ; where during Supper, each made a several Reflection no less instructive than entertaining, on the Passages of this History ; and all in general confessed, that *Thelamont* had related 'em in such a manner, as it was impossible to hear without being interested in them.

AFTER a Repast, where all the Delicacies of the Season gave infinitely less pleasure to this amiable Society than the perfect Friendship, Wit and Good Humour of those it was provided for ; *Urania* led the Way into her Apartment : and every one being seated as Inclination directed, they entreated *Thelamont* to resume the Thread of his Discourse, which he immediately complied with in these Terms.



*The Sequel of the History of RAKIMA, of
AMURAT, and the young Prince their
Son.*

THE Sultaness *Valide*, said he, who loved the Emperor her Son with the utmost Tenderness, perceiving that all the Cares of *Uglan* were in vain, began with reason to fear the Consequence of such continued Grievs, would be fatal to his Life; and imagining that the Presence of *Rakima*, who had once such potent Charms for him, might be more efficacious than any thing yet made trial of, dispatched a Courier to that Princess, to acquaint her with the Death of her Rival, and to advise her to write to *Amurat*, and demand of him permission to come to *Constantinople*, that she might be partaker of that Glory he had made her hope. *Emir Gumer* her Brother, who was now one of the chief Favourites of the Emperor, wrote to her also, to follow the Advice of the Sultaness *Valide*. This News had the Effect on *Rakima*, which it is natural to suppose: She loved the Sultan with the utmost Ardency of Passion, and her Fears of *Roxana* being no more, the sweet Idea of being in a short time in possession of every thing she wished for, filled her with such Emotions of Joy, as for a Time obliterated all the Prediction of *Almasaris*. She was afterwards willing however to consult him once more, before she wrote to *Amurat*; on which he told her, that he foresaw no Hazards at present in the Journey, but that it would be to no Effect. As he now ceased to threaten the Life of her Son or herself, she hesitated not to obey the Dictates of her Heart, and dispatched a Messenger to the Sultan with a Letter to this effect.

The

The Princess RAKIMA to the invincible
AMURAT.

CAN it then be, that the Lord and Life of my Desires can have entirely obliterated the Memory of his tender, his ever faithful Rakima? Ah, my Lord, call to thy Remembrance one Moment thy Promises, and my Love, and that Moment will be sufficient to oblige thee to command me to throw myself at thy Feet——I am dying with the Grief of being separated from thee; Oh! therefore let the Light of thy Eyes restore me, and once more suffer thy Slave to pour out all the Ardor of her Soul before thee——In thy Hands alone is the Life or Death of the constant

RAKIMA.

AS emerg'd in the deepest Melancholy as *Amurat* had been, a Dawn of Pleasure broke in upon his Heart at the Reception of this Epistle: All the Beauties of *Rakima* now presented themselves to the Eyes of his Imagination, and his Grief insensibly dissipating, he began to burn with an Impatience of beholding her. He communicated her Letter to the Sultaneſs his Mother and *Emir Gumer*, appearing enchanted with the Wit and Tenderneſs of *Rakima*, and in a short Time sent her an Order to quit *Damas* with the Prince her Son, and at the same time a Command to *Sinan*, Bassaw of *Damas*, to furnish her with every thing requisite to maintain the Dignity of her State in so long a Voyage.

WHO would not now have thought that the Troubles of this Princess had been over; but alas! Fortune had an After-game to play, which she little expected, but which *Almaſaris* was sensible of, and meant no more, when he told her he foresaw no Perils in that Journey, than that she would not be able to set forward on it, tho' he would not disturb the short-liv'd Joy she then indulged.

indulg'd. It was her Destiny to be forgotten by *Amurat*, and this sudden Return of his Affection was but momentary. The rigorous Season of the Year, attended by almost continual Storms, would not suffer her to embark when the Order for her doing so arrived; and she was compelled to wait the Return of Spring, tho' with what Impatience, 'tis easy to conceive. In this Interval, the Captain Bassaw, or General of the Sea, brought into the Seraglio a young *Circassian*, whose Wit, Beauty, and a thousand other excellent Qualifications, made the Sultaness *Valide* look on her as a proper Object to remove all the Remains of Melancholy which yet hung about the Emperor.

TO facilitate her Design, she enter'd into the strictest Friendship with *Zaime*, for so this Charmer was call'd; and having instructed her in what she ought to do, to attract the Sultan, was successful even beyond her Hopes: for she no sooner appear'd before that Prince, than he was inspir'd with Desires, equal, if not surpassing, all he had ever felt in his whole Life. He in an Instant forgot *Roxana*, *Rakima*, and every thing that ever had the Power of pleasing him, abandoning himself entirely to this new Passion. I shall pass slightly over this Article, because I would not rob *Urania* of the Glory of particularising all that happen'd to *Zaime*, she being now writing a History of that Princess's Life, which is full of curious Adventures, and will shortly be made publick. I shall therefore speak no more of this last reigning Beauty over the Heart of *Amurat*, than just what is necessary to compleat the Story of *Rakima*.

IN a word, *Zaime* was declared Grand-Sultaness, and the Bassaw of *Damas* had private Orders to delay from time to time, under various Pretences, the Embarkation of *Rakima* and her Son. *Amurat* entirely devoting himself to the Possession of the beautiful *Zaime*, had neither Tenderness, nor Gratitude for aught beside; nothing but Plays and Feasts were to be seen in the Seraglio, and *Amurat* in the Excess of his Delight indulg'd himself in the Humour of drinking great Quantities of strong

strong Liquors, having for his ordinary Companions the Traitor *Gumer*, and two other *Persians* as perfidious as himself, named *Marchut* and *Jersais*. The Abstinencies of *Ramesan*, which with the *Musselmén* is the same as *Lent* among the *Christians*, put no stop to his Debaucheries; and the Feast of *Beiran*, which is like our *Easter*, gave him a pretence for redoubling them. In one of those magnificent Entertainments which he gave his Courtiers, he quaff'd *Rosafolis*, Wine, and other strong Liquors in such Excess, that it threw him into a burning Fever, that his Physicians immediately perceived their Art afforded not the Means of restoring him.

DISEASES having deprived him of the greatest part of his Children, and Cruelty of his Brothers, except *Irbahim*, whom the Sultane's *Valide* had preserved, by making him counterfeit Ideotism, and was confin'd in the Extremity of the Empire, under the care of the Eunuch *Samboul*; as he found his last Moments approaching, his Love for *Zaime* accompanying him to the Grave, and she being supposed pregnant, he set himself to contrive the Means of settling the Succession on the Infant should be born of her; and fearing *Ibrahim* would be an Obstacle, order'd he should be brought with all speed to his presence: but the prudent Mother penetrating this Intent, which was indeed no other than to strangle him, eluded the Interview under various Pretences, and by her Address preserved the last of Sultan *Achmet's* Children.

THE Emperor perceiving his Disease grow strong upon him, and every Day more and more concerned for the Interest of *Zaime*, bethought himself of another Stratagem to disappoint the Sultane's *Valide* in her hopes for her Son *Ibrahim*; which was this: He sent for *Rahim-Chiras*, Cham of the lesser *Tartary*, and named him for his Successor, according to the Fundamental Laws of the *Ottoman* Empire, having first made a secret Treaty with him, to resign the Throne to the Son of *Zaime*, in case she should bring forth one. But Covenants of this kind rarely have any effect; and had not *Amurat* been urged by an Extravagance of Dotage to

try all Means for securing the Empire to the Issue of *Zaimé*, he never could have imagin'd this would be conducive to it; since few there are who love Power so little, as to part willingly with it. The Virtue of the *Tartar*, however, was not put to the Trial. Two Days after the Death of *Amurat*, there was found in his Cabinet, a Copy of this Agreement, which being laid before the Divan, they with one Voice declared it void; and the Sultaneſs *Valide* ſent to the Eunuch *Samboul*, to bring her Son *Ibrahim* to *Conſtantinople*. But this Prince, who had been bred in Terrors was hardly perſuaded to quit his Priſon; and the Muſti, the Viziers of the Divan, and the Baſſaws, were obliged to go to him, and ſwear the Emperor was no more, before he could be prevail'd on to quit his Chains, or the Appearance of Ideotiſm he had put on for his better Security: nor was he altogether aſſured, till on his Arrival at the Capital, he beheld the dead Body of his Brother, over whoſe Mouth he ſeveral times put his Hand to try if he ſtill breath'd or not; ſo ſtrong an Impreſſion had his Fears made on him, that he ſuſpected very thing.

The next Day being *February* the 23d, 1640, he was proclaim'd Emperor; and that Imbecillity which had been believed of him, made known to be only a Stratagem to preſerve him from the cruel Policy of his Brother, and the Artiſices of the more barbarous *Roxana*.

BUT while he was thus beginning his Reign with Honour and Glory, the Princeſs *Rakima*, who by Letters from her Brother had been informed of the laſt Infidelity of *Amurat*, of the Death of that Emperor, and the Advancement of *Ibrahim* to the Throne, began anew to tremble for the Life of her Son; all the Paſſion ſhe had been poſſeſs'd of for *Amurat*, was not ſufficient to make her forgive his repeated Inconſtancies; and having entirely transferred all the Affection ſhe had borne him to the young *Solyman*, had now no other Care, no other Hope, but in him; nor knew no Fears, but what concern'd his Safety.

AS she was, however, of a sweet and tender Disposition, she could not hear his Death without Tears, but they were soon dried up by Emotions of a contrary Nature; the Bassaw of *Damas* refused the Payment of the Pension had been assign'd her by the late Sultan, telling her, he could not dispense with sending her to the Seraglio, and her Son to *Ibrahim*, who was now, and ought to be the Disposer of his Fate.

TO avoid the Effects of this Menace, she pretended a Willingness to comply with it, desiring only she might first be permitted to fulfil a Vow she pretended to have made of going to *Mecca*. *Sinan*, who aimed at no more than her Departure, easily consented, and furnish'd her with the Means of Travelling.

FROM *Damas* she pass'd into *Arabia*, and arrived at the Court of *Reba*, who was the same that Sultan *Amurat* had subjected to pay him Tribute, and obliged to submit his Kingdom to a perpetual Homage. This Monarch was first Cousin to *Emir Sicardin*, Prince of *Drus*, and boasted himself descended from that invincible Hero, *Godfrey* of *Boloign*, who carried his Arms into the Holy Land, and became the declared Protector of all the *Christians* of the *Levant*. *Sicardin* had been vanquish'd in a pitch'd Battle, by the Bassaw *Giaphar*, and sent Prisoner to *Constantinople*; where, contrary to the Law of Arms, and the Promises made him by his Conqueror, the Avarice of the Sultan and Prime Vizier, caused him to be put to Death; and seiz'd on his Principality and vast Treasures, which on his Decease of Right belong'd to *Reba*: But instead of doing to this Prince that Justice he demanded, *Amurat* had fallen on him with a superior Power, and submitted him and his Successors to a perpetual Homage to the *Porte*. It was therefore in this Court, that *Rakima* hoped to find some Repose before she went into *Persia*; nor was she disappointed, *Reba* had nothing of the Barbarism of his Nation; on the contrary, he had every thing could render a Prince perfectly amiable, he was handsome, well made, gay, gallant and courteous; and had a Soul at

once capable of the greatest Actions, and most tender Passions.

BEING such as I have represented him, 'tis not to be wonder'd at, that he prepar'd to receive *Rakima* with the utmost Honours ; but her Beauty finish'd what his natural Generosity had begun ; he could not behold this charming Princess without Admiration, and that Admiration soon grew up to Love. The Recital she made him of the Misfortunes of her Life, touched him in so tender a Manner, that he presently thought nothing could be so great a Blessing as the Power of obliging her to forget them : but as a true Passion is always accompanied with Respect, he conceal'd the Aim of his Ambition, under the Name of Friendship. He intreated her to make choice of no other Asylum than his Court for herself and Son, assuring her, he would employ all his Cares in forming the Mind of that young Prince ; and as soon as a favourable Opportunity should present, would raise an Army, and engage some neighbouring Nations, with whom he was in Alliance, to do the same, for the establishing him in the Throne of his Father.

RAKIMA wanted not Discernment to see into the Motives of so extraordinary a Complaisance and Zeal ; and was not a little satisfied, to find herself obliged to answer him in no other Terms, than such as her own Gratitude demanded of her ; and the amorous Prince, on the other hand, was transported that she, deceiv'd as he imagin'd in his real Intent, so readily consented to remain in his Court.

THE pleasure her Condescension gave him, diffused it self thro' his whole Air, and added new Graces to every thing he did. Desiring to possess the Heart of *Rakima* in some Measure, before he attempted to declare the Passion he had for her, he caused her to be treated as Queen, transacted no important Affair without consulting her, and was so assiduous in his Cares for the Education of the young *Solyman*, that it was impossible for any one to distinguish them from those of a natural Father.

'T WAS

'TWAS by these means that Love a second time subdued the Mind of this Princess : She cou'd not be sensible what *Reba* did for herself and Son, without feeling a certain pity for the Constraint he laid himself under by the respect he bore her ; and perhaps, had he sooner declared his Passion, she would not have resent-ed it beyond Forgiveness. But as that Monarch was labouring how to do it, in a manner she should not be able to disapprove, Chance gave him an Opportunity more favourable than any he could have formed. As he one Day came into the Apartment of *Rakima*, he found her amusing herself with looking on her Women, who were making little Crowns of Flowers for her Son : The young Prince had one of them in his Hand the Moment of the King's Entrance, and running to him, as was his Custom, put the Crown on his Head, as he stoop't to take him in his Arms ; and afterwards taking it suddenly off, placed it on the Head of his Mother, where he left it. This Action made *Rakima* blush ; and *Reba* taking Advantage of this little innocent Frolick of the Child, I should be blest'd above my Sex, Ma-dam, said he, looking on her with a Countenance in which Love and Fear were visible painted, if you had penetrated into my Heart as this young Prince has done ; and would accept the Crown of *Arabia*, which I now come to offer you, and of which, methinks, this is an Emblem. Behold, continued he, throwing himself on his Knees, I lay it at your Feet, and with it a Heart filled with the most ardent Passion.

WHILE he was speaking in this manner, *Rakima* made use of her utmost Efforts to raise him ; but perceiv-ing he was determin'd to wait her Answer in that posture, My Lord, said she to him, holding out her Hand, *Ra-kima* must be the most ungrateful Woman in the World, if after all the Obligations you have conferr'd upon her, she should distain this last Mark of your Esteem : You honour me too much, continu'd she, my Lord, (with an Air the most charmingly sweet ;) and if the Hand I now present you with, is really of any consequence to your happiness, it will be mine to bestow it.

A Consent so sudden and unhop'd, took from the transported Prince all power of answering as he would have done : the rush of Rapture stopped the passage of his Words ; and when they forcibly broke loose, could only form themselves in disjointed Sentences ; but it was easy to judge the sincerity of his Passion by the excess of his Joy : and this mute Eloquence had such an effect on the tender Soul of *Rakima*, that she made no scruple of returning the Caresses he gave her, with pretty near an equal warmth.

THE first Emotions of this disordered Joy being a little over, *Reba* press'd for an immediate Confirmation of his Happiness ; and a ready Grant ensuing, every thing was order'd to be prepared for the solemnization of their Nuptials ; and in a few days *Rakima* was proclaimed Queen of *Arabia*, with the usual Ceremonies ; which were attended with an universal Satisfaction throughout the whole Kingdom.

THE new Queen now thought Heaven had repaid all her Troubles past ; she had found in *Reba* a Husband, a Lover, a zealous Protector, and a Father for her Son ; and that young Prince so well improved the Advantages he received from the Care of this generous *Arabian*, that he surpass'd in Learning, and all those great Qualifications which became a Prince, even the expectations of those who had most good Wishes for him.

REBA, who had supported the *Ottoman* Yoke with the utmost impatience, found now a pretence to break it, by the part he had in the Interest of young *Solyman Amurat*. He therefore began to make secret Leagues with several of the neighbouring Princes, who waited but a favourable occasion to take up Arms, in conjunction with him, to place this Issue of *Rakima* on the Throne of his Father. But while he was thus sparing no Pains, nor Care, to be successful in this great Enterprize, the Sultaneſs *Valide* made use of her utmost Efforts to convince *Ibrahim* of the Danger that threatned him from that Quarter : But this Monarch giving himself wholly up to his Pleasures, neglected the Advice

Advice of his Mother; and by his Injustices, and Cruelties, in a short time became the hate of the People. They saw, with Indignation, his Ingratitude to a Princess who had not only preserved him in a thousand Perils, by her Wisdom, but had set him on the Throne, and afterwards dissipated, by her Courage and Resolution, all the Disturbances of the State, now slighted, disgraced, and deprived of all Authority, thro' the Influence of two Villains; the one of whom was *Selim Achmet*, Grand Vizier; and the other named *Hussein*, a Man, who from a poor Shepherd, *Ibrahim* had raised to the greatest Dignities. The Power of these two Men over the Emperor became so unbounded, that they committed all manner of Outrages under the Sanction of his Name; and when any Complaints of it were made, he either seemed not to believe, or else defended what they had done; which, joined to his Incapacity of Governing, obliged the Great Men of the *Porte* to make known their Resolution of Deposing him, or compelling him to reform his Conduct. In this Combination was the Sultane's *Valide*, provoked by his Contempt of her; the *Aga* of the *Janizaries*, with the principal Officers of that formidable Band; the General of the Sea, the *Mufti*, the *Kadileskers*, who are the highest sort of Judges; the *Viziers*, and *Bassaws* of the *Divan*, who are the Counsellors of State: and what is most surprizing, this League, compos'd of so many different Persons, and form'd for an Enterprize the most dangerous and important that could be, was carried on with an inviolable Secrecy. The Sultane's *Valide*, who knew that all their Lives wou'd hardly suffice to satiate the Revenge of the Emperor, and his two Minions, if the Designs they had laid should be discover'd before executed, press'd the *Mufti* to cite *Ibrahim*, in the Name of all his Subjects, to render an Account of his Conduct in a full *Divan*; and to demand the Punishment of *Selim*, and *Hussein*. To this Effect, the great Priest of the *Mahometan* Law sent several *Kadileskers*, who had Courage to undertake so dangerous a Commission.

BUT the Sultan, enraged at this Insolence, as he term'd it, commanded his Guard to tear them to pieces; But they refusing to obey his Orders, he was instantly seized with so great a Fear, that he ran immediately to the Apartment of his Mother; who, taking the advantage of his Pusillanimity, advised him to appease the Divan, by delivering up to them the Persons of the Grand Vizier, and *Hussain*; which, in the Danger he apprehended himself to be in, he durst not refuse. And these two pernicious Counsellors were put into the hands of the People, who immediately struck off both their Heads, plunder'd their Houses of the vast Wealth they had amass'd, and extirpated all their Race. He follow'd now also the Counsel of the Sultaneſs *Valide*, in nominating for Grand Vizier, *Mehemet*, a Man well beloved, and of great Experience: after which, she endeavour'd to mitigate the Fury of the Divan; but her Attempts were all in vain, the Storm she had rais'd, was now too high for her Diffusions to allay; and the Muſti proceeded a second time to cite the Emperor, sending to him again the same *Kadileskers* who had before undertaken the Commission. On which *Ibrahim* tore the *Fetſa*, which is a certain Instrument in Writing, sign'd by the Viziers and Bassaws of the Divan, requiring the Offender, be he ever so great, to surrender himself immediately to that Assembly.

THIS Behaviour being reported to the Divan, they rose, and went in a Body to the Apartment of the Sultaneſs *Valide*, to which *Ibrahim* had again retired; and having forced him from the Arms of that Princess, put him in Prison under a strong Guard.

MAHOMET the Fourth, an Infant of about six Months old, and Son of the imprisoned Emperor, by *Zaime*, to whom he had given the same Rank she held during the latter part of the Reign of *Amurat*, was now proclaim'd Sultan, and his Mother Regent, in his Minority. After this, the Rebels fearing, that by some unforeseen Accident *Ibrahim* might again assume the Throne, and by that they should then meet with the same Treatment they had given to *Selim* and *Hussain*;
took

took a Resolution to ease themselves of those Apprehensions, by the death of him who created them; and accordingly, several of the Chief of the Divan, assisted by some Janizaries, went to the Prison where that poor Emperor was confined, and strangled him the 18th day of *August*, 1648. This Murder was followed by several other, which confirmed the Sultaneſs *Zaime* in the Regency, and the famous *Coprogly* in the Office of Grand-Vizier. But all these Matters are amply treated on, in the History of that Princess; of whom, *Urania* forbids me with her Eyes to entertain you with any thing farther than is absolutely necessary for your Understanding the Passages relating to *Rakima*.

THE Sultaneſs *Valide*, who had consol'd herself on the Death of her Son, by the remembrance of the little Respect he had paid her, and the Expectations that *Zaime*, who owed her first Elevation of Fortune to her Instructions, wou'd in all things submit to her; perceiving herself deceiv'd, and that the Regent acted of herself, or by the Counsels of *Coprogly*, began to hate her with so much Inveteracy, that she thought of nothing but the Means to ruin her, the young Sultan her Son and the Grand-Vizier. To bring about her Designs, she presently cast her Eyes on *Solyman Amurat*, whom, she knew, the King and Queen of *Arabia* had educated according to his Birth, and the Hopes they conceived of seeing him one day Emperor of the *Turks*.

SHE wrote to *Reba*, intimating, that she desired nothing more than to see this Prince fill the Throne of his Ancestors, as it was his Right, he being the only Son of *Amurat*; and let him know she had form'd a Project for bringing about his Establishment. But the King of *Arabia*, who was not ignorant that she undertook this Enterprize rather out of Resentment to *Zaime*, than Love to *Solyman*, and perceiving that the *Turkish* Empire was at that Time in perfect Tranquility within itself, and Peace with its Neighbours, represented to her, that it was not yet a proper Season to attempt an Alteration in the Government; and therefore advised her to

continue the same Shews of Affection for her young Grandson, and the Regent his Mother, as she had done; that nothing of her Intentions might be guess'd at, till the Moment should arrive when they might be pursued with Success.

THIS wise Delay of *Reba* was not at all pleasing to the Sultaness *Valide*, who was a Woman vehement in all her Passions; and resolving to satisfy that of her Revenge some way or other, turned her Thoughts on a young Prince, named also *Solyman*, and Son of *Ibrahim*, by a Lady of the Seraglio, called *Maiama*: to her she communicated her Design, and assured her Success, on Condition, when the Child should be proclaimed Emperor, she would leave to her all the Authority of the Regency.

MAIAMA was charmed with the Offer, and readily promis'd all that ambitious Princess desired of her. But in what manner this Conspiracy was render'd of no Effect, is not necessary to my History; I shall therefore pass over every thing in silence, till the time that the Grand-Vizier *Coprogly*, formed a Design of attacking the City of *Candia*; which brings me to my principal Subject.

THE *Venetians*, alarmed at the great Preparations at the *Porte*, sent an Envoy to *Constantinople*; but the Grand-Vizier, in the Name of the Sultan, received him so ill, and exacted such hard Conditions from the Republick, that they preferred War to so shameful a Peace.

THE *Doge*, knowing himself unable to withstand the *Ottoman* Forces of himself, dispatch'd Ambassadors to *Persia*, *Muscovy*, and *Tartary*; the latter of whom, he knew, had an implacable hatred to the *Turks*, for the ignominious Death the *Cham*, Father of him who reigned at that time, had suffer'd in their Dominions. Nor did the *Venetians* forget to implore the Assistance of King *Reba*; offering him great Sums of Money to join his Troops with theirs, for the recovery of the *Turkish* Empire for his Son-in-law *Solyman Amurat*.

NOW did the *Arabian* Monarch believe Fortune had presented that happy Crisis he had so long waited for,
and

and accepting joyfully the Offers made him, entered into a League with the *Venetians*; as did also the young King of *Persia*, the Czar of *Muscovy*, and the Cham of the *Tartars*.

THE next Step this prudent Prince took, was to gain over to his Interest some Bassaws, who by his Spies, he heard were disaffected to the present Government of *Turky*: To them he sent several Pictures of *Solyman Amurat*, which were by them dispersed thro' the several Provinces of the Empire, to let them see the great Resemblance there was between this Prince and his Father. This Stratagem succeeded so well, that in a short time a great Number of Persons of Distinction listed themselves in the Party of the Son of *Amurat*; among whom was *Orcan-Ogly*, Bassaw of *Aleppo*, a most excellent General, rich, well beloved, and a mortal Enemy of *Coprogly*.

THINGS having so fair an Aspect, the Confederate Armies resolved to take the Field in the beginning of the Spring, and to begin the War by the Siege of *Babylon*. In the mean time, *Rakima* neglecting nothing for the Interest of her Son, went herself from Court to Court, engaging the several Potentates in this grand Affair. She passed thro' all *Arabia*, *Ethiopia*, and great part of the *Indies*; her insinuating Wit, her Sweetness, her Eloquence, and the Charms of her Person, gained their Hearts in such a manner, that there were none who did not readily assist her with what Forces were in their power.

COPROGLY having quick Intelligence of all that pass'd, and knowing his Forces unable to withstand those of so many Princes, sent to the Bassaw of *Aleppo*, to raise an Army of Thirty thousand Men in his Government, and to join him with all expedition. *Orcan Ogly*, glad of this Pretence, raised, instead of the Number required, Seventy thousand Men; and having assembled them before the Walls of *Aleppo*, and having shewed the Officers the Picture of *Solyman*, so well convinc'd them of the Right that Prince had to the Empire, that they unanimously agreed to own no other Sovereign,

Sovereign, and to lose the last drop of their Bloods in his behalf.

THE Bassaw finding every thing succeed to his Wish, sent some of the principal Commanders to the King and Queen of *Arabia*, desiring they would permit their new-acknowledged Monarch to put himself at their head. They were magnificently receiv'd ; but what touch'd them the most, was the Presence of *Solyman*, whose graceful Form, and the noble Ardour he expressed for Glory, ravish'd their Hearts with Love and Admiration.

THE Season being now come for the Rendezvous of the several Armies, *Solyman* accompanied those who were sent for him ; and was received by the Bassaw's Troops, with Acclamations which seem'd to rend the Skies.

THIS News being spread thro' all the Provinces of *Asia*, several Bassaws, who had before refused to come into the Measures of *Orcan Ogly*, now increased the Army, and threw themselves at the Feet of *Solyman*. *Rakima*, who accompanied her Husband and Son in this War, was transported at the good Success they met with ; and *Reba* gave an undeniable Testimony of the Love he bore her, by the perfect Satisfaction he exprest'd in the good Effect his Cares had for her Son.

SOLYMAN was every day on horseback, and exercis'd his Troops in such a manner, as made every one believe he would be one of the greatest Generals of his time ; and never was any Army better pleas'd with a Commander, nor a Commander with his Army ; most of these Troops being *Veterans*, who had served under the famous *Delly Hussein*, the Uncle of *Orcan Ogly*, who had been strangled by *Coprogly*, for which they bore that minister an inveterate Hate : That, as well as their Love of *Solyman*, and Confidence in their own Strength, made them desire to be of the Party to fall on *Constantinople*, and leave *Babylon* to the King of *Persia* ; and it was for these Reasons their Request was granted.

I T being thus resolv'd, after the Prayers, and usual Ceremonies to their Prophet *Mahomet*, they begun their March to the Metropolis of the Empire; where the News of *Orcan Oghy's* Revolt being already arrived, the Grand Vizier easily perceived it had been occasion'd by his Resentment for the Death of his Uncle; and judging therefore he would be an implacable, as well as powerful Enemy, knew he had need of all his Skill and Courage to ward against this unexpected Blow. Yet wou'd he not give any Marks of Fear; and when it was proposed in the Divan to put in execution that Law, which in Times of Danger obliges all above Seven Years, old to take Arms, he rejected it with Scorn; and said, he would never suffer it to be said, a Rebel cou'd reduce the Empire to such Streights.

H E did not, however, in the least depend on his own Strength, but had recourse, in this Emergency, to the utmost of his Subtilties; by distributing privately great Sums of Money, and maintaining Spies in every Quarter, he got Intelligence of several Great Men, who had secretly leagu'd themselves with the Bassaw of *Aleppo*, whom he immediately caused to be seized, and their Heads struck off, and placed on high Poles on the Walls of *Constantinople*. This struck such a Terror to the rest, that they, unask'd, brought their Treasures into the public Fund for carrying on the War, to prevent all Suspicion of their having any Design in favour of *Solyman*.

HAVING, by his Diligence, got together an Army of about Two and thirty thousand Men, he march'd to intercept those of *Orcan Oghy*, led by *Solyman*; and when they were within some twenty Leagues of their Enemies, put his Son at the Head of them, a young Man, but full of Courage and Prudence: and to be directed by the experienc'd Counsels of the famous *Mustapha*, a Man of the utmost Abilities, and perfectly devoted to the Vizier.

THIS Minister, having left the Troops thus disposed, return'd to *Constantinople*, where his Presence was absolutely necessary, he being the very Soul of the Divan; and

and without whom, that Assembly neither could, nor would do any Thing. There he repaired the Fortifications, filled the Ramparts with able Men, and replenished the Magazines. While he was thus employed, his Son was not Idle; but animating his Troops, attended the approach of the Enemy: who were no sooner come within sight, than he fell on them with such Force, as made them see the way to Victory would not be easy. Bloody was the Contest; but after lasting about three Hours, the *Arabian* King received a mortal Wound; which so much discouraged that Wing where he commanded, that it gave ground immediately; and *Achmet* perceiving the Advantage, flew in with a Party of fresh Troops, which put 'em entirely to the Rout. Nor did he here stop, but pierced into the main Body of the Army; where *Solyman* fought with a Courage worthy of a better Fate, and for some Time held the Battle in suspense. But *Mustapha* having made great Slaughter, where *Orcan Ogly* commanded, those that remained began to fly; when the Bassaw mounting a fresh Horse, got head of them, and partly by Promises, and partly by Menaces, obliged them to turn to the Assistance of *Solyman*, who was now assaulted on every side. That young Hero did, in this dreadful Day, such Wonders, as almost justifies the Fictions of Romance; and compell'd his Enemies to say, that had there been among the Seventy thousand that he had, but Five hundred such as himself, Victory must have declared in his favour. As it was supported chiefly by his single Bravery, the Goddesses seemed unwilling to determine for his Enemies; and *Mustapha* perceiving, if he should get the Field, 'twould be a dear-bought Conquest, had recourse to Artifice; and having formerly been intimate with *Orcan Ogly*, sent a Trumpet in the General's Name, to offer him his Life, with that of *Solyman*, on condition they would yield themselves.

THIS Proposal was received by *Solyman* with the utmost Scorn; but perceiving it made some impression on *Orcan Ogly*, and judging, on his Refusal, he should be betray'd by him, was constrained to follow the Sentiments

timents of this changing Man, and sent back an answer of Consent.

WHILE the brave young Prince thus yielded to his adverse Fate, *Reba* gave up his last Sighs on the Bosom of his beloved Queen: Madam, said he, with a feeble, but intelligible Voice, if I die without the Satisfaction of having rendered you happy, I die with the Consolation of having done every Thing in my power to make you so; and to prove how very dear you are to me ——— but, continued he, there is no Remedy ——— dry your Tears, and preserve your self for the sake of those precious pledges of our mutual Love ——— forget me not in them, but let them share that Tenderness you have blest'd me with. And for you, *Zennim*, added he, turning to an Eunuch who stood by, to your faithful Care I recommend the Queen ——— I well see the Battle's lost; fly with her from this fatal Field, nor wait a Passport; there is no dependance on the promises of these *Turks* ——— In fine, I charge thee with my dying breath to save her, at what price soever it be, and conduct her to my Kingdom ——— He could proceed no farther, Death closed his Lips for ever, and *Rakima* had little more than the Appearance of Life. The Eunuch perceiving his Royal Master fallen, and mindful of the Charge he had given him, left the Queen to the Care of her Women, while he ran out of the Tent to enquire the Event of the Battle, which he perceived by the Trumpets sounding a Retreat was now over; and was soon informed of what he feared, that the Enemy was Victorious; and that *Solyman Amurat*, and *Orcan Ogly*, had deliver'd themselves to the Mercy of the Conqueror; and that a general Pardon was granted to the rest. This made him know the Queen's Departure was not to be delayed; especially, when he learned some Moments after, that the Prince, and Bassaw of *Aleppo*, were put under a strong Guard, and sent to *Constantinople*, the Moment they had resigned themselves. This faithful Servant returned hastily to the Queen, and having repeated all he had been told, reminded her, with the utmost earnestness, of the last Words of his Master:

But

But she was for the present too much stupified with Grief, to give Attention to any thing he said ; and even the fears for her Son were lost in the Misfortune she had just now been witness of. She suffer'd herself, however, to be guided by *Zenim* ; who taking advantage of the Darkness of the Night, and the Confusion all Things were in, conducted her a in Disguise from the power of her Enemies, and at last to *Arabia*, after a long and painful March.

ACHMET COPROGLY having given orders for carrying *Solyman* and *Orcan Ogly* to *Constantinople*, and pardoned those Soldiers who were ready to swear eternal Duty to *Mahomet*, the present Emperor, incorporated them with the rest of his Army, and march'd to the Relief of *Babylon*, which was besieged by the *Sophi* of *Persia*.

THE uncertainty what the success of this Battle would be, had put all *Constantinople* into Confusion ; but when the News came of so compleat a Victory, the Death of *Reba*, and the arrival of *Solyman Amurat* and *Orcan Ogly*, as Prisoners, nothing was to be seen but Joy ; but that of the Emperor and Regent exceeded all others, as they were most concern'd : They thought they could never sufficiently testify their gratitude to the Grand-Vizier, who had so happily conducted this Affair, and to the Valour of whose Son they owed their Safety. They put *Solyman* into the Prison destined for the Sons and Brothers of the Emperors, *Orcan Ogly* into another, loaded with Chains ; and in vain both the one and the other alledged the promise made them by *Achmet Coprogly* ; his Father's Policy absolved him from making good that promise, and, in spite of all they could say, condemned them to lose their Heads.

BEING brought to the *Hippodrome* for that purpose, *Solyman* exclaimed against the Cowardise and Treason of *Ogly*, which had prevented him from dying like himself, in the pursuit of Justice and Revenge, and yielded him to the shameful Stroke of the Executioner. The Beauty of this young Prince, his majestic Port,

Port, his Courage and Relolution attracted the Hearts of all present ; they detested the Villany of the Bashaw ; and when the fatal Blow was given to *Solyman*, it was followed by a general Shriek, and Millions of Imprecations on him who had occasion'd it. *Orcan Ogly* being about to suffer the same Fate, the Fury of the People prevented it, by forcing him from the Executioner, and tearing his Body in a thousand pieces, drawing the mangled Limbs thro' every Street in *Constantinople*, and pouring Curses on him as they passed, no less in revenge, for *Solyman Amurat* than for his Rebellion against the Emperor.

THESE cruel Tidings soon reach'd the Ears of the unfortunate *Rakima*, who tho' she flatter'd herself with the Hope of no better Fate, yet the Confirmation of this disastrous one renewed her Sorrows and Lamentation : Her Health greatly impair'd by the Death of *Reba*, that of *Solyman* compleated the Work of Death ; and having crown'd the elder of those Sons she had by *Reba*, she sunk with Resignation from a Life, which she seemed to have no longer Employment for ; and in her last Moments repeating several Times the dear lov'd Names of *Reba* and *Solyman*, made known that she was going to join them with pleasure.

THELAMONT having given over speaking, this amiable Company, who towards the latter end of his History had been drown'd in Tears, could not presently recover themselves enough to give him Thanks. *Erasmus* was the first that broke Silence : We seem, methinks, said he, as if we were in *Constantinople* or *Arabia* ; and that the tragical Accidents we have been told of, happened in our presence, by the Susceptibility we have of them. I assure you, replied *Camilla*, wiping her Eyes, if I had believed that *Thelamont* had design'd to have made *Solyman* and *Rakima* die, I never should have had a Curiosity of knowing their Adventures.

AS she could not conclude these Words without a Sigh, her Friends rallied her in a gallant manner, on her Sensibility of Things, which had happened a long Time since, and in a Country where there were continual Incidents

cidents of the like nature. We ought not to laugh too much at *Camilla*, interrupted *Florinda*, tho' she is of a Disposition perfectly gay, that which is truly touching affects her Heart in the same manner with those who are usually more serious. *Thelamont* has recounted these particulars in so lively a manner, that it is impossible to be less moved with them, than if they had been present to our Eyes.

I am extremely charm'd with it, said *Orophanes*, but must confess, feel a certain Discontent, that we are deprived of the History of *Zaime* ; for I perceive *Urania* will not suffer us to partake of it, till she gives it to the publick.

YOU judge right, answer'd that beautiful Lady, but you shall not long attend it. I hope to satisfy your Curiosity the next Journey you make hither. As we are not yet to be so happy then, said *Hortensia*, I think the Time cannot be more agreeably past, than in reflecting on what we have already heard. Can any Thing be more inhumane than this Policy of the *Turks*, which puts to Death every one who can possibly hope to attain the Imperial Dignity ? This Cruelty, replied *Erasmus*, has its Foundation from their Religion : As the whole Sect of *Mahomet* are excessively superstitious, they scruple nothing to prevent the Misfortunes with which they imagine themselves threatned, or to attain the Happiness they hope for.

IT is certain, added *Orophanes*, that Superstition is almost universal among them : The *Ottoman* Empire, that of *Persia*, and of the *Mogul*, the *Indies*, the Great and Lesser *Tartary*, are full of Impostors, who call themselves Prophets, announcing Calamity and Prosperity ; and for a certain Sum of Money, pretend to give *Amulets* to defend from the one, and *Talisman*s to procure the other.

WHAT surprizes me most, said *Felicia*, is, that People of Quality, who have all imaginable care taken in their Education, to inspire them with Sentiments different from the Vulgar, should agree with them so much in this Opinion ; and if successful in any Enterprize,

prize, impute it rather to the Effect of their *Talisman*, than their own Courage or Wisdom.

THESE Superstitions, replied *Thelamont*, have produced very odd Effects in all Ages of the World. *Rutilianus*, a Roman Senator, who lived under the Reign of *Marcus Aurelius*, was one of the best Generals of the Age he lived in, a very able Politician, was eloquent in his Discourse, and had an universal Knowledge ; yet, with all these fine Qualities, he was superstitious to that degree, that whenever he travelled, he descended from his Chariot, and threw himself on his Knees before some Stones on which the People before had poured Libations. When he went to Battle, he was never without a Train of Pagan Priests in the Army, who encouraged him in his Errors ; and without first consulting them, he undertook not the most trivial Affair. He had besides these, Couriers continually employed in Voyages to *Claros* and *Lidimus*, to consult the fabulous Oracles which were there deliver'd. I never can hear the Name of *Rutilianus*, said *Camilla*, without smiling at the weakness he was guilty of, on this Subject. *Alexander* the Son of *Podalire*, born of an obscure Extraction, but among People ignorant and superstitious, establish'd himself in *Paphlagonia*, near the Walls of *Abonus*, where he lived in the grandest manner imaginable : He was regarded as a descending God, he never went out without a great Train, who moved after him to the Sound of Trumpets, Cymbals, and Flutes. Taking advantage of the Folly of these credulous Wretches, he oblig'd them to build a Temple in honour of *Glicom*, or the second *Æsculapius*, who he said had been born among them. This superstitious People quitting their ordinary Occupations, worked Night and Day in erecting this Edifice, and adorned it with all the Riches of the Country ; it was from this Temple that the Impostor afterwards delivered all his pretended Oracles.

HE boasted to be descended of *Perseus*, and that the Moon, being enamour'd of him, descended from Heaven to pass some Hours of Softness with him ; that from this Amour sprung a Daughter, whom the Goddess commanded

manded him to educate with Care ; assuring him, that all her Offspring should have the Gift of Prophecy in such a full Degree, that they should be able to penetrate into the most secret Decrees of Providence. The Fame of this Impostor, and what was promised to his Daughter, made *Rutulianus* think it the utmost Honour to obtain her in Marriage ; and after the Nuptials, carry'd her to *Rome*, where she was look'd on as a Divinity. Can one then, continued that agreeable Lady, wonder at the Superstition, and Credulity of mean People, when one finds such Examples of it among those who ought to know much better ?

THIS pretended Prophet, said *Alphonso*, had the impudence to send one of his Predictions to *Marcus Aurelius* ; by which he promised him a complete Victory over the *Germans*, with whom he was then at War. But the Event of that Battel proved how little Credit should be given to those imaginary Prophets ; for the Emperor's Army was entirely routed by the *Germans*, and more than twenty thousand *Romans* lay breathless in the Field. He was guilty of the same Boldness to *Croesus*, added *Melantus*, promising him an hundred and fifty Years of Life ; and that she should not then die, but be like *Æsculapius*, transfix'd by a Clap of Thunder ; instead of which, he languish'd a long Time under a grievous Disease, and died when he was no more than eighty Years old. Yet did not the Falshood of these Predictions disabuse the People ; they still believ'd, and were still fool'd on.

IT is yet less surprising, said *Thelamont*, to find these Errors and Superstitions among *Pagans* and *Mahometans*, of which their Religions are full, than that they have found Entrance sometimes even among the Princes of the *Christian Church*. *Eutychius* Bishop of *Constantinople*, a most learned and eloquent Orator, fell into the erroneous Opinion of doubting that Article of Faith touching the Resurrection of the Body, which Heresy gain'd access among the greatest of those Days ; so much did the Example of so eminent a Man sway the Minds of those who heard his Rhetorick, and were convinc'd of his Learning.

Learning. It spread so far under the Reigns of *Justin* the Younger, and *Tiberius* the Second, when in the Year 534 the *Christian* Religion was all disfigured ; and those who still retain'd its Purity, wept Tears of Blood to wash the Stains away. The Troubles which the *Lombards* had brought into *Italy* hindering the Popes from opposing this Error, with that warmth they would else have done ; *Autharis* King of *Lombardy* having besieg'd *Rome* so closely, that no Succour could be brought, the Citizens were ready to perish with Hunger ; the Pope on this, sent to implore Assistance from *Tiberius*, who, touch'd with their Calamity, order'd a Vessel of Corn to be transported into *Rome*, by the way of the *Tiber*.

THIS Succour having re-animated the *Romans*, they took such just and vigorous Measures for the Defence of their City, that the King of the *Lombards* perceiving his Army much diminish'd, rais'd the Siege, just at the Time of the Pope's Death. *Pelagius* the Second being elected as soon as the Enemy was departed, sent Cardinal *Diacres*, who was afterwards call'd *Gregory the Great*, to the Emperor *Tiberius*, to return Thanks for the Favour he had conferr'd on his Predecessor. This Legate was received at *Constantinople* with infinite Honours his great Merit being already known to all the Christian World ; but that which gain'd him the most Glory, was his Conversion of the learned *Eutychius*, with whom he had frequent Conferences in the Presence of the Emperor ; and by his Sweetness, his Knowledge, and his Eloquence, won him at length to renounce that Error he had maintained to the prejudice of the *Christian* Faith : He made a publick Abjuration of it, and continued to preach against it more vigorously than ever he had done in its behalf, till the Time of his Death, which happened soon after. Thus when human Wisdom suffers us to fall into dangerous Absurdities, how happy ought we to think ourselves, if God permits us to find those more enliven'd with true Knowledge to set us right?

THIS Reflection is worthy of *Thelamont*, said *Camilla*, and we cannot conclude this Day with a more just Moral. And you could not speak more to the Purpose,
my

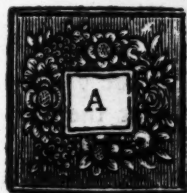
my dear *Camilla*, replied *Urania*, for it is time to retire. I protest, added *Hortensia*, I perceived not that the Night was so far advanced ; the pleasure in which I have pass'd these Hours, let it steal on me unperceived. For my part, said *Florinda*. I am of a humour to pass the Nights and Days in an equal Manner, if the Body would suffer one to do so.

BUT as Repose is absolutely necessary, answer'd *Urania* rising from her Seat, however laudable your Inclination may be, it shall not be in this House, you shall indulge it ; your Health is too dear to us, to consent to it. At these Words, this amiable Society having banish'd all those fruitless Ceremonies which are usually practis'd in separating, they all retired to their different Apartments, where Love, Friendship, perfect Tranquillity, and the Enjoyments of the past Day, made the Night not less delightful to them.





THE FOURTEENTH DAY.



S this charming Company retired not till very late, the Day was far advanced, before they were in a condition to re-assemble. *Urania* was the first that rose, and the moment she was dress'd, pass'd into the Apartment where the Ladies were making ready: I come to reproach you, said she, for having given so much Time to sleep, and can look on that drowzy God, as no other than a Thief, since he robs me of those Pleasures in your Conversation, which he can never retaliate, tho' he may aim to do it in Dreams. This Gallantry of *Urania's* was answered with all that the most tender and delicate Friendship, accompany'd with fine Wit, could suggest. The Husbands of these deserving Ladies coming to join them, took an extreme Satisfaction in hearing the just Praises they gave each other, with such an Air of Sincerity, as easily made known, nothing was spoke that was not dictated by the Heart.

OROPHANES

O R O P H A N E S was the first that interrupted this Conversation : One can never enough admire, said he, what this Moment presents us with : Five Women, young, beautiful, and endued with the most excellent Understanding, who truly love, are equally pleased, know how to render each other Justice ; and do it without the least mixture of Jealousy or Envy. This is, I say, continued he, smiling, a union too rare among your Sex, not to deserve a particular Reflection.

Y O U R S, replied *Florinda*, is too obliging to us, not to merit a proportionable Return : And, I think, we cannot make one more justly than to confess, that if we are what you describe, 'tis because we would wish to merit the Esteem of five Men, who have all the fine Qualities both of Mind and of Body, that can be wished or hoped for in their Sex. In speaking these Words, she turned her Eyes on *Erasmus*, who regarded her that Moment with so passionate an Air, as made her blush extremely.

Y O U ought not to blush, charming *Florinda*, said *Urania*, for having betray'd a Secret none of us will be ashamed to own. For my part, I think it the greatest Glory to us, that not a partial Fondness, but the Perfections of those to whom we are united, gave us to them.

I am persuaded, interrupted *Thelamont*, that *Orophanes* believed not what he said would have drawn on us a Compliment so full of Charms for our Vanity. It has in it, I confess, the utmost Delicacy ; yet where there is so much Love, as I dare Answer, is in the Hearts of all here, that Fondness, if you'll call it so, expects something to be given to itself, and not all to Admiration.

T H O' a little Share of Self-love, added *Felicia* smiling, hinders me from owning that *Orophanes* is absolutely the Author of all the good Qualities I have, yet I do not oppose the Sentiment of *Florinda* and *Urania*, and am willing to allow, that I improve the Merit I have by imitating his. *Orophanes* was about to make some reply to this Pleasantry of his lovely Wife, when

Camilla

Camilla prevented him, by saying, I have heard that Passion called Self-love, treated on in such different Terms, that I never yet could be truly satisfied if it were a Virtue or a Vice.

IT is, answer'd *Thelamont*, like all other Emotions of the Soul, good with the good, and bad with the bad. That kind of Self-love, which inspires us with a Desire of excelling in commendable Qualifications, is a Virtue: And on the contrary, that Self-love, which renders us blind to our Defects, and clear-sighted to those of others, is a Vice.

TO define this Passion, said *Erasmus*, in all its Branches, we must examine both the Perfections and Frailties of human Nature; but since we are fallen on this Subject, I believe it will not be disagreeable to the Company, if I make them partakers of a Conversation I was witness of, a few Days before I left *Paris*, without the Actresses in that Scene, imagining they were over-heard by any body: It seemed of so singular a nature, that I took it down in Short-hand in my Pocket-Book, from the Mouths of those who discoursed, and wrote it over more legibly at my return home.

ALL the Company appearing desirous to be entertain'd with it, he pull'd a Paper out of his Pocket, and presented it to *Urania*, with these Words: As I was walking one Morning, said he, in the *Tuilleries*, with no other design than to indulge Thought in that agreeable Solitude, it not being the Hour in which the gay World frequent that Place; I saw two Ladies at a distance, and perceiving them earnest in discourse, placed myself behind a Bench, to which I found they directed their Steps, and heard distinctly the Contents of that Paper, which I beg may be favoured with the Graces it will receive from the Voice of *Urania*. That Lady made no other answer to this Compliment, than a bow; and began to do as he desired.

SELF-LOVE.

A

DIALOGUE

Between

Silviana and Arelise.

A R E L I S E.

HOW happens it, my dear *Silviana*, that you chuse to walk in the *Tuilleries* this Morning? I never found you took any pleasure in coming here, but when it was full of the great World of both Sexes; the one to admire, and the other to envy your Perfections.

S I L V I A N A.

THERE is a time for all Things, *Arelise*; there is one in which we love Company, and another in which Solitude is most agreeable. It is in this last I find myself this Morning, and that made me desire you to be a partaker with me in it.

A R E L I S E.

ARELISE.

THIS extraordinary Turn of Temper, bespeaks some new Emotion. I imagine there is something in your Heart, which you are not well able to comprehend the Meaning of yourself, yet are afraid should be discovered by the World.

SILVIANA.

I come not hither to disguise any thing to you; I confess my self disturbed with the most uneasy of all Passions——Would you believe it, beautiful *Arelise*? I am jealous.

ARELISE.

THO' Jealousy be never so much complained of, by those who feel it, and condemn'd by those who do not; I cannot avoid being pleased to hear you are under its Power: because when you own Jealousy, you cannot deny but you are sensible of Love; and I have wished for nothing more than to see you touch'd with it for a worthy Object.

SILVIANA.

ALAS! my dear *Arelise*, your Wishes are not yet satisfied. It is true that I am jealous, but I am perfectly free from any Impression of Love; nor do I believe I am of a Disposition ever to feel it.

ARELISE.

HOW is it possible you can have Jealousy without Love?

S I L V I A N A.

NOTHING, in my Opinion, more easy to be accounted for. I am jealous of those extraordinary Affinities *Lismond* pays to *Melissa* ; I cannot endure he should quit my Conversation to follow her ; yet Spite of the uneasiness his Behaviour causes in me, I neither love him, nor never shall.

A R E L I S E.

I cannot recover my self from the Astonishment you put me in. Till now I always thought, that to be disquieted at a worthy Man's Attachment to another, was only the Consequence of having too great a Tenderness for one's self.

S I L V I A N A.

THIS is a common Error, but a gross one ; and I can easily make it appear so. Self-love, my dear Friend, is sufficient to excite Jealousy, without the least regard for the Person whose Passion for another gives us pain.

A R E L I S E.

BUT, *Silviana*, if it were only Self-love, you would be jealous of *Melissa*, and not of *Lismond* ; for the Actions of a Person we love not, are altogether indifferent to us.

S I L V I A N A.

ME jealous of *Melissa* ! No ! I am incapable of such a Weakness. She is handsome, she has Wit. I know, and I am ready to do her Justice ; but this Self-love, which forces me to be uneasy, that *Lismond* prefers her to me, makes me also believe that I am not less handsome, nor less witty than she. I do not, therefore, look
on

on her as a Rival in *Love*, but in *Merit*; and I am only provoked at the Partiality of *Lismond*, in testifying Admiration for her, and but Respect for me; when I am very much deceiv'd indeed, if I do not deserve at least to be put on an Equality with her.

A R E L I S E.

YET, dear *Silviana*, this is nothing but prizing our selves too much, and others too little. An Emotion, which I have always consider'd as a Vice, and strove to correct even in its most distant Approaches; but I never could have thought it would have gain'd a place among the Passions, and been capable of giving us Jealousy and Inquietude for Objects indifferent to us.

S I L V I A N A.

AH charming *Arelise*! how little room do you allow for a Sentiment, which I conceive is without Bounds. I confess that Self-love is a tenaciousness of our own Merits, and that it makes us desire to be beloved above all others; yet were we wholly without it, we should be languid, stupid Creatures. 'Tis that which regulates all our Actions; by that we love, we hate, we give, we refuse, we take revenge, or pardon, according to the Dictates of that supreme Ruler of the Mind; for be assured, that whatever we think, or say, or do, Self-love is the directing Motive.

A R E L I S E.

WHAT, because I am attach'd to you by the most tender Ties of Friendship, is it only because I love my self.

S I L V I A N A.

MOST certainly, for if you found not something agreeable to yourself, in my Conversation, you would

shun it. 'Tis the same Thing with me in regard to you ; was your Behaviour rude, unpolite, or your Humour unsincere, I could not be your Friend : No, no, in all Pursuits we aim only to gratify Self-love — Men have even a greater Share of it than Women ; for when they pretend the most disinterested Passion, can they prove, that it is not for an Object that is not pleasing to themselves ; nay, so far are they sometimes transported by Self-love, that they fly from one Beauty to another, endeavouring to be approved by all the Sex in general, and to appear amiable at all Times, in all Places, and in all Companies.

A R E L I S E.

BUT, by this Doctrine you destroy every noble Passion of the Soul ; Sympathy, and that secret Impulse by which we see two Hearts united, is no more than a Chimæra, Gratitude is entirely useless, Obligations but imaginary, and all that we call Virtue, only a Principle of Interest, which merits not that Name.

S I L V I A N A.

NO, *Arelise*, I do nothing of this you accuse me of ; on the contrary I maintain, that Self-love gives Birth to the most glorious Passions, cements Friendship, and — makes us do the greatest Actions : Two Persons, who by a Conformity of Sentiment and Manners, find an Inclination for each other, animated by Self-love, mutually endeavour to render themselves more amiable : This it is that brightens all the good Qualities we have received from Nature, or from Art ; this makes us burn with a desire of excelling : To this all the great Captains owed their Conquests, and the Orators and Poets their Fame : Is it not Self-love which gives us a desire of emulating and surpassing ? And can it be gratified but by worthy Means, by the Attainment of Glory, in Wisdom, Courage, Constancy, Fortitude, Gratitude, Probity, in rendering every one what belongs to him,

him, and to the Divine Source of all Virtues, humble Thanks for his Mercy in instructing us how to love our selves rightly ?

A R E L I S E.

I know very well that in such Actions, as regard our Fame, or Religion, Self-love must be allowed a part. But suppose I could do my Friend a signal Service, and that none but ourselves were to be made acquainted with it ; do I act in this manner merely thro' Self-love ?

S I L V I A N A.

DOUBTLESS. For tho' it be a Secret to the whole World, it is not so to yourself ; and you feel an inward Pleasure, mixed with a Pride for having had it in your Power to do so good an Action. And what else can you term these Emotions but Self-love ?

A R E L I S E.

ACCORDING to you then, the Person whom I serve, owes me no Obligation, since what I did was an Obligation to myself.

S I L V I A N A.

THE pleasure we have in bestowing, hinders not that of the Receiver : Has not this Friend the same Self-love as we have ? And ought he not to be grateful for the Satisfaction that Passion feels, through our means ? Self-love is the very Opposite of Ingratitude, and compels us to acknowledge every thing that gives us pleasure.

A R E L I S E.

SINCE you are resolved to take the part of Self-love, and maintain your Argument with such an Infinity of Wit ; permit me to ask you a few more Questions, and vouchsafe to answer them with your former Complaisance. I can pardon you, young beautiful, and full of Vivacity as you are, to have a little Self-love ; but how will it agree with a Person who is deformed and old ?

S I L V I A N A.

THOSE have the most occasion for it. Self-love repairs the Wrongs we sustain from Time or Nature ; by making us doubly assiduous in attaining those Qualities which we cannot be deprived of but by Death : Without the Aids of Youth and Beauty, we can be wise, knowing, generous, liberal, and affable, and feed this Passion in us, by attracting the Esteem of the whole World.

A R E L I S E.

BUT yet we see numbers of People who do nothing of this, yet I do not suppose they are exempt from Self-love.

S I L V I A N A.

IT must be confess'd there are Persons, who wear no more than the Form of Humanity ; and such you mean. Reason is the Parent of Self-love, and where you find not the one, you vainly search for the other.

A R E L I S E.

I must believe then, that Self-love is the Source of all Virtue.

SILVIANA.

S I L V I A N A.

YOU ought to do so, my dear *Arelise* ; for I am certain you can find no one Argument against it.

A R E L I S E.

YES, I have heard that Reason is entirely blinded by this Passion, and by that alone we are kept from the true Knowledge of ourselves and Frailties.

S I L V I A N A.

THOSE Defects which spring merely from the Weakness of human Nature, Self-love forgives, because they are unavoidable, but is never blind to Propensities, which may in time become Vices.

A R E L I S E.

BUT how will this Self-love submit to the Reproofs a Person of the best Conduct may at some times deserve ? There are none who pass their whole Lives without some unguarded Moments ; and I have observed, that Persons too fond of themselves, can ill endure that what they know is a Fault, should be taken notice of by another.

S I L V I A N A.

THAT Disposition which is not ready to stand corrected for a real Error, is rather Pride than Self-love. I confess however, that there is something difficult in this Distinction ; but it is according to the Character of the Person who reproves us, and the Time, and Place when it is given, that Self-love yields, or rebels. If a Person in whom I put no Confidence, nor has the least Authority over my Actions, pretends to reprehend me, it shocks my Principle of Self love ; or if it be

done before Company, or at a Time when the Warmth of any Desire or Expectation hurries my Spirits it will have the same. But if the Correction is given by a Friend, and I know proceeds from a Desire of perfecting me; Self-love obliges me to own it an Obligation, and only fills me with Shame, that I was not the first that perceived my own Defect. But I will give you an Example which happen'd very lately to me. You know *Clemene*; she has Wit, Beauty, and good-nature, but very often too easily provok'd to Anger; the least Trifle is sufficient to put her into a Fury, which she was accusom'd not to put a stop to, whatever Company she was in: and so vehement was she in this Passion, that all her Features were distorted, and she scarce to be known for the same Woman.

AS I was pleas'd with her Conversation, I was extremely troubled at her giving way to Emotions so pernicious; but as I was not free enough with her to remind her of this Error, I chose rather to suffer her to continue in it, than by reproving run the hazard of losing her Esteem. But our Acquaintance growing more intimate, it happen'd one day when we were alone together, the Discourse turned on a Matter which might bear Dispute; and my Opinion of it being entirely opposite to hers, and all her Reasons ineffectual to change it, she fell into so violent a Rage, that I think I never beheld any thing beyond it. I presently bethought me of a Stratagem to awake Self-love in her; and while she was all in a Flame, fetch'd a Looking-Glass, and held it before her, without speaking a Word. She presently cast her Eyes on it, and with an extreme Surprise, beheld the Condition she had put herself into.

TO see that delicate Complexion enflam'd, full of red Spots, and swell'd Veins; those fine Eyes depriv'd of all their Sweetness, and the whole Turn of her Face the very reverse of what she had ever before beheld it, render'd her calm in a Moment; and perceiving that her Beauty return'd as she grew tranquil, she was sensible of what had caused the Alteration; and taking the Looking-Glass out of my Hand, she set it down, and embraced me

me with a Smile, saying to me at the same time, I have reaped the Benefit of your Lesson ; forgive, and I beg you continue to me your Friendship.

SINCE that Day she has so well corrected her Passions, that I believe there cannot be a more mild and reasonable Woman found.

YOU see, therefore, my dear *Arelise*, how necessary that Desire of pleasing, which is called Self-love, is not only to make us know our Faults, but also to endeavour at amendment of them.

A R E L I S E.

YOU have seduced me by the fineness of your Wit ; and I confess myself half persuaded in favour of this Self-love : but what must be the Consequence of yours, if *Lisimond* should always prefer *Melissa* to you ?

S I L V I A N A.

THE same Self-love, or Self-justice, which has render'd me sensible of this Preference, will serve to console me, and I shall bring myself to think him unworthy the pains I have been at to work a change in him.

URANIA having given over reading, every one admired the little Work, and thank'd *Erasmus* for having procured them this Pleasure. I assure you, said *Urania*, I find a great deal of Wit and Delicacy in the Sentiments of *Silviana* ; and tho' I think she has carried the Merits of Self-love a little too far, yet she has done it with so much Art, that I cannot help forgiving it for the Sake of the Novelty. I know not, answer'd *Florinda*, if it be thro' Self-love, or any other Motive, that I find myself a little piqued at the Mystery of this Encounter of *Erasmus* with these Ladies ; but I confess I am sensible of it more, than perhaps is prudence to indulge.

I fear

I fear, replied *Erasmus*, in the most tender Accent, more than in justice to yourself, you ought to indulge; but be assured, continued he, my ever dear *Florinda*, that I had not the least Interest in the Persons that spoke; nor when I perceived them rising, had Gallantry enough to appear, and entertain them on the Subject they had been debating, nor Curiosity enough to follow them.

ERASMUS, added *Alphonso*, is an Example of the most perfect Fidelity; and you would be entirely eased of these Apprehensions, beautiful *Florinda*, if you had seen him, as I have done, in the many Journeys we have made together, he is not only insensible of all Charms but yours, but takes a kind of Pride in shewing, that he will not give any of your Sex leave to imagine they take Place of you even in Thought.

OWN then, said *Felicia*, my dear *Florinda*, that your Self-love is agreeably flatter'd by this Testimony. Nay, I will own more, answer'd she, that I begin to feel the force of *Silviana's* Reasons; since Self-love has in a moment driven from my Breast all those little Storms Jealousy was beginning to raise in it: But in spite of this Weakness, continued she, which I am not always Mistress of, I should be glad to know a Person of such delicate Sentiments as *Silviana*. It will not be difficult to satisfy you, replied *Hortensia*; she is an intimate Friend of *Celemena's*, and I am persuaded would think herself happy in the Title of yours. You say nothing of *Arelise*, interrupted *Camilla*; and I imagine by her Discourse, she is not altogether unworthy of being thought on.

'TIS a proof of your Discernment, lovely *Camilla*, said *Melantus*: *Arelise* has a great Share of Wit, and is also very solid; *Silviana* and she have been Friends from their Infancy; and tho' they sometimes think differently, they maintain their Arguments with so much gentleness, that the one has never any reason to be displeased with the other. I am charmed, interrupted *Urania*, with the Ideas I have of them, and will not
suffer

suffer *Celemena* to deny me the Pleasure I propose in adding two such agreeable Persons to our Society.

URANIA had scarce spoke, when a Servant told them Dinner waited ; on which they went to Table ; and that little Jealousy *Florinda* had express'd, gave occasion to an agreeable Raillery on that Subject ; which that beautiful Lady answer'd with so much Wit and Good-humour, that it furnish'd every body with new Matter to praise her, and the faithful and tender *Eraſmus*, to admire the Wit and Vivacity of his lovely Wife, as also to rejoice in secret for this fresh proof of her Affection.

THIS Conversation ended with the Dinner ; after which they adjourn'd to the Cabinet of Books, where, following the Law they had impos'd, as well for their mutual Instruction, as Amusement, every one took up a Book ; and after a strict silence for some time, I cannot forbear, said *Florinda*, interrupting your Entertainments, to make you partake of mine : I am fallen on an Abridgment of the Life of the Emperor *Adrian*, and I cannot defend my Heart from feeling the highest Admiration of this great Prince.

IT is true, reply'd *Thelamont*, and it is much to be wish'd, tho' not hoped for, that all Men, especially Monarchs, were like him ; but you have there no more than an imperfect Picture of him. *Ælius Adrianus*, continued he, perceiving the whole Company had quitted their other Amusements to listen to him, was indeed the most perfect Prince History gives us an example of. He was no less conspicuous for his Justice, Liberality, Temperance, Affability, and the Encouragement he gave to all Arts and Sciences at home, than for his great Victories under the Emperor *Trajan*, whose tenderest Affections he acquired, as well as the Love and Admiration of the whole Empire.

BUT there were none, on whom these noble and beautiful Qualities made more impression, than on the Empress *Plotina*, the Wife of *Trajan*. This Princess, who was Mistress of a superior and profound Genius, knew very well the Value of such a Man as *Adrian* ;
and

and as the Emperor was without Children, thought she could not make his Subjects a more agreeable Present, than such a one to govern them after the Death of *Trajan*. Pursuant to this Design, she cultivated the Esteem her Husband had for him in such a manner, that he adopted him : and so greatly had the good Qualities of *Adrian* endear'd him to the People of all Ranks, that the Decree of the Emperor was attended with universal Rejoicings : Nor was the Accession of any Monarch to the Crown, ever attended with more sincere Blessings of his Subjects, than was that of *Adrian*, when, on the decease of *Trajan*, he took on him the Imperial Sway.

BUT among all his great Qualities, none were more deservedly applauded, than his Gratitude to *Plotina*. This illustrious Empress had nothing left to wish, much more than she cou'd have demanded being granted before she had time to ask it. So great was his Encouragement of Learning, that he set a-part two Hours every Day for the Discoursing with Men of Letters ; who not only obtain'd from him every thing they cou'd reasonably desire for themselves, but had the liberty also of introducing Persons of Wit, who, cou'd not therwise have been known to him, but were certain then of being made Partakers of his Bounty : and tho' he was charitable to all who stood in need of his Assistance, yet his Liberality was much more extended to Men of a fine Genius ; and in his Reign, Poverty was incompatible with Merit, especially those who possess'd it in a poetical Sense. He was frequently heard to say, that he accounted himself infinitely more rich in having wise Subjects, than in all the Treasures of his Empire ; and as the Example of the Prince is the Guide of the People, there never were greater Historians in any Age than that in which he liv'd ; of which the Writings of *Suetonius*, who was his Secretary, *Plutarch*, who was one of those he call'd his Intimates, *Pausanias*, and *Trogus Pompeius*, are sufficient Testimonies.

WHENEVER

WHENEVER he went to War, he always march-
ed on foot at the Head of his Troops, thereby to en-
courage the Infantry, and to enable them by his Exam-
ple to sustain their Fatigue without repining. But what
render'd him worthy the Name of the Common Fa-
ther of his People, was, his Easiness of Access, and
Affability ; the poorest of his Subjects, if injur'd, had
liberty to make their Complaint to him, nor did he ever
forget or disdain to do them right. As he was pas-
sing towards *Nismes*, a Country-Woman, who had been
abused by one of the Soldiers in the *Roman* Army,
threw herself on her Knees before him, and demanded
Justice ; but being then on a hasty March, he told her
that he had not at that time leisure : Be then no more
an Emperor, said she. On which, *Adrian*, instead of
being angry at her Boldness, reply'd, She did well to
remind him of the Duties of his Place, and command-
ed her to relate her Grievance ; which when she had,
and he found the Equity of her Cause, he fail'd not to
accord to what she demanded.

THUS Great, thus Good, thus Belov'd did he live ;
but no human happiness is without alloy, he found
a very bitter one, in the loss of the Empress, who fol-
lowing him in all his Wars, was taken sick, and died
at the City of *Nismes*, which was then called the *Se-
cond Rome*, being the largest, the most beautiful, and
most magnificent of the whole Empire : several Empe-
rors having embellish'd it with lofty Temples, a fine
Amphitheatre, Triumphal Arches, and an Aqueduct,
which carried the sacred Water from *Uzes* to *Nismes*, in
spite of the Obstacle which Nature had put by the Ri-
ver *Gardon*, which is a rapid Torrent passing between
two high Mountains. Over this River the *Romans* erect-
ed that famous Bridge call'd *Gard*, which, by three
Bridges built one over the other, came even with the
Tops of the Mountains, over which pass'd the sacred
Waters ; till in the decay of the *Roman* Empire, the
Goths, those mortal Enemies of their Grandeur, with a
malicious Pride, destroy'd this Master-piece of Art.

IN this fine City it was, that Death depriv'd *Adrian* of the Empress *Plotina* ; and the Grief he conceiv'd for her was so violent, that it made those about him tremble for his Life.

HER Funeral Obsequies were accompany'd with the utmost Pomp of Woe ; and according to the Custom of those Times her Body was burnt : From the Mouth of the Pile, in the midst of the ascending Flames, sprang forth a Peacock, who, touring for a Moment, was lost in Clouds of Smoke : This Bird, which is consecrated to *Juno* being the Ensign of the Empresses, as the Eagle, the Bird of *Jove*, is of the Emperor's. The Ashes of this Princess were them enshrin'd in a magnificent Temple, which *Adrian* caused to be erected ; and where the People paid divine Honours to her.

THIS Temple is still admired by all the World ; it is supported by six-and-thirty Marble Columns of the *Corinthian* Order ; the Bases of which, the Chapiters, and Cornishes, are most excellent Workmanship, as is the whole Carving of the Roof. The Frontispiece of this fine Building has some resemblance of the *Louvre*, which the greatest Masters esteem admirably well modell'd. The Monument of *Plotina* has been repair'd in our Time, by the Care of *Mons. de Lamoignon de Barville*, Intendant of *Languedoc*, as has also been the Bridge *du Gard* ; and *Lewis XIV* gave the Temple to the Reverend Fathers *Minimes*, who have made it their Church.

IN fine, this great Prince, having reigned the Space of twenty Years, fell into a long and dangerous Disease, the Pains of which made him often wish for Death ; but he found by experience, that it is not always in our power to die. As he grew nearer it, and in his last Moments, he had often in his mouth this Proverb, which is common among the *Greeks*, *the Number of Physicians have kill'd the King*.

HE had adopted *Marcus Antonius*, surnamed the *Pious*, born at *Nismes*, and was esteemed a second *Numa* : He made a sumptuous Funeral for *Adrian*, after which his Ashes were conveyed to a Tomb near the *Tiber*, built all of thick Marble, and is call'd to this day the
Mole

Mole of Adrian. It is very remarkable, that none of those Monuments which the *Romans* consecrated to their Glory, remain so perfect as those which bear the name of *Adrian* ; they seem to be under an invisible Protection, and are preserv'd in spite of Time, and the Fury of the *Barbarians*.

THIS is most certain, said *Erasmus*, perceiving *Thelamont* had given over speaking, and is a Reflection which *Alphonso* and my self have often made in the course of our Travels.

INDEED, reply'd *Camilla*, I am not surpriz'd at the Admiration with which *Adrian* inspir'd *Florinda* ; what *Thelamont* has just now recounted, makes me look on him as the most perfect Prince in the world. The Empress *Plautina* also, added *Felicia*, methinks merits some Esteem from Posterity ; a Friendship so noble as hers for the Emperor, is worthy of the utmost Encomiums. *Suetonius*, answer'd *Urania*, has done her justice, as well as to *Adrian* ; and I believe as long as Books exist, their Names will be eternized in his History.

I perceive, said *Hortensia*, that the Surname of *Pious*, which was given to *Antonius*, was not improperly apply'd ; nothing, in my opinion, being a greater Mark of Piety, than those Duties we pay the Dead : Methinks we can never do too much honour to the Ashes of those who, living, merited our Love ; and of what Religion soever they were, one cannot but have an extreme Veneration for the places in which they are deposited.

MONUMENTAL Edifices, added *Orophanes*, have been respected in all Ages, and even among the most barbarous Nations. *Arrianus* writes in his second Book that *Alexander the Great* having found the Tomb of *Cyrus* open, and Dirt thrown into it, was so enrag'd, that he swore he wou'd make a terrible Example of the Offender, if by any means he could discover him. And *Diodorus* assures us, that *Polymachus* being found culpable, this Monarch punish'd him by a most ignominious and painful Death ; and after many Sacrifices, to
appease

appease the *Manes* of *Cyrus*, he built him a new Tomb, employing in that work the most able Artificers of that time, and adorning it in a very sumptuous manner : He caus'd also his Epitaph, written in the *Persian* Language, to be translated into *Greek*, and engrav'd on the Marble.

I T is surprising, reply'd *Melantus*, that so great a Conqueror as *Cyrus* shou'd have so simple, tho' true, an Epitaph : but the Modesty which appears in it, makes me imagine it wrote by himself, and is an excellent Lesson for all Men. Most Authors render it in these Terms.

“ W H O S O E V E R thou art, O Man ! or
“ whencesoever thou comest, to this thou must at last
“ arrive : I am he that conquer'd the *Persian* Empire ;
“ and I pray thee not to envy me this little Portion of
“ Earth which covers my poor Body.”

O N E cannot indeed, said *Alphonso*, find any Epitaph more succinct, nor, at the same time, more useful to debase the Pride of Mortals : and I think *Alexander* was greatly to be praised in the revival of it, as well as the great Care he always took concerning the Funerals of his meanest Soldiers, which he commanded should be perform'd with the same exactness as those of their Superiours, and never pardoned any neglect on that score.

A F T E R *Clovis*, the first King of *France*, reply'd *Urania*, had been victorious, in that famous Battle fought near *Poitiers*, over *Alarick*, King of the *Visigoths*, he order'd all the dead should be interr'd in one Church-Yard ; which is to be seen to this day, and is called the *Church-Yard of Cynant*, on the River of *Vienne*, five Leagues from *Poitiers* ; and that a due Veneration should be always observ'd to it, had it encompass'd with a high Wall. But, continued she, if we have found the Emperor *Adrian* worthy of a glorious Memory, and if *Marcus Antonius* pass'd for another *Numa*, may we not put the Emperor *Tiberius* in the rank of the most wicked *Princes*, ; and ought we not to confess, that if he had died in the beginning of his Reign,
he

he had deceived the World with a false Belief of his Virtues? There is no doubt of what you say, beautiful *Urania*, reply'd *Florinda*; there never was a greater Dissembler than this Emperor: if he ever made use of Virtue, it was to mask his Vices; and by that he deceived the Senate, the People, and even the Empress, *Livia*, his Mother. During the Life of the valiant *Germanicus*, Fear made him appear affable, and modest; if he met a Senator in the street, he wou'd go on one side, to leave him the way free: In all publick Assemblies, he was tractable and complying; and among the Poor so charitable, that he never went out of doors without a great Number after him, invoking the Blessings of the Gods on their Benefactor.

WHEN any Person of Consideration died, this Prince disdain'd not to assist at the Funeral Ceremonies, and accompany'd the Procession to the Grave, weeping like a Person the most near of kin.

WHEN his Courtiers, and the Governours of Provinces persuaded him to increase the Taxes, he made 'em this wise Answer; "That a good Shepherd ought to be tender of the Wooll of his Flock, and not to tear it off." The Senate were so much charm'd with these pretended Virtues, that they offer'd to give him the Title of a God, to build Temples to him and pay him divine Honours; but he would not suffer it, nor even that they should erect any Statues of him either in *Rome*, or any of the Provinces of the Empire, saying modestly, "That great Honours made Men too often forget themselves."

A frightful Trembling of the Earth having ruin'd twelve Cities in *Asia*, he sent Commissioners to examine their Losses, and to distribute out of his Treasury as much Silver to the Poor, as wou'd rebuild their Houses. The City of *Ephesus* having suffer'd the most, he rebuilt it all at his own Expence, and released the Inhabitants from paying the greatest part of their Tribute for the space of five Years.

THE Fire of Heaven having also consumed many Houses on the Mounts *Aventine* and *Cælian*, he disburs'd
Money

Money for the re-edifying them ; and in this manner made all Calamities turn to his Glory. He appeas'd the Troubles in *Germany*, and reveng'd the Death of *Quintilius Varrus*, and the loss of his Army, by the Valour of *Germanicus*. Having understood that the King of *Cappadocia* had enter'd into secret Measures to trouble the Repose of the Empire, he had the Artifice to draw him into *Rome*, promising to redress some Grievance he had to complain of ; but as soon as he had him in his power, committed him to close Prison, reduced his Kingdom into a Province, and sent a Pretor to govern it.

HEROD, surnamed *Agrippa*, Grandson of *Herod of Ascalon*, being come to *Rome* to accuse *Herod Antipas*, was arrested, and put into prison, because he had made publick Prayers that he might one day see *Caius*, Son of *Germanicus*, on the Imperial Throne, who by his Vices, was become odious to the *Roman* People. In fine, it is impossible to carry the Dissimulation of Piety, Virtue, and Humility to a greater height ; and as *Urania* has remark'd, if he had died in that time, the whole world had paid immortal Honours to his Name.

BUT, fatigu'd with the long Constraint he had put on himself, and Death, not according to his wish, riding him of the much-feared *Germanicus*, he at last resolv'd to drive him from the World ; which he at length accomplish'd by Poison. The Empress *Livia* also who was a Curb to his Temper, having paid the Debt of Nature, began to discover himself apace, all his good Qualities disappear'd, and Vice unaveil'd shew'd itself in blackest Colours : his long-starv'd Cruelty now glutted it rapacious Appetite, and not a day pass'd without some bloody Sacrifice. *Drusus*, his own Son and the Delight and Hope of the *Romans*, was poison'd by him, on a bare suspicion that he wish'd to be Emperor. Another *Drusus* too, and *Nero*, Sons of *Germanicus*, were the Victims of his jealous Doubts and Rage. The *Patrician* Families, and all the principal of the *Plebeans*, trembled at the name of *Tiberius* ; and he
who

who lately they wou'd have ador'd as a God, they now feared as a Devil. The most distant Provinces were not exempt from his Tyranny, he caus'd Terror every where, and at last became a Terror to himself, which oblig'd him to retire into the Island of *Caprea*.

THE excessive loose he gave to his Passions, and the continual Apprehensions he was in, from the Cruelties he had been guilty of, made him commit still more : the least Suspicion, or almost Dream, was sufficient to make him doom whole Families to death, without distinction of Age, Sex, or Services. *Sejanus*, Chief of the *Pretorian* Guard, and the Creature of his Pleasure, having been rais'd by him from the lowest Obscurity to the highest Offices of Power and Trust, was all on a sudden seiz'd, condemn'd and executed, and all his Race exterminated.

THE Debauches he fell into at *Caprea*, render'd him wholly neglectful of his Affairs : which his Neighbours taking their advantage of, the *Parthians* fell on *Armenia*, the *Dacians* on *Misia*, the *Samnites* on *Pannonia*, and the *Germans* on *Gaul*. These People spread Desolation thro' the several Quarters, pillaging, ravaging, and burning all the Frontiers of the Empire.

AT this *Tiberius*, rouz'd from his Lethargy, and assembling his Troops on all sides, resolv'd to shew he was not become Coward as well as Tyrant ; but Death took him from the proof, and he died in the City of *Misene* in the three-and-twentieth Year of his Reign.

I rejoice to hear it, said *Camilla*, for I was afraid *Florinda* wou'd never have kill'd that terrible Prince. Is it possible, continu'd she, that after having practis'd so many Virtues, he shou'd not become charm'd with 'em ? Or shou'd not conceive a Horror at himself in changing from them ?

AS they were only worn as a Disguise, reply'd *Orophanes*, and the Love of Vice the premier Passion in his Soul, it is no wonder he should continue true to it. But let us quit *Tiberius*, interrupted *Florinda* ; these wicked Qualities leave only displeasing Ideas on the
Mind :

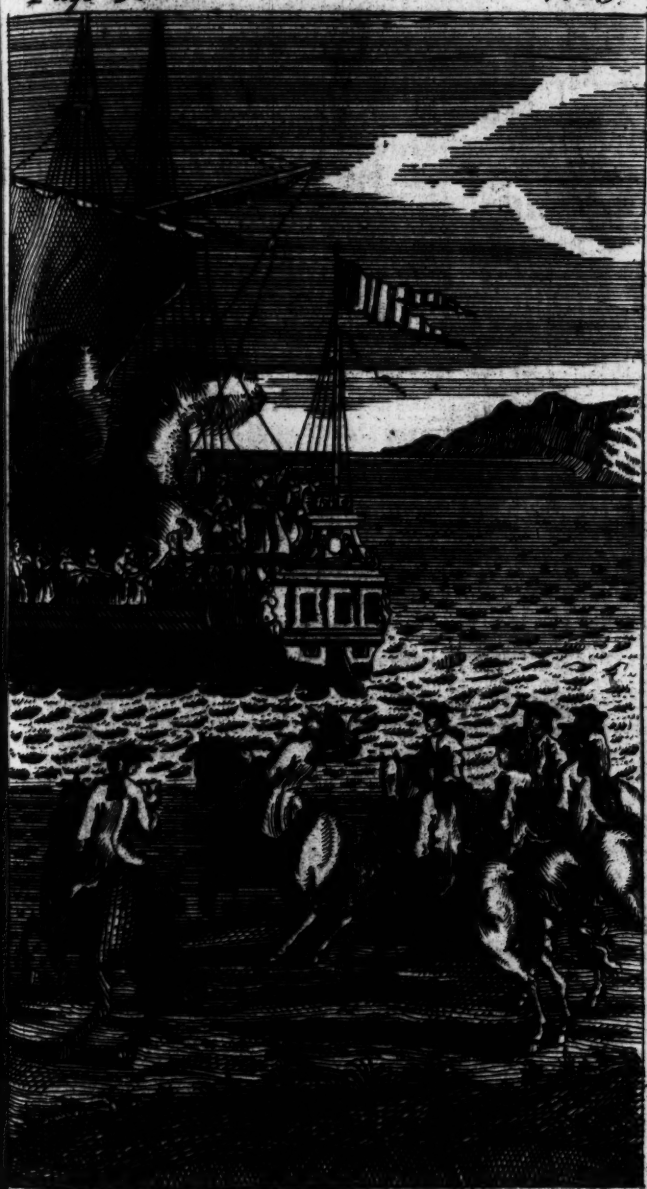
Mind : and for the dissipating them, my Counsel is to take a walk in the Garden, where the Coolness of the Afternoon tempts us to partake the Pleasures it affords: and we may there perhaps recal to memory some Princes, whose Virtues may erase the thought of him I have been speaking of.

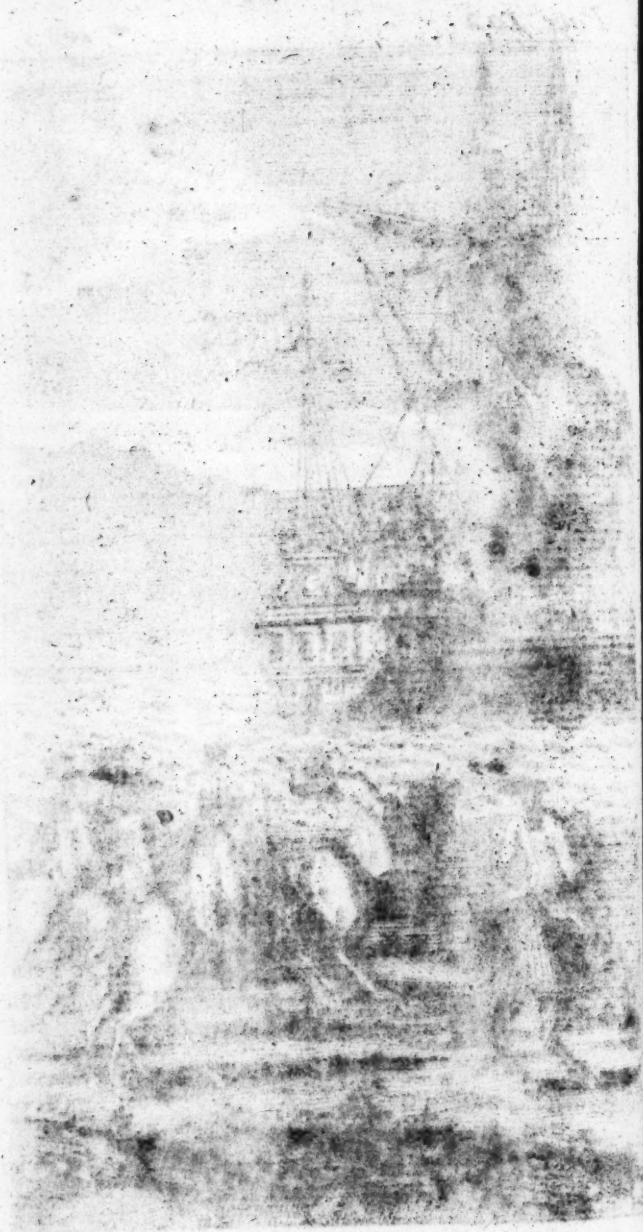
THAT will not be very difficult, said *Thelamont* ; I can quote you innumerable Examples : you have no more to do than to chuse which I shall relate. We shall certainly accept of all, replied *Hortensia*, that we may have the pleasure of hearing you the longer. This Gallantry was not without a suitable answer ; but *Urania* rising, this illustrious Company followed her into the Garden, where they had not continued long, before they were saluted with the welcome Presence of *Julia*, and *Arsames*. When the ordinary Civilities of the first meeting were paid, You see, my dear *Urania*, said that amiable Lady, how impossible it is to live without you : Had you seen what melancholy Hours we past yesterday, in the midst of the great World, you would confess, in spite of your natural Modesty, that there is no Happiness for us but where you are.

THIS obliging Compliment, replied *Urania*, makes me only wish I had those Pleasures to entertain you with, which might be worthy of it. The most delicate one, added *Arsames*, and which alone our Souls can be truly sensible of, is to be admitted Members of this agreeable Society, as we have already been. After some Discourse of this nature, they all went up to the Terras, where having seated themselves, the Conversation renewed on the same Subject they had been speaking on in the Study ; in which, we cannot, said *Arsames*, altogether blame *Tiberius* for the Death of *Sejanus*, it was rather an Act of Justice than Cruelty, since it is certain he had conspired, and that the Senate found him worthy of Death before they condemn'd him.

BUT, replied *Camilla*, what appears blameable to us in this Severity of *Tiberius*, is, that it was inflicted on a Man he had once lov'd with so much Affection.

WE





WE have many Instances in History, said *Julia*, of the best Princes who treated with the utmost rigour an offending Favourite. *Totila*, King of the *Goths*, had all the Qualities necessary to compleat a great Monarch ; he was wise, valiant, humane, and generous. This Prince having besieged the City of *Naples*, and after a thousand great Actions, compelled it to surrender : in the mean time, he sent a considerable Body of his Troops to attack a Fortrefs called *Stella*, belonging to a *Calabrian* Lord of that Name. He gave the Command of this Detachment to *Rannuce* his Favourite, being willing he should have the Glory of this Expedition. *Rannuce* was brave, faithful, full of Vivacity, and one of the best-made Men of his time. *Totila*, who knew his worth, placed the utmost Confidence in him, and honour'd him with the highest Marks of his Friendship, both in publick and private ; nor did these Favours draw on him that Envy which Favourites ordinarily incur : *Rannuce* had the Art to make himself beloved by the Court, the Army and the People, and every one, rather sought to encrease the Merit of his Services, than detract from them. Nor did he disappoint the Expectations of the King his Master, in whatever he employ'd him in : He had gain'd many Victories, and this of *Stella* but confirmed the good Opinion the whole World before had of his Courage and Conduct. In a word, he press'd this Fortrefs with so much Vigour, that *Stella* was obliged to open the Gates to him and agree to pay a large Tribute to the King of the *Goths*. The News being brought to *Totila*, he felt less pleasure for his own Glory, than that his much-lov'd *Rannuce* had acquired : But while the whole Camp was full of Rejoycings for this Success, the Conqueror, who was yet at *Stella*, received a Check to his Triumph ; in the Daughter of the *Calabrian* Lord, he found a Victor greater than himself, and became more enslaved by her Charms, than her Father was by his Power. At first, however, he felt not the Weight of his Chains ; being of eminent Birth, more ennobled by the Favour of his King, rich, beloved, covered with Laurels, and
Master

Master of all those insinuating Graces which attract a female Heart, he despair'd not, in the least, of making an Impression on hers. In this Confidence he declared his Passion, but soon found, that without that Sympathy which unites two Souls, Merit but vainly pleads. This young Charmer was as haughty as she was beautiful, and not all his Reputation, nor personal Perfections being able to make her look on him otherwise than as the Foe of her Country, she treated him in a manner which humbled his most aspiring Hopes.

A while he bore her Scorn, and endeavour'd by the most submissive Behaviour to inspire her with Sentiments more in his favour, but perceiving that the more he appear'd devoted to her Will, the more she disdain'd his Suit; conscious Worth, and a long Series of Success in whatever he undertook, whisper'd him in the Ear that he had too much debas'd himself in meanly suing for what he might command; and Respect decreasing as Desire grew stronger, he removed her from the Apartment of her Mother, to one where he might have greater Freedom to prosecute his Intent: yet even there, omitted nothing of soft and tender to move her Soul. But this Action augmenting her hate and her disdain, he forgot all that he owed to the Person he loved, and even to himself, and wholly abandoned to his Flame, seiz'd that by Force, which was denied to Sollicitation.

THE Griefs and Rage of this vioiated Maid, were too violent to suffer what he had done to remain a Secret, the King was soon inform'd of it, and immediately after beheld the Mother of the ruined Beauty at his Feet, imploring Justice on the Ravisher, in all the moving Rhetorick of her Wrongs and Woe. This Monarch, who had Virtue for the Guide of all his Actions, was incens'd against *Rannuce*, to the highest degree; and his Justice getting the better of the Love he bore him, caus'd him to be arrest'd, and brought into his Presence, where after having interrogat'd him himself, and finding the Accusation but too true, he

con-

condemned him to Death, with this memorable Saying; That an Empire could not be supported without a strict observation of the Laws, and inflicting the Penalty of them on every Offender, of what degree soever he was. The Generals of his Army, the Courtiers, and even the Ladies fell at his Feet, entreating Pardon for this first Crime of the till now most worthy *Ranruce*; but he was inflexible to all their Prayers and Tears, and even to the Dictates of his own Heart, which pleaded strongly in favour of this Favourite, and order'd his Head to be struck off; which Sentence was accordingly executed.

THIS is a proof, said *Alphonso*, when *Julia* had done speaking, that with whatever Friendship a Subject is honoured by his Prince, it ought not to protect him from the Punishment his Crime demands. Justice, added *Thelamont*, is the first Quality of a Monarch, and all things should submit to that, because nothing is more essential to his own Glory and the Welfare of his People. It is so rare, replied *Orophanes*, to find a Favourite, who being long so, continues to deserve that Name, that one can never too much admire the Man, who neither puffed by *Ambition*, nor instigated by *Avarice*, injures not his Master, or the Commonwealth. And when either of these Vices prevail in the unworthy Statesman, said *Felicia*, how difficult is it for the Prince to be made sensible of them; the great distance between the Throne, and most of the Subjects, often deprives those who could make such Discoveries of the power. Besides, a Favourite who knows himself guilty, takes care to engross the Royal Ear, and suffers none to approach, but who have taken their Lesson from his Lips.

FOR which reason all wise Princes, replied *Thelamont*, are easy of access, and ready to listen to the Complaints of the meanest of their Subjects, for what avails the poor Petitioner's Address, tho' deliver'd to Majesty itself, when Kings think themselves too great to consider such things, and refer it to, perhaps, the very Man against whom the Charge is brought.

FEW indeed, said *Camilla*, like the Emperor *Adrian*, vouchsafe to listen to the Injuries of a Peasant, yet does that Condescension render him more noble in my Eyes, than all the Conquest of his Arms.

'TIS easy, resumed *Thelamont*, for Princes to be deceived by those they put confidence in : *Totila* believed not that a Man qualified like *Rannuce*, could have been capable of doing any thing that should have obliged him to pronounce the Sentence of his Death : Nor did *Ancus Martius*, the fourth King of the Romans, imagine that *Tarquinius Priscus*, who had gain'd him so many Battles, and on whom he had heaped such Dignities, would ever have abused his Confidence, in turning the Hearts of his People against him, to the end he might assume his Throne.

YET you see, said *Florinda* that the Crime of Ingratitude is never unpunished. *Tarquinius Priscus* possess'd many shining Qualities, but he was an Usurper, and slain by the Sons of that Prince he had so greatly wrong'd. This Reflection is very just, answer'd *Julia*; History is full of Examples how detestable to Heaven is the Sin of Ingratitude. There is one very remarkable, interrupted *Arfames*, and which ought to make an Impression on all Men : In the Year 492 of the *Christian Era*, the Empire of the East was held by *Anastasius*, surnamed *Dicores*, because of the different Colour of his Eyes, one being a perfect black, and the other blue. This Prince, says *Paul Diacre*, came into the World in an extraordinary Manner, and his Life was a mixture of Good and Evil, of Virtues and Vices. At his Accession to the Imperial Dignity, he took off all those excessive Taxes which the Avarice of his Predecessors had laid on his People : He gave all great Offices with a Distinction worthy of a Monarch's Care, suffering none to be purchased but by Merit alone : He appeared generous, affable, and a lover of the Sciences, esteeming and rewarding Learning wherever he found it. He honoured *Proclus* with his Friendship and Confidence ; that *Proclus* who was the

Imitator

Imitator of *Archimedes*, and had acquired the Reputation of the greatest Mathematician of his Time. In a word, the Beginning of this Emperor's Reign was such, as endear'd him to his Subjects, and made him be esteem'd by all the neighbouring Nations; but falling into the Errors of *Eutychius*, he became Protector of that Heresy, and promoted it throughout his Dominions: The Obstacles that the true Catholicks attempted to put to its spreading, made him grow a cruel and fierce Persecutor of them; scarce a Day passed without some of those holy Men being drag'd to Torture, in order to oblige them to be of his Opinion, but few of them conforming, more attain'd the Crown of Martyrdom in his Reign, than in that of the most barbarous Pagans. To compleat his contempt of the Church, he banish'd the Patriarch of *Constantinople*.

THE Pope *Hormisdas* hoping to reclaim him by gentle Means, sent to him *Euodias*, Bishop of *Pavia*, a Person of eminent Piety and Learning, with two other eloquent ecclesiasticks. These Deputies from his Holiness being arrived at *Constantinople*, and demanding Audience of the Emperor; but instead of hearing them, he ordered they should depart the City that moment, obliging them to embark in an old Vessel full of Lakes, and unfit to sail, to the end they might perish in the Sea, forbidding his People also at all the Ports belonging to him, either to receive them, or give them any Assistance whatever. But notwithstanding these impious Precautions, the Hand of Heaven protected and brought these illustrious Unfortunates safe again to *Rome*; and in a short time after the cruel Emperor was killed with a Thunder-bolt. A memorable example for all those who suffer themselves to be influenc'd by new Opinions, and abandon the true Faith.

WHAT I have remark'd in the Life of this Emperor, as well as in that of *Tiberius*, said *Florinda*, extremely confounds me: I cannot comprehend how the Disposition of Men can so suddenly alter from one extreme

to the other, especially from Good to Evil, because to be virtuous one must have all those Qualities which should prevent so terrible a change.

AS for *Tiberius*, replied *Hortensia*, 'tis obvious he but wore the Semblance of Virtue, and was ever vicious in his Heart, tho' he restrain'd the Discovery till he could make it with safety. But for *Anastafus*, who had really a Propensity to Goodness, we can think no other, than that having been drawn into Errors in Religion, the first Source of Virtue, he had no longer any Advantages from it, but was suffer'd to fall into all manner of Wickedness, to prove that when we quit our Faith, we are capable of committing every thing.

BUT to leave these wicked Princes, interrupted *Camilla*, with her accustom'd gaiety, give me leave to put a Question to you, which was not long since disputed between two Persons of great Parts, whether Love or Gratitude be the strongest Emotion in a generous Soul?

'TIS a point, answer'd *Orophanes*, which to me appears difficult to decide, and therefore beg leave to be excused from giving a Judgment, which, perhaps, would not be approved, and I should also be at some pains to defend. I believe, said *Urania*, I can give you a little History on that Topic, which may serve to clear up the Matter.

AT these Words, the whole Company, who were never better pleased than in an occasion of listening to her, join'd in their Entreaty, that she would not defer giving them that Satisfaction. On which she began in these Terms.



The History of Count DE SALMONY, and of
ISABELLA DE MAYRAND.

IN the East of the Province of *Languedoc*, said that beautiful Lady, on the Borders of the *Mediterranean* Sea, is a fine Valley of about half a League in breadth, and two Leagues in length: In the midst of which runs a small River, fed from the Springs that issue from the Mountains environing it, and refreshes this sweet spot of Earth in such a manner, that it seems an entire Garden: Variety of beautiful Flowers enamel the Ground and charm the Eye, and Almond-Trees, Vines, Pomgranates, and Olives, grow in great abundance to supply the useful part. Here and there you see a small, but well built Cottage, which seem Attendants on that stately Structure, called the Castle of *Mayrand*, belonging to the Count of that Name, and is not only adorned with every Charm that can delight the Sense, but is also strongly fortify'd, by the Sea on one side, which it over-looks, and by the Thickness of its Walls on the other.

THE out-side of it gives you an Idea of the noble Buildings of Antiquity, but the Inside is render'd perfectly modern by the Cares of the Lords of it, who for an Age past, having neglected nothing that might render it commodious and magnificent: The Paintings are excellent, the Furniture rich, the Gardens delicious, and embellish'd with Statues and Fountains: In a Word, Nature seconded by Art, has made it all that the most luxurious Wish can form. The illustrious Family to which it appertains, has supplied the State with great

Soldiers and Counsellors ; the former of which filled one of the first Posts in that Government with the highest Reputation.

THE Count *de Mayrand* having lost his Wife, who brought him no other Heir to his Possessions than one Daughter, he committed her to the Care of the Countess Dowager *de Mayrand* his Mother. *Isabella*, for so was this young Beauty called, in the most tender Age, gave such uncommon Proofs of Wit and Spirit, that the old Countess beheld with pleasure, the early Impression she made on the Hearts of as many as beheld her. And as she grew nearer to Maturity, the Sun of Merit display'd itself more strongly in her every Word and Action.

NOT far from the Castle *de Mayrand* was that of the Count *de Salmony* : The Proximity of Places had given occasion to many Alliances between their Families ; and the Counts *de Mayrand* and *Salmony* were first Cousins : *Salmony* had no more Children than one Son, about a Year older than *Isabella*, and a Daughter something younger than her fair Kinswoman, but both of them gave the most promising Expectations, not only for the Beauty of their Persons, but their ready Attainment of the different Qualifications proper to their Sex and Rank.

THE young *Salmony* pass'd few Days without visiting the Castle *de Mayrand* ; and as he had a Discernment far above his Age, the Charms of *Isabella* appeared to him so far above that of any other of her Sex, that his young Heart was sensible of a Passion for her, long before he was capable of distinguishing by what Name to call it.

AS he was formed for Love, *Isabella* could not see him so often, without feeling Emotions little different from his ; but as the Innocence of their Age render'd them unacquainted, from what Motive the pleasure they took in entertaining each other proceeded, so did it also hinder them from concealing it. The mutual Joy, however, that sparkled in the Eyes of both,

both, and the melancholy Gloom, with which they were over-cast at parting, let both their Parents into the Secret they were yet ignorant of themselves.

THEY made the Discovery with pleasure, and having communicated their Thoughts to one another, resolved to link their Kindred and Friendship more closely by a Marriage between the young *Salmony* and *Isabella* as soon as they should arrive at a proper Age. The Countess *de Mayrand* was entreated by them both to forward the growth of that Affection they had perceived in *Isabella*, and the Count *de Salmony* talked perpetually to his Son of the Wit and Beauty of this young Charmer. But as Things were in this Situation, the Count *de Mayrand* died, regretted by all that knew him, leaving *Isabella* no more than twelve Years old.

SHE was infinitely more sensible of the loss she had sustain'd, than could have been imagin'd at her Years; the young *Salmony* found himself obliged to exert his utmost Wit for her Consolation, and the Countess *de Mayrand* intending nothing more than to execute the Will of her Son, and willing to give *Salmony* an Opportunity of being oftner with her, that the Love she perceived dawning in their Hearts might encrease with their Years, to the strongest Passion, desired the Count his Father to permit Mademoiselle, *de Salmony* to live under her Care with *Isabella*: This Proposal he embraced with pleasure, and the beautiful *Mariana* was conducted by him to the Castle, where she was received with all the Demonstrations of an unfeigned Satisfaction.

THESE young Ladies soon felt for each other the most tender Regard, and *Mariana* expressing one Day the Sincerity of hers; As we love like Sisters, said she, innocently, I wish we were so, or that Law might atone for what Nature has denied, by uniting you with my Brother. These Words made *Isabella* capable of looking into her Heart, and the Pleasure she conceiv'd at such a Proposal, first inform'd her, that it was

more than what Friendship or the Ties of Blood inspires, that she was filled with for the deserving *Salmony*.

AS for him, he needed not any extraordinary means of acquainting him with what kind of Desires he was enflamed ; he had now attained to the Age of Sixteen, and Nature was not wanting in her Instructions, but what his Youth had hindered him before from expressing, his Respect, as he grew more advanced in Years, would not permit ; and tho' he never so much resolved to do it, the Moment he beheld *Isabella*, he was without the Power. Fear and Hope agitated by Turns, his Heart, till his Father one day having imparted to him the Agreement made before the Death of the Count *de Mayrand*, he grew a little more assured ; and flattering himself that *Isabella* was inform'd of the same Thing, and that she was not displeased with it, he had the Courage, when he found no Company but his Sister with her, to throw himself at her Feet ; I come, said he, Madam, to know if I may hope your Sentiments are agreeable to those of our Parents : mine has given me a pleasing Idea of future Blessings ; and I am told, Madam, the Countess *de Mayrand* does not oppose it ; but 'tis from yourself, lovely *Isabella*, that I would learn my Fate, and if averse to what I wish, beg no more than permission to die before you. He accompany'd these Words with so passionate a Gesture, that it was impossible for a Heart prepossessed as hers was, to treat him with that Reserve, young Virgins generally do the first Declarations of Love ; and flattering herself that the Sanction of a Parent's Will was sufficient to excuse the most ready Acknowledgment she could make ; If, said she, obliging him to rise, Madam *de Mayrand* assures me it was the Desire of my deceas'd Father I should be yours, and I am convinced that your Felicity depends on my Consent, I shall neither be so undutiful to his Memory, nor ungrateful to your Passion, as to search any Obstacles to prevent the Accomplishment.

THIS

THIS Declaration, accompany'd with all those Graces which are studied by others, but were natural to *Isabella*, transported the enamour'd *Salmony* with so excessive a Joy, that he was utterly unable to make any reply for some time ; but when he did, it was in such a manner, as convinced her how much, how truly his Soul was devoted to her.

THE Countess, to whom *Isabella* related every Part of this Adventure, was extremely satisfied with her Behaviour, and the Count *de Salmony* rejoic'd to hear his Son had a Disposition so conformable to his Will, and also had been able to inspire *Isabella* with Sentiments so much in his Favour. But as they were yet both too young to enter into the Nuptial State, this tender Father thought Glory was now the Mistress his Son should court ; having therefore procured for him a Commission in the Musqueteers, he told him he must go to *Paris* in order to perfect himself in those Exercises he had already made a considerable Progress in ; that he had now gain'd the Heart of *Isabella*, and that he might depend on his Cares, join'd to his Sister's, to preserve it for him, till his return, at which time their Nuptials should be celebrated.

WHOEVER has felt the Force of Love, will readily believe these Tidings struck a terrible Blow to the Heart of *Salmony* ; but the Fire of Ambition soon warming it, he consented to leave *Isabella*, in the hope of returning more worthy of her.

BUT how greatly did his Esteem encrease for *Isabella*, when recounting to her what had pass'd between him and the Count, she strengthened his Resolution to obey him with Arguments which proved how dear his Reputation was to her ; and tho' she found no Joy equal to that his Presence gave, yet she parted from him with pleasure, not doubting but he would acquire such Perfections as were requisite for a Hero. After, the most tender Farewells and mutual Assurances of an inviolable Affection, they took leave ; and whatever Grief this heroic Maid had in her Heart, she took

care it should not discover itself in her Eyes, lest it should cause him to disobey Injunctions so much to his advantage.

T H E Count *de Salmony*, and Madam *de Mayrand*, who were present at this Separation, thought they could never too much admire the Tenderneſs, the Sincerity, and that ſtrict Adherence to Glory and to Honour which both of them expreſs'd. They talk'd together afterwards frequently of it, and delighted themſelves with anticipating the Pleaſures they expected to enjoy in the Union of a Pair ſo dear to them, and ſo exactly form'd to make each other happy.

B U T tho' *Iſabella* had behaved in this manner while her Lover was preſent, ſhe ſtood in need of all her Reſolution to enable her to bear his Abſence, and to forbear doing any thing which might recall him before the time neceſſary for compleating thoſe Perfections which ſhould render him as much admired by the World, as he was lov'd by her. In all the Letters, therefore, that ſhe wrote to him, ſhe carefully conceal'd the Anguiſh of her Heart, and only teſtified the Joy ſhe felt, in being informed how fully he answer'd the great Expectations had been conceiv'd of him.

T H E Count *de Salmony* receiv'd Affurances from the Officers in *Paris*, that his Son was now qualify'd to fill any Poſt whatſoever; on which this tender Father made Application for a Regiment of Horſe, which was granted, on the Recommendation of Monſieur *de Louvois*, chief Commander of the Muſqueteers; and all the Objections his Youth might have put to ſuch an Acquiſition, wholly answer'd by his Merit.

H E accordingly went to *Liſſe* in *Flanders*, to join his Regiment, where his ſweet Behaviour ſoon won him the Hearts of all the Officers; but neither his new Honours, nor change of Place and Company made him forgetful of what he owed to *Iſabella*; and a Courier was perpetually employ'd to, and from the Caſtle of *Mayrand*.

IN the mean while that beautiful Lady grew extremely melancholy on the sudden, which *Mariana* perceiving, said to her one day : I cannot conceive the meaning of this Alteration in you, my dear *Isabella*, my Brother is faithful ; you receive continual Assurances of his Passion ; you have nothing to disturb the Tranquility of your Love, but an Absence which will shortly terminate to his Glory and your Content. *Isabella* made no answer immediately to these Words, but after a long Pause, which was often interrupted by Sighs ; I wish replied she, the Discontent you see in me, may be as groundless in reality, as it is so in appearance to you. But alas ! there is something tells me *Salmony* has staid too long for both our Happiness — In short, I tremble at the Alteration I have taken notice of in *Madam de Mayrand* : She speaks not of your Brother with the Warmth she was accustomed, and I have but too much reason to fear, is in her Heart interested in Favour of some other. I am very well convinced, resumed *Mademoiselle de Salmony*, that your Beauty, and the Desire of your Alliance, has drawn into the Neighbourhood of *Mayrand* the most considerable Persons of the Province ; but I should be loth to imagine the Countess had changed her Sentiments in regard of my Brother : The Engagements made between Persons of our Rank, cannot be so easily broke thro' as those among the Vulgar ; and I have too good an opinion of *Madam de Mayrand* to believe she would entertain any Views to the prejudice of her Promise, so firmly given, and so often and publickly repeated.

IF she should, resum'd *Isabella*, it is not in her power to recall mine ; it is not therefore her Authority which troubles me, but the fear of coming to Extremities, if her Sentiments should not be conformable to what I wish. A long Conversation pass'd between them to this effect ; but as those who love are more quick-sighted than others, in what relates to their Passion, *Isabella* could not be deceived in her Conjectures : The Countess was indeed grown cold in her good Wishes
for

for *Salmony*, and among the number of those who visited her, there was a young Magistrate named *Hauterive*, a Man of distinguish'd Merit, rich, and infinitely esteemed by all who knew him. He was besides a Kinsman of the Countess's, and it was on him she had cast her Eyes, not only because she had more regard for him than for the Son of the Count *de Salmony*, but also because she thought it a more advantageous Match for *Isabella*; but as he had never declared a Passion for her, the old Lady knew not well how to bring it about. He being an intimate Friend of *Salmony*, she thought to motion such an Affair, and have it rejected, would make the utmost Confusion among them; she therefore contented herself with leaving them together as frequently as she could, without seeming to do it by design, in hope the Merits both of the one and the other, might in time create an Inclination such as she desired to have them inspired with.

BUT as politick and discerning as she was, she perceived not how much of her design was accomplish'd: *Hauterive* had a Heart too susceptible to enjoy the frequent Conversation of a Person so amiable as *Isabella*, without feeling for her all the most violent Passion, when hopeless, can inflict. He knew the Obligations she was under; he knew the Duties of Friendship and of Honour; and tho' he could not hinder himself from loving, he did from suffering any design to harbour in his Breast in prejudice of *Salmony*.

THE old Count *de Salmony*, all this time, supplied the Place of his Son, and omitted nothing to secure the Affections of *Isabella* entirely for him; and she, who regarded him as a Father, made no scruple of communicating to him her most secret Thoughts: among others, she made him no stranger to the Apprehensions she was in, of the Countess's change of Humour; on which, it was resolved between 'em, to send for young *Salmony*, and compleat the Marriage before Madam *de Mayrand* should have discover'd herself, if it were indeed as *Isabella* imagined. But these illustrious Lovers were not allotted to arrive so easily at the Aim
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of their Desires ; the very day the Count had determined in this manner, he was seiz'd with a violent Distemper, which in a few Hours took him from the World.

THIS was a terrible Blow to *Isabella*, not only on account of the Interest her Love had in it, but by the particular respect she bore him, and the Grief it inflicted on *Mariana*, and that which she knew the News of it would involve young *Salmony* in.

THAT noble Youth, tho' he received the News with all the Precautions necessary to soften the Severity of it, loved his Father with too true a Tenderness, and found his Life too necessary for the Happiness of his own, not to be struck to the Heart at hearing he was no more. The Fears he was in concerning his Love, join'd to the Emotions of Nature, render'd his Affliction so violent, that his Friends but vainly endeavour'd to console him ; he wrote immediately to *Isabella*, and suffering himself to be carried away with the different and distracted Sentiments he was then inspired with, his Letter was filled with nothing but Complaints, Apprehensions, and Abjurations, that she would be ever faithful. This was accompany'd by one to *Mariana*, in which he beg'd her to supply the place of his Father, in the Castle of *Mayrand*, and to support his Interests there with the same Fervour. Both these beautiful Ladies sent him Answers full of Assurances ; but *Isabella* express'd the Dictates of her Soul in Terms so tender and passionate, that his Despair began to dissipate

MADAM *de Mayrand* being eas'd of one great Obstacle, by the Death of the Count *de Salmony*, gave such plain Hints to *Hauterive* of her good Wishes for him, that he must have been as dull as he was really discerning, not to have understood her. How difficult is it for Honour to maintain the Combat against a Love which flatters with a prospect of Success ! All the Resolution he had taken not to interrupt the Tranquility of *Salmony* and *Isabella*, gave way to the pleasing Hope
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of possessing her, he saw the Countess desired nothing more, and he could not be assured that *Isabella's* Inclination had not given birth to, or would not at least obey that desire in her, who had now the sole Authority over her : He therefore made no scruple of avowing his Passion, and entreating permission of *Madam de Mayrand*, to throw himself at the Feet of her who long had been Mistress of his Heart.

B Y what I have already said of the Disposition of this Lady, it is easy for you to believe she gave a ready assent to what he asked, and conducted him immediately to the Apartment of *Isabella*, who was then alone, employing herself in reading a Letter she had just received from her dear *Salmony*. After a little discourse on ordinary Affairs, the Countess went out of the Room, and he neglecting not the Opportunity she gave, I can no longer, *Madam*, said he, falling on his Knees, conceal a Passion which I have long but vainly struggled with, fearing it might be offensive to the divine Object which inspires it—But however you may dispose it, I am now compelled to offer you my Heart, my Vows of everlasting Adoration, and my Life, if this Declaration merits, I should no longer preserve it. *Isabella* was prevented by her surprize, to hear him talk in this manner, from interrupting him, but recovering herself from it ; I thought, replied she, with Eyes that sparkled with Indignation, I had been exempted from the fear of hearing such Discoveries : The situation I am in by my Engagements, renders it a disrespect which I expected not to find from any one, much less from him who calls himself the Friend of *Salmony*. She had no sooner utter'd this short but severe reproach, than she went hastily out of the Room, leaving him still on his Knees overwhelmed with Shame, Confusion, and Remorse. It was in this Posture that *Madam de Mayrand* found him, having in an adjacent Room seen *Isabella* pass by, and guessing the Reception he had met with from her. She spared nothing however to re-assure him, telling him he might be certain of her Interest, that it might take
some

some time to erase the Impression of a first Love, but that she doubted not but to accomplish it, when she should let *Isabella* see, that if she was not for him, she never should be for *Salmory*.

BUT her Discourse had not the effect on him she expected, he rather condemn'd than thank'd the Partiality she express'd in his favour, and tho' he could not conquer his Passion for *Isabella*, he looked on it as the Stain of his Glory, and an Injustice, which till then he had never been guilty of. He entreated the Countess not to entertain any Sentiments either of Rigour or Artifice to forward his Pretensions. For, said he, since it is my hard Fate to oppose the Man, who of all the World most merits and enjoys my Esteem, I will endeavour to acquire the Prize only by such means as he himself shall not condemn, and force *Isabella* to pity, if not approve my Flame.

MADAM *de Mayrand* had too much Virtue to blame such a Resolution, and after having bestowed on it the Praises it deserved, promised to conform on her part. *Hauterive*, who was stedfast to put in practice what he had said, had no sooner parted from the Countess, than he sat down to write to his Rival; but while he was considering in what manner he should relate the History of his Heart, *Isabella* was disburthening hers to the charming *Mariana*, whom she went in search of, the moment she quitted *Hauterive*. Nothing could be more surprized than this young Beauty, at the recital *Isabella* made her: she foresaw the Troubles the Passion of *Hauterive* would bring on her Brother; but this was not all that gave her pain, she had for some time looked on *Hauterive* with favourable Eyes, his Merits were not unknown to her, and if she might not be said to feel a Passion for him, she certainly had wish'd to inspire him with one for her, and could not hinder herself from being a little piqued, that knowing the Engagements of *Isabella*, he should not rather turn his Eyes on one who was entirely free from any.

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THIS Emotion of Jealousy, join'd to the Interest of her Brother, made her extremely approve the Answer *Isabella* had given him, and omit nothing which might confirm her in a Resolution of resisting all Attacks. She advised her also to write to *Salmony* the whole account of this Adventure, that by his Presence, he might put an end to all the Hopes *Hauterive* could conceive. This Counsel was too pleasing to her who heard it, not to prevail, she immediately obeyed the Dictates of her fair Friend ; and after a thousand Assurances of her inviolable Constancy, conjured him not to delay giving her the Proof of his in the presence of his Rival.

THE Count *de Salmony* received her Letter, and that of *Hauterive* by the same Courier, and his Love carying him beyond his Curiosity, he first opened the Mandate of *Isabella*, where perceiving the other was his Rival, and his Pretensions were approved by the Countess, he could not imagine the meaning of his Writing, after having endeavour'd to injure him in so tender a part, unless it were that he intended to dispute her with him by the Point of the Sword. But how great was his Astonishment, when he found the Contents were in this manner !

To the Count DE SALMONY.

I WISH this Letter may anticipate the Discovery, which I doubt not, will be made you by *Madamoiselle de Mayrand* : I would willingly be my own first accuser in an affair of this nature : The perfect Consideration I have for you, and of what I owe to my self, will not suffer me to act on this Occasion as another Man would do : I adore *Isabella*, and whatever hatred this Confession may excite in you, the Sequel shall prove I merit your Esteem. I could alledge for my Justification, that I was ignorant of the Force of your Engagements : That I every day

day saw the Promises of Youth entirely forgotten in Maturity: But these are weak Excuses to a Man sensible of the Force of Isabella's Beauty, which is such, that had I been your most trusted Confident, I could not have defended my self from being your Rival; nay, had I seen her your Wife, it had, perhaps, been able to have restrained my Tongue, but not my Heart. I have declared to her my Passion, but that Declaration serves only to complete my Shame, and your Triumph — She loves you, oh most happy Count, as much as she is beloved — she will be faithful to you till Death. This is the Fruit I have gain'd by my Temerity; my Passion can, however, stand all Shocks, and I am resolv'd to dispute her with you, but it shall be by such means, as neither you nor she shall have it in your power to blame: My Cares, my Respects, and my Friendship for you shall be all the Arms I shall make use of: The Blood from which we both are sprung, will give neither of us leave to suspect the Courage of the other. Thus without taking any advantage of the good Intentions Madam the Countess has for me, and without enterprising any thing to the prejudice of your Love, I shall speak of mine, and lay hold of all Opportunities to prove the Sincerity of it, and by the openness and generosity of my Proceeding, oblige both of you to compassionate, if you cannot love me.

HAUTERIVE.

IT is impossible for me to express the Agitations of the Count after reading this Letter: He was a long time before he could support with Moderation, that *Isabella* should be disputed with him by any means whatsoever; he look'd on the right he had over her Affections to be uncontestable; and if it were not, that the Sword was the most proper Decision of such Differences. But these Sentiments, instigated by the Fire of Youth, gave way to other Reflections, and when he remember'd that *Hauterive* was a Magistrate, to whom Prudence was more glorious than any other Qualification, and that

that himself was also under Laws, which he could not infringe, without losing *Isabella* for ever, he became more calm.

H E read his Rival's Letter a second time, and as knew him to be a Man of the most strict Honour, he did not in the least doubt, but he would act as he had said ; but the more he considered his Merit, the more dangerous he appear'd, and that Thought threw him into the most terrible Anxieties : They were no sooner removed by the Assurances *Isabella* gave him of an inviolable Affection, but another, little less perplexing, invaded him : If, said he, that charming Maid should never suffer the Merit of another to obliterate what she owes to the Fidelity of *Salmony*, yet if the Countess, who now stands in the place of both Father and Mother to *Isabella*, should continue averse to my hope, it will be utterly impossible to compleat the Marriage without her. In this Uncertainty did he pass the Hours, till he had obtained Permission to quit his Regiment for some time, which, in Consideration of the Diligence he had testified during the whole two Years he had the Command of it was granted without much Difficulty : The Death of his Father, and the Regulation of his Affairs, giving him a sufficient Excuse for the demanding it. But in the mean time he wrote to *Isabella*, and answer'd the Letter of his Rival in these Terms.

To the Sieur DE HAUTERIVE.

IF the Possession of *Mademoiselle de Mayrand* was destined the Reward of Merit, your Happiness and my Misfortune would be past all doubt : But as the Settlement of our affections has been the work of many Years, cemented by the most tender Proofs on both sides, and authorized by the Will of our Parents, the Advantage is on my side, notwithstanding the many others you have over me. To offer any Arguments for your desisting so hopeless a Prosecution, would be but to repeat what I am very certain you have made use on your self, in those Moments, when Reason

son was permitted to hold discourse with Passion ; I shall therefore only say that tho' Friendship be incompatible with Rivalship, and I cannot pretend to give you mine, yet I shall act in every thing as becomes that Character, and in what manner soever you would dispute Isabella, he always is ready to give you Satisfaction.

SALMONY.

THE Courier had arrived with these Dispatches but a short time before he obtain'd permission to leave the Camp, and came to *Languedoc*, unexpected by every body but *Isabella* and *Mariana*. Immediately he sent a Messenger to the Castle *de Mayrand*, to inform the Countess of his return, and desire permission to visit her : The Person who was trusted with this Commission, was a Man of Wit, and one in whom *Salmony* put an entire Confidence, he therefore gave him orders to speak to *Isabella* also, and to observe what effect this News produced both on the one and the other.

MADAM *de Mayrand* was very much surprized, and had enough to do to conceal the disquiet it gave her ; but as she could not refuse seeing the Count, she answer'd, that he knew very well he had no need of that Ceremony to introduce him there. As for *Isabella*, she receiv'd this Messenger with so perfect a Joy, that *Salmony*, at his return, was convinced he had nothing to fear on her part. The same day he went to the Castle *de Mayrand*, and was treated by the Countess with a Coldness, which not all her Civilities could hinder from being visible ; but whatever damp that might give him, the first Looks of *Isabella* reanimated him in such a manner, that he knew no Bounds to the Excess of his Love and Joy.

HE found her Beauty so improved, that he contemplated her for some time with Admiration ; and these two Years of Absence had so much added to his manly Graces, that *Isabella* beheld him not with less wonder. These faithful Lovers entertain'd each other with such
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an unfeigned Tendernefs, as left neither unconvinced that Death alone could divide them.

BUT tho' the Count *de Salmony* had appeared to give all his Admiration to the Object of his Love, yet could he not be infensible of Delight to see his charming Sister arrived at fuch perfection, as nothing but a Brother, or a Person strongly prepossess'd with another Passion, could behold without Transport : and these three Persons inspir'd by Love and Friendship, and possessing all the Qualities which could endear them to each other, pass'd some Hours together in so sweet a Contentment, as made them forget they had any thing to fear.

THE Sun giving place to encroaching Darknefs, the Count took his leave of the Countess, without seeming to have remark'd any change in her Behaviour, and return'd to the Castle of *Salmony*, where he pass'd the Night, with more Tranquility than he had done many preceding ones.

THE News of his return being spread abroad, his waking was attended by a great number of Visitors, all the young Nobility of *Languedoc*, coming to pay their Compliments to him, to offer him their Service, and to condole with him for the Death of his Father. He had no sooner disengag'd himself from these Civilities, which have generally more of Form than Sincerity in them, than he perceived *Hauterive* on Horseback, coming up the Hill that led to the Castle, and soon after saw him alight at the Gate : he could not avoid some surprize at the sight of so unexpected a Guest ; but being prepared for every thing, he attended the Event without any Emotions.

HAUTERIVE had no sooner enter'd the Room, than he ran to embrace the Count with open Arms, and all the Tokens of a most perfect Amity : Behold, said he to him, this Rival, who in spite of you will be your Friend, and who gives up his Heart to you, with a Sincerity worthy of a happier Fate than what his cruel Stars ordain ! This manner of Behaviour had in it something so noble, that the Count thought it his Duty

Duty to answer with the same Cordialness. You are well assured, replied he, that a proceeding such as yours, cannot but attract an extreme Consideration on my part; believe also that I am as sensible of it as I ought, or you can wish, and that on any other Motive than the Possession of *Isabella*, I should [readily yield to you.

AND as for me, resumed *Hauterive*, going back some Steps, and looking attentively on him, I find you so worthy of her, that should any other dare to dispute with you the attainment of her, I would use him as my most mortal Enemy. Pity me therefore, continued he, who have such Sentiments, yet am unable to vanquish a Passion which I know divests them of all their Merit to your Friendship. No, replied *Salmony*, taking him by the Hand, and making him sit down; I find by the Emotions you have inspired me with, that 'tis not impossible for a generous Heart to love the Man who would destroy our peace.

HAUTERIVE then recounted to him the beginning, and the little Progress of his Love, in Terms so touching, and so truly picturing the State of his Soul, from which Hope was entirely banish'd, that *Salmony* could not listen without regret; but reflecting it was his Rival who address'd those Complaints to him, he found it so extraordinary, that he could not forbear smiling; Nothing sure, said he, is more astonishing, than that being your Rival, and so lately brought to look on you as a Friend, that you will compel me also to become your Confidant. It is yet more strange, replied the other, that I should be yours: I have only Disdain, Rigour, and Despair to inform you of, and is sufficient Consolation for the trouble I give you: But with what Daggers must my Soul be pierced when you relate what passes in your Interviews with *Isabella*? the mutual Love, the Ardour, the interchang'd Vows of everlasting Fidelity! Ah my dear Count, vouchsafe to listen to my Complaints, since they can be no prejudice to you.

HAUTERIVE

HAUTE RIVE pronounced these Words with a Look, in which Despair was painted in such lively Colours, that the Count entreated him with a serious Air, to be assured that he would always be tender of his peace. And to put in practice what he had said, he immediately changed the Discourse, and became such entertaining Company, that the other charm'd with the pleasure of his Conversation, almost forgot his Love and his Despair. *Salmony* would not suffer him to depart, and tarrying with him two Days, in that time these generous Rivals found so much Merit in each other, that the Pity of the one greatly encreas'd, and the Envy of the other diminished.

URANIA was in this part of her History, when a Person desiring to speak to her on some domestic Affair, she desired the Company would entertain themselves till her return, which she assured them should be in a short time: But that Promise could not hinder them from feeling the utmost Impatience for the Sequel of an Adventure, the Beginning of which fill'd them with an Expectation of something very extraordinary.





La Belle Assemblée :

P A R T II.



U R A N I A being return'd, and perceiving this amiable Society were prepared to give the utmost Attention to what she had to deliver, immediately sat down; and without waiting till it should be requested, renewed her Discourse in this Manner.

The



*The Sequel of the History of the Count DE
SALMONY, and Mademoiselle DE MAY-
RAND.*

ON the third Day these friendly Rivals left the Castle of *Salmony*, to make a Visit to *Isabella*; who, extremely surpris'd to see them together, gave them a very different Reception: to *Hauterive* she only paid those Civilities his Quality demanded from her; but addressing herself to *Salmony*, with an Air full of Sweetness, began to reproach him tenderly for having given so much of that Time to his Friends, which he knew was so valuable to her: and the Count excus'd himself, by telling her, that all those Occupations which detain'd him from her, serv'd only to heighten his desire of seeing her, and feeling the Blessing in a more elevated Manner, when at Liberty to enjoy it. *Hauterive*, to whom this manner of entertaining each other gave Wounds more terrible than the sharpest Weapon could have done, entreated they wou'd accompany him to the Apartment of Madam the Countess *de Mayrand*. Neither of them could well refuse this Proposal; but *Salmony*, in giving his Hand to *Isabella*, testified by a Look, that he expected this Interview wou'd have something extraordinary in it: nor was he deceiv'd in his Conjecture, they had no sooner approach'd the Countess, than, Madam, said *Hauterive* to her, you see before you two Rivals, who, without ceasing to be friends, entreat your Permission to adore the incomparable *Isabella*. I know the Count stands in no need of such a Petition, his Services have been long since accepted, nor do I hope to have any Advantage over him: all I desire is to prove my Constancy

fancy not less firm, my Love not less violent, and my Submission not less resigned to the divine Will of her who charms us both, than his have been. Tho' I might be dispensed with, rejoin'd the Count, from the Declaration I am about to make, *Isabella* having been promis'd to me from her Infancy, the Respect I have for her, will not suffer me to dispute my Right when it shall be contrary to her Inclination: She is therefore at full liberty to chuse between us; and if the superior Merits of my Rival are of more force, than the Commands of a Father in my Favour, and my own repeated Proofs of an inviolable Fidelity, I shall submit to her Decree without murmuring, tho' I cannot without dying.

YOU both do too much honour to *Isabella*, reply'd the Countess; if she was Mistress of herself, I doubt not but the Equality of your Merits would render it difficult for her to decide between you. 'Tis true, her Father had some Designs of giving her to Count *Salmony*, but had he lived there is more than a bare Probability he would have chang'd his Mind. It was the Discretion of *Isabella* which oblig'd her to conform to his Will; but he being no more, the same Discretion must teach her to submit to the Will of those who represent him, and who have now his Authority over her. It is not for Persons of her Condition to be guided by their own Inclination, which too often blinds them, in the Choice of a Husband; and it is their Duty, Wisdom, and indeed their Interest to have no Wishes but such as are first formed by those who have the Right of disposing them.

ISABELLA easily perceiving to what end this Discourse tended, and that Madam *de Mayrand* was going to declare for *Hauterive*, took the liberty of interrupting her in these Terms. I shall never hesitate, Madam, said she, with an Air modest, but at the same time resolv'd, to conform myself to the Will of my Family, in things where my Interest is common with theirs. But in this Affair, I think myself the only Person concern'd: all the Repose of my whole Life depends up-

on it, and I hope your pardon when I say that this is too tender a Motive to be subjugated to the pleasure of another. I blush not to confess I love the Count *de Salmony*, 'tis an Affection that has grown up with me almost from my Infancy, authorized by the Command of my Father, by your own, and by the Constancy and reiterated Services of that deserving Chevalier, whom for a long Series of Years I have regarded as my Husband, you as a Son, while *Hauterive* was never thought on. If it is not for Persons of my Condition to follow our Inclinations, it is yet becoming us to violate our Promises: Honour and Justice ought to be the Guides of all Sorts of People, but much more are they to be held sacred by us, whose Actions serve as an Example to all beneath us; and I must avow, that were it possible for me to estrange my Heart from him it has so long been accustomed to love, I never could be brought to break my Faith where it has been so solemnly given.

THIS courageous Reply touch'd Madam *de Mayrand* to the quick: she was about to make a return to it in a Manner which wou'd have made her Grand-Daughter know the Power she had over her, and which she wou'd exert, when *Hauterive*, perceiving her Intention, prevented her, by saying, There is nothing, Madam, in the divine *Isabella's* Discourse that is not too just to give offence to Persons sensible what Love and Honour enjoin; and in spite of the Despair it causes in me, obliges me to confess I should think her less worthy the sublime Passion I have for her, had she any Sentiments different from those she has declared. I desire not, continued he, with a deep Sigh, that she should be constrained in her Choice; all I ask is Permission to adore her, and to be allowed so much time to testify my Constancy, as may assure her that nothing is capable of changing it.

YOU shall have all that you think necessary, said the Countess; for I here declare, that if *Isabella* consents not to be yours, she never shall be the Count's, till you approve she shou'd be so. In speaking these Words,

Words she rose, and passing hastily to her Closet, left them at liberty to praise her Conduct, or to complain of it, according as they were agitated by their different Sentiments.

TO have the Power of deferring our Happiness, said *Isabella* to *Hauterive*, is, methinks, but a mean Consolation for you, since it will only give you an Opportunity of beholding every day fresh Marks of our Fidelity. That despairing Lover was incapable of making any Answer to these Words; and the Count *de Salmory*, tho' he had resolv'd to do as little as was possible to enhance the Grief of his Rival, had now not power to retain that generous Determination; but throwing himself at the Feet of *Isabella* the Moment the Countess had left the Room, thanked the Charmer of his Soul for the Declaration she had made in his Favour, in Words so full of Extacy, that it seemed as if he had been doubtful of his Happiness till that Moment.

HAUTERIVE had his Eyes fix'd on them with so mournful an Earnestness, that the beautiful *Mariana* who was with the Countess when they enter'd, and had been present during this Scene, was touch'd with the most tender Concern; and well knowing what had put him in this State, cou'd not forbear interrupting a Contentment which she saw gave him so much Pain. She ran to *Isabella*, and embracing her, told her she must thank her in her turn, since it could not be expected but that she was deeply interested in all that concern'd her Brother. This Action obliging the Count to rise from the Posture he had been in, and turning toward *Hauterive*, he beheld him rather as a Man dead than living; and upbraiding himself for having been the Cause, by the unwary Rapture to which he had given a loose, he took him in his Arms, crying, " My dear and generous Rival, pardon a Lover, who, " in his Excess of Happiness forgot every Thing.

IT is easy for me to pardon your Forgetfulness of me, reply'd *Hauterive*, since I have forgot myself in a contrary Emotion. Cease then, said *Isabella*, to prosecute the Cause of it, desist from seeing Objects which

can never but contribute to your Despair. Content yourself with knowing that I feel for you all that Friendship can inspire; and as your Virtue enables you to love your Rival, let it also serve you to overcome a Passion so destructive to your own Peace, and so great an Obstacle to the Happiness of those who are so dear to you.

A Passion, Madam, answer'd he, which owes its Birth to you, is not so easily extinguish'd. That very Virtue in you which destroys my Hopes, enflames my Wishes; and that which is in myself, serves but to make me more wretched, by teaching me how just it is to adore you. No, I can die, but never can cease to love you. These Words were accompany'd with a Gesture full of Despair; which not being able to command, he went out of the Room, without permitting the Count to attend him even to the door, and immediately took Horse, and left the Castle *de Mayrand*.

BOTH *Isabella* and the Count were sensibly touch'd with his Condition; but as the Misfortunes of a Rival serve only to encrease the Happiness of a Lover belov'd, how generous soever; *Salmony* cou'd not grieve for those of *Hauterive*, any farther, than he was compell'd to do so by the Nobleness of his Nature: and his own Joy soon surmounting all other Considerations, he again indulg'd the Transport of his Soul, and pass'd the Remainder of the Day in a Satisfaction which he alone would be able to express.

BUT it was not so with Madam *de Mayrand*, the Courage and Resolution of *Isabella* had extremely displeased her: in the first Emotions of her Rage, she was about to forbid the Count *de Salmony* the Sight of his adorable Mistress from that Moment; but as she had a great share of good Sense and Honour, tho' both at this time were blinded by the excessive Wealth of *Hauterive*, she reflected that she could not treat *de Salmony* in that manner, without incurring the just Reproaches of the whole World; and therefore contented herself with this Consolation, that the time allow'd him to be absent from his Regiment would shortly be expired,
and

and that then she shou'd be at full liberty to bend the Mind of *Isabella*, which still she despair'd not of doing, when he should be removed.

THE Count *de Salmory*, on the other hand, knowing his Residence in that Country could be but for a short time omitted not a Day paying his Visits to *Isabella* : The disconsolate *Hauterive* came thither too sometime ; but these tender Lovers were so cautious in their Behaviour in his Presence, that he had nothing to complain of, but his own ill Fate, in compelling him to interrupt the Happiness of those whom, cou'd it have been purchased any other way, he wou'd have given the best part of his Blood. He wou'd frequently utter Words to this effect ; which his Proceedings leaving no room to doubt the Truth of, made a very great Impression on all who heard 'em.

BUT of all who knew the sad Situation of his Heart, none was so sensibly affected with it as *Mariana* ; she cou'd not forbear avowing her Concern, and one day, in the presence of her Brother, she said to *Isabella*, that she thought Fate was extremely unjust to the Merits of *Hauterive*, and that so many Perfections as he was Master of, ought to have intitled him rather to the utmost Felicities, than the Misfortunes he had but too much reason to complain of.

HOW, Sister, reply'd the Count, does the ill Fortune of my Rival occasion in you more regret, than my Happiness gives you Pleasure ; wou'd you buy his Contentment at the price of my Life ? No, certainly, cry'd she ; and if I offer up any Prayers to Heaven for him, it is not for what wou'd oppose your Satisfaction. But how is it possible, again demanded he, that you can wish his Happiness, without desiring my Ruin ? Very easily, resumed she, with the most charming Sprightliness ; I wish that he might cease to love *Isabella*, and that his Heart might be inspir'd with a Passion for some other, who being unprepossess'd, might know what is the Due of Merits such as his. She had no sooner spoke these Words, than her whole Face was tinctur'd with a rosy Hue ; which *Isabella* perceiving, and a thousand

things occurring that moment to her remembrance, testifying the Concern this young Beauty had express'd for the Sufferings of *Hauterive*, made her presently assured she took a greater Interest in his Fortune, than possibly she was herself yet sensible of ; and looking earnestly on her, No Person in the World, said she, is more capable to inspire him with such Sentiments than yourself, my dear *Mariana* ; and I am persuaded, that if he knew the least of your's, those he has for me wou'd immediately vanish.

B E C A U S E I blush, reply'd *Mariana*, smiling, you imagine presently that you read in my Heart Things which are not there. But I assure you, I am very far from feeling for him any part of that Attachment I see between my Brother and you : however, I do not believe you will blame me for confessing, that his uncommon Merits have made me set a higher Value on him, than on any Man I have yet seen.

N O, cry'd the Count, and I should believe there was nothing wanting to my Happiness, cou'd I once behold you the Object of his Desires. This was not the only Conversation they had on this Subject ; and the beautiful *Mariana*, by being accustomed to hear the two Persons in the World most dear to her, wish she might make an Impression on *Hauterive*, became insensibly to wish it herself ; and, in fine, to know that was Love, which she had till now taken only for Esteem.

B U T now the time prefix'd for the Departure of *Salmony* approach'd, and the Thoughts of it anticipated the Melancholy such a Separation must naturally occasion. The Countess saw the wish'd-for Moment with joy, *Hauterive* without Hope, and the two Lovers with an inexpressible Grief : but Fate was preparing for them something more terrible, and one Night made a cruel Change in the Designs of both the one and the other.

A Man named *Gasa*, born at *Marseilles*, who had been formerly a Domestick of the Count de *Mayrand*, being some time since taken Prisoner by a Corsair of *Algier*,
found

found his Captivity so rigorous, that, to relieve himself from it, he renounced the *Christian* Faith, and embraced that of the *Mabometan*. This Apostacy render'd him so dear to his Patron, that from his Servant he became his Friend, and was made by him Commander of a Vessel : he went several Voyages, and returned with great Success, cruizing about the Coasts of *Provence* and *Languedoc*, which Ports he was perfectly acquainted with. Being to go out again, he bethought himself of the Castle *de Mayrand*, in which he had so long lived. He doubted not of gaining a considerable Booty, in case he cou'd surprize it ; and remembering the Avenue to it from the Sea, he landed under the shelter of the Night ; and posting some Men well arm'd at convenient distances to give notice of the approach of any body that way, went directly to the great Gate, accompany'd by thirty of his Crew, Wretches stanch in Murder, and who, by a long habit of Cruelty, had thrown off all that was humane in them.

THE Castle, tho' well defended from Robbers on all the other sides, was little fortify'd towards the Sea, as apprehending no danger from that Quarter ; and this bloody Band easily forced their Way into the outer Court, where some of the Servants being lodg'd had their Throats cut, without the least warning of their Fate. All within the inner Apartments were buried in the most profound Sleep, when the Noise the Assailants made in entering awaked them, in a Fright which is not to be describ'd : The wicked *Gasa* flew directly to the Chamber where lay the Countess, and having secured her, proceeded to that of *Isabella* and *Mariana*, chaining all those Ladies, with fifteen Women Attendants ; after having murder'd all the Male Domesticks, they plunder'd the Castle of every thing that was valuable in it, laying the rich Furniture on Horses, which they provided themselves with out of the Stables, and then, with their Prisoners and Booty, took their Way to the Sea-side, where lay the Vessel, in which they embarked with the utmost Expedition.

NOR were they a moment too soon in the dispatch of this villanous Enterprize : a Shepherd, who was watching his Flock on a high Mountain near the Castle *de Mayrand*, perceived, in the close of the Day, a Vessel riding near the Coast, as did also the Watchman belonging to the Castle ; but both the one and the other mistook it for a Bark belonging to Fishermen, till the Noise of Forcing the Gates being heard by the Shepherd, made him suspect some Part of the Truth : on which he ran immediately to the Castle *de Salmony*, and awaked the Count, letting him know the Cause of this Intrusion.

THO' it was impossible for him to comprehend the worst of this Adventure, yet to be told that *Isabella* was in any danger, was sufficient to animate a Lover so faithful as *Salmony* ; he presently had all his Men in arms, and well mounted, he rode, or rather flew to the Castle *de Mayrand*, where the frightful Solitude, the Carnage, and the stripp'd Chambers inform'd him but too fully of his Misfortune ; he wasted not the Time, however, in unavailing Complaint, but ran to the Sea-side, where he arrived the Moment those Wretches had weigh'd Anchor. The Dawn of Day rendering Objects distinguishable, he there beheld the Ladies on the Deck ; and being near enough to have his Voice heard, he cried out to *Gasa* to release the Prisoners, and he should make his own Terms for their Ransom.

BUT such Offers, tho' made by the Count in the present Distraction of his Soul, cou'd not expect to be received ; *Gasa* knew very well, that had he turned back, the Ransom of his Prisoners must have been a Gibbet for himself and Followers. and therefore gave no other Answer to the Words of *Salmony*, than a discharge of his Guns, with which two of the Persons who had accompany'd the Count were kill'd, and himself received a Bullet in his Shoulder, which made him fall motionless, and in all appearance dead. The Cries which *Isabella* and *Mariana* sent forth at this Spectacle, wou'd have touch'd any other Hearts than those who now had the Disposal of them ; but these Barbarians were inflexible

inflexible to all, and the Winds favouring the prosperous Mischief, so fill'd their Sails, that they soon lost sight of *Languedoc*.

THE Troop of Count *Salmony*, perceiving there was no Remedy for this Misfortune, bent their whole Cares for his Recovery, who they found was not dead : and having carry'd him to the Castle *de Mayrand*, the Surgeons who dress'd his Wound told them, there was yet no certain Judgment to be form'd concerning the Danger of it ; but they were the more apprehensive, when, having recover'd him from the Swoon he had long lain in, he fell into such violent Transports of mingled Grief and Rage, as might have been able of themselves to have destroyed his Life without the Assistance of so terrible a Hurt.

THIS unhappy Accident being soon divulged, there seemed to be a Strife between all the Nobility and Gentry of those Parts, who should most contribute to give him Consolation in so sad an Exigence ; but he who bore the Prize, was *Hauterive*. This Friend and Rival quitted him neither Night nor Day, administering to him every thing he took with his own hand, and omitted nothing for the Re-establishment both of his Mind and Body, that could be expected from the most tender Brother. *Salmony* found himself under such Obligations to his zealous Cares, that tho' he wished to die, he could not be so ungrateful as to attempt any Thing which should render them fruitless ; and whenever overcome by the violence of his Despair, he would refuse those Things which were necessary for the Recovery of his Health ; You must live, my dear Count ! said *Hauterive*, you must live, to deliver *Isabella*, and to receive the Crown of your Fidelity, by a happy Marriage with her ; and you must also live to acknowledge the Endeavours of the unfortunate *Hauterive*.

YOU flatter me with Hopes, replied *Salmony*, with a Voice all languishing, which my Reason will not permit me to entertain ; but since my Life is necessary

to enable me to return some part of the Favours you have confer'd upon me, do with me what you please, I consent to prolong a Breath which brings no other advantage with it, than the pleasure of obliging you.

'T WAS in this manner these generous Rivals testified the mutual Regard they had for each other, which by the Novelty of it, surprized and charm'd all who were Witnesses of it, during the first Days of *Salmony's* Indisposition; but when he was thought out of danger, and appeared something more tranquil in his Mind than he had been, he took an Opportunity of communicating to him a Design he had formed; and sitting on the Bed-side by him; As you are not in a Condition to travel, my dear *Salmony*, said he, and according to all appearance, cannot be of a long time. I have resolv'd to take a Voyage for the Delivery of *Isabella*; and have already wrote to the Court to obtain permission to leave the Kingdom for some Months; which as I doubt not of procuring, I have regulated my Affairs in such a manner as will enable me to redeem Madam and Mademoiselle *de Mayrand*, with your charming Sister, and all the Captives taken from this Castle. I should have been glad you could have been Partner in this Voyage; but as that is impossible, you must resolve to see me go without you, as soon as I receive an Answer from the Court: But be assured that I shall take no advantage from the Service I am going to render *Isabella*, nor will even mention my unhappy Passion till I have restored her to the full Liberty of pursuing her Inclinations. This I swear by every Thing a Man of Honour has to hope or fear; and I flatter my self that you have a good Opinion enough of me to give credit to my Faith, when so solemnly given.

THE Count was so charm'd with this Resolution of *Hauterive*, and the delightful Hope of seeing *Isabella* again, that for some Moments he forgot it was to his Rival he was to owe the Obligation; and looking on him on this occasion, only as the dearest of his Friends, he thanked him a thousand times over, for having taken
such

such a Resolution, and as often conjured him to let nothing prevent the Execution of it.

A few Days succeeding this, in which *Hauterive* had declared his Intention, he received an Answer from the Court, with permission to go wheresoever he pleased. Having settled every thing before-hand, he departed immediately, taking leave of no Person but the Count *de Salmony*, who embraced him tenderly with these Words: I have a thousand Things within me, struggling for vent, said he, but I cannot resolve to suspect your Friendship or your Honour. I understand you, replied *Hauterive*, you fear to exact too much from your unhappy Friend; but I beg you for the sake of your own Repose, as well as for that of the esteem I would maintain in your Heart, to rest secure that I will act in every thing as a Person no more interested in the Freedom of *Isabella*, than that of *Madam de Mayrand*, or your Sister the beautiful *Mariana*. After this they embraced a second time, and *Hauterive* began his Journey to *Marseilles*, where he was oblig'd to wait a considerable time for his Passport: They told him here, that there was a Jew at *Leghorn*, to whom the Regent of *Algier* had given a great number of blank Passports to be fill'd up at his Discretion; he was therefore advised to go directly thither. Accordingly he embarked, and had a very short and fortunate Passage: At his arrival he was soon conducted to the House of *Sacerdoty*, where he acquainted him with his Name, Quality, and the Motives of his Voyage. The Jew listned with Attention, and having accepted all that the Generosity of *Hauterive* offer'd him, assured him of doing every thing in his power to facilitate his Enterprize. As a proof of what he said, he immediately gave him the Passport he desired, accompany'd with Letters to the Regent of *Algier*, and to several Correspondents he had in that Place: And having fortunately a Ship just ready to set sail, *Hauterive* embraced the lucky Opportunity, and the Wind serving, went aboard the next Day.

BUT

BUT while the Interests of *Isabella* thus employed her Lover, that unhappy Lady was in Difficulties more dreadful than could be imagined either by *Hauterive* or *de Salmony*. The perfidious *Gasa* well knowing all this illustrious Family retain'd some kind of Consideration for them, never separating *Isabella* and *Mariana* from the Countess *de Mayrand*, and treated them with more Respect than could be expected from a Man of his Profession; but 'tis more than probable this Behaviour was excited less by Good-Nature than his own Interest, the Grief of these Ladies being so violent, that he justly feared Death would deprive him of the great Sums he expected to get for the disposal of them, and therefore endeavour'd by all the means he could to render their Captivity less irksome, during their Voyage, designing to expose them to Sale, as soon as they should arrive at *Algier*: But in spite of all his care, the Countess was seized with a Malady which made all about her justly despair she would be able, considering how far she was advanced in Years, ever to recover. As the two young Beauties were one day weeping by her; Cease to lament, said she, 'tis I who am the cause of your Misfortune: 'Tis for this I have drawn down the Wrath of Heaven on me, and 'tis for that I am every moment reproaching my self — I would have tore you from the deserving, the faithful *Salmony*; I contriv'd all manner of Impediments to part you, when I should have contributed to your Union in pursuance of your Father's Will, and my own promise — 'Tis a Happiness I now despair of, seeing Death will shortly take from me the power — But as for you, hope every thing from the protecting Hand of Heaven, something within informs me that *Salmony* is still living; and if so, I doubt not but he will soon find the Means of redeeming you. I desire no more than to be forgiven. This Tenderness, and the sad Condition Madam the Countess was in, made *Isabella* and *Mariana* almost dissolve in Tears, they did every thing in their Power to console her, but
in

in vain ; and she died when they were in sight of *Algier*, leaving these young Ladies so wholly taken up with Grief for her Loss, as for a while made them forget even the Horror of the Captivity they were going to enter into, and the just Apprehensions of what Treatment they might find from those Barbarians.

BEING landed in *Algier*, the cruel *Gasa* without the least remorse for what he had done, or was about to do, exposed to sale the two beautiful Slaves, and received for them a very considerable Sum of a young *Turk* called *Zelim* Son of a Renegado of *Province* ; which Country daily sends forth so many Apostates from the *Christian* Faith, that nothing is more common than to hear the very Children, when chastised by their Parents, cry they will go to *Turkey*, and be made *Mahometans* ; and this they frequently do.

ZELIM found so many Charms in his fair Slaves, that he repented not of the purchase he had made, and judging by their Air and Deportment that they were Persons of Quality, caused them to be treated with Respect. He had placed them in a House which his Father had built after the manner of the modern Architecture, and had every thing about it to render it pleasant and commodious ; here he placed Persons to attend them, and gave strict Orders that nothing but Liberty should be refused them. As he was of a Disposition more humane than most of his Country, and also expected a very great Ransom for them, he was sensibly affected with their Grievs, and permitted them to write to their Friends. These Letters were sent by the way of *Leghorn*, and happened to be directed to the care of that same *Jew* to whom *Hauterive* had address'd himself.

MADAMOISELLES *de Mayrand* and *de Salmony* began now to think their Captivity would not be so rigorous as they had apprehended ; and this good Usage of *Zelim's* would very much have abated their Melancholy, could they have entertained the least hope of the Count being still number'd with the Living :
but

but as often as they reflected on his Death, and the manner of it, they relapsed into the most violent Despair, especially *Isabella*; so much is *Love* above *Nature*, that it compelled her to say, if *Salmony* were dead, she wished not to be relieved from Slavery, for Liberty had nothing in it could allay her Sorrows for so terrible a Loss. But whatever her Passion might at that time suggest, she was soon after of a contrary Opinion, and thought nothing so great an Evil as being in the Power of *Zelim*.

THIS *Turk* could not so frequently gaze on the Beauties of *Isabella*, without feeling their ordinary Effects; and if his Pity, join'd to the Self-interest of preserving the Lives of two such illustrious Captives, had before made him treat them with all kind of Indulgence and Respect, a stronger and a more violent Passion now obliged him to study nothing but the means of pleasing the adorable *Isabella*. But as he loved, he also respected her, and that Respect kept him from declaring himself too suddenly: He therefore sought first to engage her Friendship and Esteem by magnificent Presents, Treats, Balls, Musick, and whatever he thought might charm the Sense of this young Beauty: in fine, the Assiduities he paid were such as might easily be suspected from what source they sprung. *Mariana*, as most at liberty to examine them, perceived it first, and having made *Isabella* partake of her Conjectures, that resolute Lady was most cruelly alarmed but took a solemn Vow, rather to kill herself than suffer the least indignity to be offer'd to her Honour. Nor was it long before she found that she stood in need of all her Courage; for *Zelim* perceiving his Gallantries had but little effect, determined to discover his Passion more plainly, imagining that every Thing might be permitted him with a Slave, and condemning his own timidity, which had so long restrain'd his Tongue. With this Intention we went one Day to their Apartment, and looking on *Isabella*, with Eyes in which 'twas easy to read what pass'd in his Heart,

I repent,

I repent, said he, that I permitted you to write for your Ransom, since, were the Treasures of all *France* offer'd me in Exchange for you, they would not have Power enough to prevail on me to restore you. Nay, continued he, I am so far from being able to live without you, that I am resolved to make you mine by Marriage. I flatter my self such a Proposal will not be disagreeable to you : I have Riches sufficient to put you in Possession of every thing you can desire, and Love enough to make you the entire Mistress of all I have.

SCARCE could *Isabella* contain herself at this insolent Discourse ; but reflecting that she was in his power, her Discretion got the better of her Resentment, and she chose rather to soften than provoke him. I am persuaded, said she, that such an offer would appear extremely advantageous to any other, but the state I am in compels me to refuse it. I have been long since contracted by the most solemn Engagements to the Brother of this amiable Lady, who is here partaker of that Captivity, nothing but your generosity could have render'd supportable : My Religion therefore, and the Laws of my Country not permitting me to give my Faith to any other, I hope you will never act towards me in a manner, which shall oblige me to repent the Esteem I have conceived for you——But if you should, added she, after a little Pause, be assur'd, I am enough sensible of what is owing to my Sex and Birth, to enable me to preserve my Honour, by giving my self Death before your Eyes.

SHE pronounced these last Words with a tone, which convinced *Zelim* she had Courage enough to execute what she threatned ; and as presumptuous as he was, made him see nothing was to be won by Violence ; he consider'd also, that if there was no possibility of gaining her, it were better to have a great Sum for her Ransom than to lose all by her Death. He was not without hope, however, that the continuance of his Affiduities might win her in time to recede from her
Constancy

Constancy to the former Lover ; and, throwing off all that boldness he had assumed for the Explanation of his Passion, I beseech you, Madam, said he, not to imagine, I in the least depended on the Power I have over you, or ever shall make any other use of it than such as you shall approve : the only means I shall put in practice to gain you, shall be my Submissions and my Constancy, and as I see I have offended, shall lay this Punishment on my self to quit your Presence, nor presume to return without having first obtained your Permission.

WITH these Words he went out of the Room, leaving *Isabella* extremely satisfied with this good Effect of her Moderation, and believing it best to persist in it, gave him leave to visit her again on his entreating it ; he, on the other hand, observed so strict a Decorum, that his Eyes only discover'd he had still the same Violence of Passion that his Tongue had lately declared. But the Slaves he had given her for Attendants, were continually entertaining her with the great Riches and Merits of their Lord, the considerable Employments he had in the Regency, and the many Heroic Actions he had done ; all which served only to fill *Isabella* with the utmost contempt for the Baseness of those Women, who being most of them *Provincials*, had no more Virtue and Spirit than to become Slaves voluntary to the Enemies of their Religion and their Country.

THINGS were in this Situation when *Hauterive* arrived at *Algier* : He had strong Recommendations from *Sacerdoty*, to a *Jew* called *Salem*, and thro' his Interest, was so much befriended, that he immediately gained Intelligence of every thing he desired to know. They went together to the House of *Selim*, and the *Jew* having informed him of their Business, offer'd a very great Ransom for *Isabella* and *Mariana* ; but he seem'd loth to hold discourse on that Article ; and when *Hauterive* press'd the Matter, and added considerably to the Sum proposed by the *Jew*, he told them, at last, that all they could say would be ineffectual, for he had resolved

to send these Slaves to the Grand Seignior's Seraglio, as it was his Duty to do, on account of thir extraordinary Beauty.

THESE Words were like a clap of Thunder to the amorous *Hauterive*; he could not restrain the Anguish of his Soul from breaking forth thro' his Eyes, and this it was that made the quicksighted *Zelim* refuse him the Privilege of seeing the Prisoners easily discovering he loved by his Emotions, and doubting not it was *Isabella* who had charmed him; and that he was the favour'd Lover for whose sake she had been deaf to his Pretensions. He therefore dispatch'd them with no other Answer, than such as almost distracted *Hauterive*. *Salem*, who saw his despair, told him, that nothing was more common than for the *Turks* to behave in the manner *Zelim* had done, thinking by that Menace to enhance the Ransom of their Captives; but bid him take Comfort, for he would contrive some means for the Deliverance of these Ladies, if he impeded not his designs by any act of Impatience. *Hauterive* was sensibly touch'd with the good Nature of this *Jew*, and promised to be guided by him in every thing.

THIS Visit had given *Zelim* little less disquiet, and with good Reason, assuring himself that the Knowledge of it would add, not only to the indifference of *Isabella* for him, but also to her Melancholy, resolved to keep it a secret from her; but in spite of the Care he took, a young Slave, whom *Mariana* by her good Humour, and Generosity, had engag'd very much in her Interest, discover'd to her, that a *French* Gentleman had been to treat with her Master concerning her Ransom, and that of *Isabella*; but entreated her not to reveal what she had told; because, as *Zelim* had commanded none should speak of it, he would not fail to take away her Life for her Infidelity. *Mariana* easily satisfied all her Fears as to that Point, and obliging her to describe as near as she could the Features and Shape of this Gentleman, the Slave answer'd in such a manner, as assured her it could be no other than *Hauterive*.

MARIANA

MARIANA was sufficiently acquainted with the discretion of *Isabella*, to know it would be no breach of her promise to the Slave to inform her of this Adventure; which as soon as she had done, that beautiful Lady was touch'd with the most sensible Gratitude for the Generosity of *Hauterive*; but at the same time, as this News more convinc'd her of the Death of the Count *de Salmony*, by his not having accompany'd that obliging Rival, she fell into such Agonies of Grief, that Nature too weak to sustain them, refused her Aid, and the oppress'd *Isabella* fell swooning into the Arms of *Mariana*; who frighted beyond measure at this sudden accident, shriek'd out for the Women to come to her Assistance, and they were all employ'd in endeavouring to recover her when *Zelim* enter'd the Room. So unexpected a Sight put him into the utmost Consternation; he demanded of *Mariana* a thousand times the Cause, but she was able to answer him no otherwise than by her Tears.

At length, *Isabella* having open'd her Eyes, cast them on the Earth with so languishing and dying an Air, that the Fear of losing her, chang'd all the Resolutions *Zelim* had form'd; and beginning to imagine, that by some accident she had discover'd what he had endeavour'd to conceal, thought now to make a Merit of revealing it. I came, said he, approaching her, to inform you, that there are People in *Algier*, who have offer'd me considerable Sums for your Ransom, and that one of them is of your own Country: but you are not in a Condition now to listen to the Reasons which obliged me to refuse their proposals. *Mariana*, perceiving that *Isabella* made no reply, spoke in this Manner: These Accidents in a Captivity, such as ours, said she, have nothing extraordinary in them; but methinks, it is much more amazing, that you, who pretend to love *Isabella*, can chuse rather to see her die, than at liberty; the Indisposition she labours under is occasioned only by the cruel Idea of being for ever depriv'd of seeing all those of her own Country.

I love

I love her enough, reply'd the *Turk*, to give her that Satisfaction immediately, were I assur'd, that the *Frenchman* who is here now, were any other than your Brother.

A T these Words, *Mariana*, pretending an Ignorance of every thing, cry'd out, what sort of a Man is he ? The Picture of *Zelim* made of him in his Description, confirm'd what they before imagin'd, that it was really *Hauterive* ; on which, No, said *Mariana*, this cannot be my Brother ; but, I believe, he is a Person of Condition in our Province, whom Generosity alone has brought for the Redemption of two miserable Captives, and you would confer an Obligation on me, which I should be ever ready to acknowledge, if you would permit me to entertain him. The *Turk*, after having given himself a Moment's Time for Reflection, consented to what she desir'd, and sent immediate Word to the *Jew* and *Hauterive*, that if they pleas'd they might have free leave to visit the Ladies.

BUT he no sooner heard they were below, than he took them into a private Room, and declar'd to them his true Intentions ; adding, that it wou'd be in vain for them to think of redeeming *Isabella*, but if they would forward his Desire with her, he would resign to them *Mariana* without Ransom, and it was on this Condition only, he told them, that he would consent, to an Interview. *Hauterive*, who was impatient to see *Isabella* by any means, seem'd to agree to what he said, and they were then conducted to the Apartment, where they were expected by *Isabella* and *Mariana*.

THE sight of *Hauterive* renewing the Remembrance of the Count de *Salmony*, had thrown *Isabella* into the condition she had but lately been recover'd from, had not her Griefs found vent in Tears, which poured in great abundance from her Eyes, while she receiv'd the Salutations of that faithful Lover, who afterwards paid his Compliments to *Mariana* ; and there was something so mournful in this meeting, that Sighs were for some Moments the only Language any of them could make use

use of. *Isabella*, at last, overcoming those violent Emotions, which had depriv'd her of Speech, thank'd *Hauterive*, in the most obliging Terms, for the Pains he had taken for her; and told him, that in spite of her indifference for Life, after the losses she had sustain'd, she could not avoid being sensible of what he had undertaken for her Deliverance.

THESE Words giving him a Suspicion, that she thought the Count had perish'd by that Wound they saw him receive, he delay'd not to free her from an Error, so fatal to her Repose. If the loss of *Madam de Mayrand*, reply'd he, and your Liberty, makes Life seem a burthen to you, at present; yet *Madam!* you ought to remember there is a Person not less dear to you, who could not survive your Death. The Count *de Salmony* has a right to expect you should live for him; and if you think the little I have done, or shall be able to do, either for you or him, merits your Regard, you cannot condemn Life, without injuring the Gratitude you are pleas'd to express for my Services.

HOW! cry'd the beautiful *Mariana*, does then my Brother live! On which *Hauterive* recounted all that had befallen him, concealing nothing of his despair, and the impossibility it would have been to have prevail'd on him to have outliv'd the loss of *Isabella*, had not his Cares, and the Assurance he gave him of undertaking something for her Deliverance, made him listen to the Pleas of Self-preservation. This little History excited Millions of Acclamations from the two fair Captives; which being a little over, *Hauterive* proceeded to inform them of the Conversation he had with the *Turk*, and the Conditions on which he obtain'd Permission to entertain them.

HE had no sooner mention'd the offer of *Zelim* to restore *Mariana* without Ransom, than she cry'd out, with a Gaiety, which, till then had long been a Stranger to her Voice and Eyes: No, I will never consent to that Article, Liberty is not so precious to me as to make

make me with the Enjoyment of it without *Isabella*, and I will never abandon her, tho' I should be constrain'd to become the Wife of a *Turk* too. Neither *Isabella* nor *Hauterive* could forbear smiling at this little fally; but as the Time was precious, they employ'd the remaining part of this Visit in consulting what was best to be done, and it was concluded among them, that *Mademoiselle de Mayrand* should continue to treat *Zelim* with her usual cool Civility, and that *Hauterive* should give him hope, that Time and Assiduity might vanquish her Resistance; and that while they amus'd him in this manner, the *Jew*, *Salem*, should make use of his Interest with the Regency to force him to restore her. Every thing being thus agreed on, they took leave, that too long a Conversation might not give occasion of Suspicion; and the *Jew* and *Hauterive* relating the matter to *Zelim*, as it had been resolv'd, he gave them a very magnificent Collation, assuring *Hauterive*, that if *Isabella* grew more softned by his Words, there was nothing he would not do to recompense so great an Obligation.

THIS perfectly generous Rival, exactly maintain'd the Promise he had made the Count at parting, and tho' having gain'd the Confidence of *Zelim*, he was permitted to visit, as often as he pleas'd, the Charmer of his Heart, yet did he never in the least make any mention of his own Passion, but conjur'd her to live and reward that of *de Salmony*. He also wrote him from time to time a faithful Account of every Thing that pass'd; the *Jew* sending his Letters under cover to his Friend *Sacerdoty* at *Leghorn*, who from thence transmitted them to *France*. A considerable Time elapsed in this manner without being able to do any thing for the delivery of *Isabella*; and *Zelim* perceiving no change in his favour from the Behaviour of that Lady, began to suspect *Hauterive* had not dealt with him as sincerely as he expected, and resolving to be satisfy'd, conceal'd himself, when he knew of his coming, in a Closet where he could hear distinctly every thing. As
this

this little Company imagined not they had so dangerous a Witness, they communicated their Thoughts with the utmost Freedom to each other. *Isabella* said to *Hauterive*, that she could no longer support the cruel constraint she was under, in being oblig'd to listen to the odious Addresses of a *Turk*; and that if her Enlargement was not very soon effected, it would be prevented by her death.

HAUTERIVE entreated she would not yet proceed to any thing that might drive *Zelim* to extremes, telling her it was Patience and Time alone must do their Work; and then informed her, that Father *le Vacher*, Consul of the *French* at *Algier*, had promised to use his utmost Interest with the *Bassaw*, to oblige *Xelim* to restore her for a Reasonable Ransom.

THE *Turk* lost all Patience at this Discourse, and flying out of his Concealment, utter'd a thousand Reproaches on the Perfidy, as he term'd it, of *Hauterive*; and told *Isabella*, that she had now no other Remedy but to resolve to yield to his Desires, for Liberty was what she must never hope for. After this, he desired *Hauterive* to quit his House that moment, and to return to it no more. 'Tis easy to conceive the Indignation *Hauterive* was inflamed with; but being infinitely too weak of himself to oppose *Zelim* and his Retinue, which on occasion were within Call, he was compell'd to submit, and fearing for *Isabella*, he had again recourse to Dissimulation; and taking *Zelim* aside, he laboured all he could to persuade that *Turk* he had not spoken in that manner, but to prevent any Violence he was apprehensive *Isabella* might offer to her own Life. But all this was without effect, and he was not able to prevail on him to suffer his Admittance any more.

NOR had the *Jew* been more successful in his Endeavours: Father *le Vacher* had indeed greatly influenc'd the *Bassaw*, but tho' he sent several times to *Zelim*, and the King of *Algier* also required him to deliver his Captives, yet not at all the Authority of the one or the other

was

was sufficient to obtain it of him : his great Credit and Intimacy with *Moxemorte*, General of all the Land and Sea Forces, enabled him either to oppose or elude the Efforts of the Consul.

HAUTERIVE was in the most cruel Despair when the *Algerines* receiv'd News that *Lewis XIV.* had taken a Resolution to chastise the insolence of these Corsairs, who were continually making Descents on the Coasts of *Languedoc* and *Provence*, carrying away the Inhabitants, and making them Slaves, plundering the Country, taking the Ships, and by that means destroying the *French* Commerce with the *Levant* ; that for this purpose he had equip'd a strong Fleet which was now ready to set sail, and these Tydings being confirm'd from all Parts, every body was employ'd in putting the City in a Posture of Defence. Fresh Intelligence of this approaching Misfortune arriving every Day, *Hauterive* was soon inform'd that his most *Christian* Majesty had nominated Monsieur the Marquis *de Quesne*, Vice-Admiral of *France*, for this Expedition, and began on hearing this to entertain new Hopes of having it still in his power to be of service to *Isabella*.

T H E very Name of this Marquis fill'd all *Algier* with Terror, they could not forget how fatal he had formerly been to them, nor that in the preceding Year he had destroy'd a great number of their Vessels in different Encounters, and that he had pursued some belonging to *Tripoly*, who unable to get into that Harbour took refuge in that of *Scios*, which is an Island of the *Archipelago*, under the Dominion of the Grand Signior, and fortified by the *Turks* ever since *Solyman the Magnificent* made a Conquest of it from the *Genoese*.

T H E Corsairs hoped to avoid the Resentment of the King in this *Asylum*, where they were under the Protection of the Grand Signior, and had the Promise of Assistance from the *Bassaw* : but neither the Cittadel, nor the Fort which overlooks the Harbour, nor the Ramparts of the City of *Scios*, cou'd withstand the Cannon of the Marquis *de Quesne* ; he soon destroyed the Fort, and
attack'd

attack'd the Cittadel and Ramparts so furiously, that in three Hours time all was in a Blaze: the Corsairs Vessels to the number of Fourteen then lying in the Harbour, were all either burn'd or sunk.

THIS terrible Example might well make them dread the Approach of so formidable an Enemy a second time, tho' it had not deterred them from provoking him to it, by sending out Vessels to pillage on the *French* Coasts, as I have already related: the Terror they were in, made them take all imaginable Precautions, they erected Batteries of Cannon on the Sea-side, they had a triple Chain made to the Gates of the City and obliged every one to go out of it, who by Age or Weakness was disabled from defending it.

THESE extraordinary Preparations engrossed *Zelim* in such a manner that the two fair Slaves had an entire Relaxation from his Persecutions, and the Grief of not seeing *Hauterive*, was in great measure attoned for, by being eased of the hated Presence of the other. But tho' he was employed in another place, yet did he neglect nothing which might prevent their escape, and the fears he was in of losing them in this Confusion, put him on new Projects not less destructive to their Repose, than the Sight of him would have been.

TO secure them at once from the Dangers to which every one is exposed in a Siege, and equally from any Attempts for their Enlargement, he removed them to a House, fifteen Miles distant from *Algier*, under the Care of an Eunuch whose Faith to him he had experienced: But this was not sufficient to content him; he could not be easy while *Hauterive* remained in *Algier*, and perceiving he made no Preparations for his Departure, resolved to get him privately murder'd. But this Design succeeded not as the other had done; *Salem* the Jew was entirely devoted to *Hauterive*, and knew the Humour of that Nation: He penetrated into the Designs of *Zelim*, and obliged *Hauterive* to stay very much at home, never suffering him to go out but with a sufficient Number of Slaves for his Defence: He was notwithstanding this

Caution

Caution once attacked, but getting the better of those who assaulted him, he extorted from the Mouth of one of them a Confession of the whole matter.

THIS was enough to convince *Salem* there was no safety for his Friend in that Place; he therefore sent him to a little Village thirty Miles from *Algier*, with Letters of Recommendation to an intimate Friend he had there, and a strict charge to conceal him from every body. This obliging *Jew* assured him also at parting, that as soon as the *French Fleet* should arrive he would find means to inform the Vice-Admiral of the Misfortunes of *Isabella* and *Mariana*, and beg'd therefore that he would make himself easy, since those Ladies were now removed from the Solicitations of *Zelim*. But all he could say was too weak to combat with the Despair, which now had taken empire in the Breast of *Hauterive*, and he proceeded on his Journey to *Elquir* with little Hope, and an infinity of Melancholy.

COUNT *de Salmony*, in the mean time, being perfectly recover'd, and receiving Letters from *Hauterive* of the Difficulties he found in accomplishing his Design, resolv'd to go in person, and either restore Liberty to those who were so dear to him, or die in the attempt. He had no sooner heard that the King design'd to send a Fleet thither, than he went to *Thoulon*, where the Marquis was at that time; and acquainting him with the Captivity of *Isabella* and *Mariana*, and the double Interest he had in their Deliverance, entreated he might be permitted to accompany him in this Expedition. The Vice-Admiral received him with pleasure, omitted nothing that might console him, and assured him, that except Fortune should be more averse than he had reason to expect, the Freedom of Persons so dear to him should be accomplish'd. Soon after this a calm Sea and favourable Wind call'd on them to embark, which, every thing being ready, they accordingly did, in the Beginning of *May* 1683. and had the Satisfaction to cast Anchor the 20th of

Jane, in the Road of *Algier*, where they were met by five other Ships under the Command of the Marquis *de Aufreville*. On the 22d they held a Council of War, and the next day disposed the Vessels and Gallies in the most proper manner for the bombarding the City. On the 25th they began the Attack, but without any great Success: The next Night, when the Besieged thought of no such Matter, they ply'd them so furiously both with Bombs and great Cannon, that in an hour's time several parts of the City were on fire; the Palace of *Hassan* the *Dey* or King of *Algier* was consumed the first, and the wretched Inhabitants had sufficient Employment to quench the spreading Flames, without offering to annoy the Enemy, who still continued prosecuting what they had so successfully begun. The Dawn of Day presented the *Algerines* with the most dreadful Spectacle that Imagination can paint, their Vessels sunk in the Harbour, their Batteries demolish'd, and great part of their City laid in Ashes: So horrible a Devastation was scarce ever known in so short a Space of Time. The People and Soldiers cried out for Peace with the utmost Vehemence, and the *Dey* having assembled the *Divan*, it was agreed that Father *Le Vacher*, the French Consul, accompany'd by an *Algerine* of Quality, should treat with the Vice-Admiral.

BUT the Marquis *du Quesne* refused to listen to any Terms of Accommodation, till they had first deliver'd all the Captives of what Nation soever that they had taken out of French Ships or from the Lands. This the *Algerines* were compell'd to comply with, and the next day brought, in two Shallops, a hundred and forty-two Slaves, to the Fleet, with promise to recall all those who were in the Country cultivating the Lands or otherwise employed.

THE Count *de Salmony* seeing not his Mistress nor Sister among the Number, testified his Disquiet to the Marquis *du Quesne*; but *Salem* the Jew, watchful for the Liberty of these illustrious Slaves, had informed
Father

Father *le Vacher* in what place *Zelim* had concealed them, and had caused a false Report to be spread of their Deaths ; and a full Account of all this was sent by the Mouth of one of the freed Slaves to the Vice-Admiral, who the same moment he was informed of it, ordered the Conducters of the *Shallops* to tell the *Divan*, that if *Zelim* did not restore the two Captives he had at his Country House, that very Day, the succeeding Night should complete the Destruction of their City and themselves.

ON this Menace, the *Divan* ordain'd that *Zelim* on peril of his Life, should yield them up, and forthwith send them to the Vice-Admiral. It is not to be doubted but that *Zelim*, who had done so much for the Conservation of these Captives, made many Evasions to avoid delivering them ; but all his Artifices were of no effect, nor was there any Appeal from the Decree which gave them Liberty ; he was therefore constrained to submit, and since he was so, conducted them himself to the Ship, where the Marquis *du Quesne* was making a kind of merit of what he did, but thro' Compulsion.

NEVER was Extacy superior to that which these Ladies felt at seeing themselves at liberty, and among Persons of Honour, and of their own Country, except that which succeeded it ; when after having receiv'd the Congratulations of the Marquis *du Quesne*, and answer'd to the Praises he could not forbear giving of their extreme Beauty, they found themselves in the Arms of the Count *de Salmony*.

WHAT Tears now fell at the Remembrance of past Misfortunes ! What Transports did the present Happiness excite ! A Meeting so unhoped, and so ardently desired, inspired Sentiments, which none but faithful, generous, and tender Hearts are capable of conceiving, and which are not to be describ'd by all the pomp and elegance of Words.

AFTER having indulg'd all that Love and Nature could suggest, the Count's first Care was to inform himself of *Hauterive* : Mademoiselle *de Mayrand*

Let him know how they had been separated, and that he had never been able to hear any thing of him since. This Discourse embitter'd the Sweets the generous *Salmory* had so lately feasted on : even Love could not render him forgetful of what he owed to Friendship ; he communicated his Discontent to the Marquis *du Quesne*, who immediately sent to Father *le Vacher* to enquire for him of the *Jew Salem*, and in a short time they receiv'd the News that he was living and in health, but that it was not thought safe for him to appear at *Algier*, till the Peace was concluded, or things settled some way or other.

A L L this was done in the Interval of restoring the *Christian* Captives, the number of whom, brought at several Times to the Admiral, was five hundred and forty-six, of several Nations, but all taken in the *French* Service. After this, the Marquis consented to treat on a Peace, and to that end sent the Marquis *de Anfreville* and the famous *Descomes* Ingenier-General, to let the *Diwan* know the Conditions on which *Lewis the Great* had permitted them to withdraw their Forces.

T H E first Article was, that they should restore all the other *Christian* Slaves which were still dispersed at distance through their Territories ; and the second, that all the Damage done to the *French* in their Ships, their Merchandize, and their Lands, should be made good.

T H I S last Condition was too considerable for the *Dey* to grant without the Consent of *Mezemorte*, as he was most concerned in it, being General of the Corsairs ; and a Man held in high estimation both by the Soldiers and People. He was therefore call'd to the *Diwan* ; but he no sooner heard the Proposals than he flew into the utmost Rage ; saying, that those at the Head of the Government had sold the City to the *French* ; and that for his part he never would consent to buy the Friendship of an Enemy at so dear a Price as the Restitution of all had been taken from them. Having spoke in this manner, he left the *Diwan* ; nor would return, tho' his Presence was several times desir'd.

H E

H E was not however, idle in this Interim ; he summoned all the chief Citizens and Soldiers to his Palace, where he told them *Huffan* was a weak or treacherous Prince, that he was unworthy to reign over them, that he had affronted the Nation in restoring the *Christian* Slaves without any Security of having their own in exchange ; and so incensed them against this unfortunate Prince, that they resolv'd to assassinate him the following Night. Accordingly at ten of the Clock, as he went his Rounds thro' the Works, a Custom always observ'd by the *Deys* in time of War, eight of these Villains chosen by *Mexemorte* for that purpose, attended his Passage, and stabb'd him to the Heart before he had the least warning of his Fate.

MEZEMORTE was immediately proclaim'd King with a general Acclamation of the People, and to show how much he merited the Honour they had conferr'd on him, he told 'em he would retrieve the Glory of *Algier*, or die in endeavouring it, talking loudly how dear he would make the *French* pay for having taken advantage of the soft Nature of *Huffan* ; and as soon as it was broad Day, order'd the White Flags to be taken off the Battlements, and red ones, the signal of War, to be put up. This Infidelity so highly incensed the Marquiss, that he renewed his Attack the same Day : Bombs, Cannons, Fire-Balls, and Battering-Rams were at once employ'd in this general Assault ; and before Noon, the best part of the Buildings were either consumed or beaten down. The Flames of the City mingling with those of the Vessels in the Port ; The Cries of those that perish'd in them ; the Blood which ran streaming through the Streets ; and the dead Carcasses in Heaps stopping up the Passages, afforded a Spectacle so terrible, as might have mov'd any Heart but that of the barbarous *Mexemorte* ; but it served only more to heighten his Rage against the *French*, and so little did he regard the Rights of Nations, or his public Faith, that in revenge for what their Countrymen had done, he caused all the *French* which sojourn'd in that City to be mur-

der'd; and seized on their Effects. Not even the sacred Robe of Father *la Vecber* the Consul, could protect him from the Fury of this savage Monster, who caused the holy Man to be shot from the Mouth of a Cannon instead of a Ball.

THE Vice-Admiral learn'd this Excess of Barbarity from the Mouth of some Slaves, who to escape the Cruelty of *Mezemorte*, betook themselves to the Waves, and swam to the *French Ships*, as also that *Zelim* had perished in this last Attack.

HAUTERIVE, who remained still in his Concealment, was from time to time informed of every thing that passed by the faithful *Salem*, and the Knowledge that *Isabella* and *Mariana* had recovered their Liberty, and were on board the Ship of the Vice-Admiral, gave him the extremest Satisfaction; it was the more perfect, as he was entirely ignorant that *Salmony* was with the Fleet, and had none of those jealous and impatient Emotions which otherwise, not all his Generosity could have defended him from.

THE Month of *August* being now over, and that of *September* ordinarily bringing Winds which render these Coasts very dangerous, the Marquis was obliged to hoist sail contenting himself with having reveng'd the Indignities offer'd to his Royal Master, since the Season of the Year would not permit him entirely to extirpate this savage Race.

BUT before their departure, the Count *de Salmony* found means to convey a Letter to the Jew for *Haute-rive*; which being sent to him, he found it contained these Lines.

To the Sieur HAUTERIVE.

‘TIS with the utmost Grief of Heart, my dear, and generous Rival, that I find myself obliged to quit these Seas without you. I came with the Hope of deliver-
ing

ing you with our adorable *Isabella*, who parts with the same regret I do ; and were we not assured you are in a place of safety, here is nothing I would not hazard rather than abandon you. Believe that the Joy I feel in the Liberty and Presence of those who are so dear to me, is greatly allayed by your not being a partaker of it ; and that I shall taste but an imperfect Happiness till I embrace you.

SALMONY.

HAUTERIVE receiv'd this Letter a few Days after the Fleet had sail'd, and it was with the utmost surprize he found the Count had been at *Algier*, and that he was ordained to give *Isabella* that Freedom himself had strenuously but vainly endeavoured to obtain for her. He doubted not but they would meet ; but then not believing it would be so suddenly, and in such a manner, he had not armed his Heart to endure the pangs it must inflict on him. He was obliged some time to give way to his jealous Transports ; but as he had never any hope of supplanting the Count in her Esteem, and was too generous even to wish it strongly, he contented himself with lamenting his own ill Fate, without envying the Happiness of his Rival.

MONSIEUR the Marquis *du Quesne* was no sooner gone, than the *Algerines* began seriously to consider the miserable state to which they were reduced ; their City, lately so beautiful and flourishing, now three parts destroyed ; their Ships, which were their Strength and Riches, reduced to Ashes ; their Magazines consumed ; their Soldiers but so many dead Carcasses : and what was more dreadful than all, the probability that this terrible General would return next Spring to finish their Ruin. All these Reflections might well put them on taking Counsel how to redress their present Calamities, and ward against the future.

MEZEMORTE, who had been the sole Cause of these Misfortunes, perceived in what Situation the Generality

nerality of the People's Minds was, and fearing the same Fate he had inflicted on *Huffan* his Predecessor with infinitely less Justice, he began to cast about how to prevent it, which he now found could be done no other way than by a Peace with *France*. He sent therefore for the *Jew Salem*, knowing the Correspondence he had with the Intendant at *Marseilles*, and opening his Mind to him, told him that the greatest Service he could do him, and which he would reward, wou'd be to send a Letter to the Intendant with another he would write to his Most *Christian* Majesty to entreat Peace, and that he was ready to submit to any Conditions he should impose.

S A L E M took this Opportunity to enlarge *Hauterive*, and answer'd the *Dey*, that he could do no more to oblige him than he had ask'd, or could possibly expect. There is, my Lord, said he, a young *French* Man of Quality, who came hither with a Passport some time ago, to redeem a Friend of his taken Prisoner by one of your Vessels, but the Troubles and Distractions of this Place obliged him to retire to *Elquir* for his better Security. This Man, continued he, I have some small influence over, and I know him capable by his Wisdom, Merit, and Rank at Court, to do very great Services to the *Algerines*.

M E Z E M O R T E, charmed with this News, desired the *Jew* to bring the Person he mentioned immediately to *Algier*; which the other readily complying with, instructed *Hauterive* in every thing he was to do: and *Mezemorte* at his being introduced, was so well pleased with his Mein and Manner of Deportment, that he doubted not in the least the Truth of what *Salem* had said. Having, therefore, communicated his Designs to him, and given him Letters for the King, and Monsieur the Marquis de *Scignelay*, he made him many considerable Presents, and appointed two *Turks* of Distinction to attend him in his Voyage, and bring back the Answer of his Most *Christian* Majesty.

H A U T E R I V E

HAUTERIVE was not wanting on his part to recompense liberally his Friend *Salem*; after which he embarked in a Ship of *Tunis*, which was then in the Port, and in a short time arrived at *Marseilles*.

BUT while Things were thus transacting at *Algier*, the Count *de Salmony*, with *Isabella* and *Mariana* being happily once more in possession of the Castle *de Mayrand*, having pass'd thro' the Ceremonies of Visiting, and being visited by all the Persons of Distinction round about, the beautiful *Isabella* being at liberty to dispose of herself, was married to the Count with all the pomp usual on such Occasions with Persons of Quality. But while *Salmony* was enjoying the Reward of his Fidelity, with Transports which demonstrated the Excess of his Love, *Hauterive* heard the News of their Marriage, with Emotions terrible enough, tho' not with such as a Lover less generous, would have been instigated by: Great was his Despair, but still continuing the faithful Friend; he wrote to the happy Pair a Letter of sincere Congratulations; but at the same time pictured out the forelorn Condition of his Soul in Terms so moving, that they could not read it without Tears. After having acquitted himself of the Commission with which he was charged by *Mezemorte*, he returned to *Languedoc*, in a State of Mind which none was sensible of but himself.

THE Countess *de Salmony* no sooner heard of his arrival, than, by the advice of her Husband, she sent to entreat his Presence at the Castle *de Mayrand*. It was impossible for him to refuse such a Summons; and without being able to resolve in what manner he should behave, he immediately obeyed it. But alas, he knew not in what manner he should be reduced at beholding what he had only been told of: To see *Isabella* in the Arms of the Count *de Salmony*, was more than all his Resolution could enable him to sustain, and he appeared rather as a fine formed Statue than a living Man. The beautiful *Mariana* could not perceive his Disorders without being touch'd by them in the most sensible

sible manner: Tears forced their Passage thro' her Eyes as she approached to salute him, and in spite of the Stupidity his present Grievs had thrown him in, he penetrated so far into her Heart, as to perceive she had Sentiments which deserved his utmost Acknowledgments; nor did he fail to make them, as well as the Perplexity he was in would give him leave to do. I wish from my Soul, said that charming Maid, that we had never known you, or that you had never loved; I find you so worthy, that I cannot help accusing the Stars of Injustice, in destining you to so hard a Fate; and should have opposed the Sentiments of *Isabella* with my whole Force, had they been in favour of any other to your Prejudice, than my Brother. These Words were accompany'd with such irresistible Graces, that *Hauterive* could not forbear looking on her with more Attention than his Passion for *Isabella* would ever give him leave to do before; and on this Examination found her so beautiful, that he reproached himself for not having given his Heart to her, rather than have suffer'd it to be tormented by an unhappy Passion, which even in its beginning had nothing wherewith to flatter his Hopes.

THE Count and Countess, who had consulted what to do, interrupted the Conversation of *Hauterive* and *Mariana*; and *Isabella* giving her hand to Him, conducted him into her Closet, where *Salmony* went in with them, after having desired *Mariana* in a low Voice not to follow them. *Hauterive* seeing she was not there, asked several times where she was, which Inquietude giving the utmost Satisfaction to her Brother and Sister; You shall see her presently, said the latter, smiling, but the Count and myself have something of Importance to communicate to you. The Obligations you have conferred on us, continued she, with a more serious Air, are such as we should be unworthy to have received, could we be capable of forgetting them. Be assured that, after my Husband nothing is so dear to me as yourself, and that I am your only Rival in his most tender Affections:

Affections : These Sentiments which you so well merit, and which are in our Power to give you Proofs of, ought to compensate for the want of those which it was impossible for you to inspire me with : But to give you yet a more solid Consolation, and unite you to us by all the Ties of Love and Friendship, we must give you a Wife. *Mademoiselle de Salmony* is worthy of you : Her Beauty, Wit, and Virtue, methinks ought not to stand in need of the step we take to excite your Regard : But the Obligations we have to you, carries us beyond all other Considerations than the Recompence of them. Yes, my dear *Hauterive*, added the Count, embracing him, if I had any thing more valuable than *Mariana*, I would readily sacrifice it to repair the Loss I have caused you to sustain : Make your Reflections on what we have said, and I flatter myself you will not then be displeased at being link'd to us by an indissoluble Bond.

REFLECTIONS ! cry'd *Hauterive* ; Is it permitted me to make any one an Offer of this nature ? Could I refuse *Mademoiselle de Salmony* without doing her a wrong which my whole Stock of Blood could never expiate, without rendering myself unworthy of the Condescension you have made me, and without dishonouring the little Understanding I have received from Nature and Education ? No, no, there is no need of reflecting before I accept the precious Gift your Friendship vouchsafes me ; I know the value of it, but would wish to merit it. *Mademoiselle de Salmony* should take up all my Heart, and I desire only a little time to give it her entire, and free from those Chains which have so unhappily enslaved it ; My Sincerity and Gratitude, and the Charms of the incomparable *Mariana* may answer for me that it will not be long.

THIS demand was too reasonable not to be complied with by the Count and Countess ; and having all three embraced with the utmost Tenderness, they went out of the Closet to join *Mademoiselle de Salmony*, who was then walking into the Garden.

HAUTERIVE

HAUTERIVE, who wished for nothing more than to extinguish all the Remains of his unfortunate Passion, and merit the Confidence the Count had reposed in him, began from this Day to indulge Reflection on the Beauties and good Qualities of *Mariana*; and that amiable Lady, who truly loved him, found so well the Secret to improve the Sentiments he entertained in her favour, sometimes by the most sprightly Gaiety, sometimes by Discourses the most solid, and always blending, with the most engaging Softness in her Air, Modesty, and Wisdom, that his Soul insensibly became releas'd from its former Bonds; and *Mariana* took the place of *Isabella* with so powerful an Empire, that none would have believed she had not been the first capable of making an impression on him.

THERE now remained nothing but the nuptial Ceremonies to render these equally enamoured Pair as blest'd as Love could make them: Which being in a short time performed, these four illustrious Lovers liv'd together in so perfect an Intelligence and Concord, that they attracted the Esteem of the whole World. But tho' Gratitude was the first Motive that opened the Eyes of *Hauterive* to distinguish the Merits of *Mariana*, I cannot be of the opinion that that Passion would have the Victory over Love, if Absence, Time, and unsurmountable Obstacles do not combine.

WHILE this agreeable Union was forming, continued *Urania*, one of the *Turks* who came with *Hauterive* to the Court, received a Command to return to *Algier*, and acquaint the *Divan* what they had to hope from the Clemency of the King, who about a Year afterward, on the arrival of their Ambassadors, accepted their Submissions, and granted Peace to *Mexemorte* on his retaliating some part of the Damage those of *Languedoc* and *Provence* had sustained, among whom the beautiful Countess *de Salmony* had no inconsiderable share.

THIS History gave an extreme pleasure to the Company; they were beginning to testify it by praising the manner in which *Urania* had gone through so long a Discourse,

Discourse, when a Servant informed them Supper was on the Table, where being sat, the Conversation turned wholly on what they had been hearing. The Character of *Hauterive* exacted a general Applause, as did also the Resolution and Constancy of *Isabella*, and the wise Conduct of the Count *de Salmony*; but all agreed, that when *Love* and *Gratitude* are inspired by different Objects, *Love* will always have the Preference.

URANIA would not permit *Hortensia* and *Melintus* to go out of her House that Night; and this charming Society, in order to render the next Day more long, separated themselves sooner than ordinary, giving some Hours of Repose to Nature, that she might animate them with new Spirit when they awaked.





T H E
F I F T E E N T H D A Y .



RANIA had no sooner quitted her Bed than she pass'd into *Julia's* Apartment where the rest of the Company coming in a short time, the Conversation began with the usual Vivacity, though on ordinary things; till *Camilla* willing it should turn on the instructive, began thus. I have been dreaming all Night, said she, of the Barbarity of the *Algerines*; and the deplorable Fate of Father *le Vacher*; and I think *Lewis the Great* could not impose too severe Conditions for the Punishment of such Cruelties.

THEY suffered as you have heard, replied *Urania*, in the loss of every thing valuable to them; and tho' they seem'd a while to glory in their Obstinacy, it cost them dear in the end. Obstinacy, added *Thelamont*, especially in an unjust Cause, not only deserves, but for the most part draws on the most terrible Misfortunes. It was this that occasion'd those long and bloody Wars, between

tween the Republicks of *Pisa* and *Genoa*, in which both of them suffered considerable Losses, and terminated in the total Destruction of *Pisa*.

THIS Diffension began on the Right of nominating a Person to be Bishop of *Corfica*, to which both of them pretended. Those of *Pisa* maintained, that *Muxatte*, King of the *Saracens*, had taken this Island from the *Genoese*; and that they having since assisted in delivering it from the Infidels, ought to be invested in those Prerogatives which the others had forfeited by their Incapacity of defending it. The *Genoese* on the other hand alledged, that they had been in possession of those Prerogatives for many Ages; that the Invasion of *Muxatte* could not destroy their Right; and that this was only an Usurpation of the Lords of *Pisa*.

NEITHER receding in this Dispute, both these Republicks raised Armies; many Battles were fought by Sea and Land, with various Success; but the *Genoese* had most frequently the better: and after a War of more than twenty five Years they obtained a Victory, which put the finishing Stroke to this long Quarrel. Those of *Pisa* seeing no Remedy, were constrained to entreat Peace; but the insulting Conquerors refused all Accommodation but on the most hard Conditions. The first was, that they should give up for ever to the *Genoese*, the whole Island of *Corfica*, and all the Prerogatives they pretended to have over it. The second, and most mortifying was, that they should pluck down the Tops of all the Houses in *Pisa*, leaving them no more than one Story high, *to the end*, said the *Genoese*, *that when they see their Palaces, and those magnificent Structures so much humbled, it may be a curb to the Pride of the Inhabitants, and put them in mind what is owing to their Vanquishers and Masters.* The Senate and Lords of *Pisa* could not contain their Rage at this Proposal, and the People became so desperate when informed of it, that they chose rather to set the whole City in a blaze than submit to such Demands: But the great Men shewed in this Affair, less contempt for Life than the

the Populace, and by demolishing their fine Palaces; they first gave an example which the rest by degrees were perswaded to imitate; and in a short time all those lofty Turrets and gilded Spires which ornamented this beautiful City were reduced to flat Roofs of so many single Floors. But the hate which this Insolence of Conquest occasion'd, still continues, and doubtless will, for many Generations among the Natives of *Pisa*.

BEHOLD, therefore, pursued *Thelamont*, how severely the Sin of Obstinacy was punished in this Republick, and judge if it had not been better for them to have receded in some Points, than to have endured so long a War, in which great number of Lives were lost, and to see their Buildings suffer a Diminution so shameful to the Inhabitants? We hear of many such Incidents in History, said *Julia*, which one cannot reflect on without being amazed that Men should so far be sway'd by an empty Pride, and Tenaciousness of what, it often happens in strict Legality belongs not to 'em: as it was with *Pisa*, that Republick having, indeed, no right over the Island of *Corfica*, unless every Dominion which assists the other, may be said to have one.

STILICON, said *Alphonso*, chief Commander of the Legions of the Emperor *Honorius*, was the most versed in all the Stratagems of War, the most courageous, and most implacable in his Cruelty of any General of his time; having led the Imperial Army against *Radaguis* King of the *Goths*, who had enter'd *Italy* with numerous Forces, and committed great Devastations, overtook him in *Tuscany*, where the other waited his approach to give him battle: But *Stilicon*, knowing that not only the Glory, but Safety also of all the Empire depended on his Success, was unwilling to hazard so great a Stake; and, therefore, artfully shifted Places so often, that he greatly harass'd the *Gothick* Troops, and at last, by a Master-piece of Cunning, enclos'd 'em in the Streights of *Faisole*. They had no sooner pitch'd their Tents, than *Radaguis* was sensible of his Error; but

but tho' he attempted to remove, was prevented in all his Enterprises by *Stilicon*, who kept his Forces as it were at bay, sometimes seeming to leave a Passage free, then closing it up again with the dead Bodies of those who marched forward. In fine, great Numbers perish'd by this Stratagem, and the whole Body of the Army was greatly weakened by Diseases and Famine : having no communication with any Town, they were at length compelled to eat their Horses ; but what was infinitely more terrible was, that the excessive Heats that Summer had entirely dried up a little Rivulet that run thro' the Valley, and had serv'd for some time to sustain Nature. Having now neither Food nor Water, they fell dying on the Earth, like Autumn Leaves from the Trees, and those which yet surviv'd, were too weak to interr their Companions. In this Calamity they sent every Hour to *Stilicon* ; but he refused their Messages, and could not be prevail'd on either to supply them with the Necessaries of Life, or to grant them Liberty to depart, tho' they made him all Sorts of Submissions, and would gladly have subscribed to any Terms he could have propos'd. He had the Cruelty to let the King, the Generals, and a great number of Women and Children who follow'd their Husbands and their Fathers, perish in this miserable Manner ; and exulted, that he had destroy'd with little Loss to the Empire, an Army with which the unfortunate *Radaguis* had promised himself the Conquest of all *Italy*.

THIS was a strange Cruelty in my Opinion, cried *Florinda*, and I think *Stilicon* had acquired much greater Glory if he had been more humane. Indeed interrupted *Felicia* ; he shewed himself, on this occasion, more barbarous than those to whom that Name is generally given.

W A R has great Privileges, answer'd *Erasmus*, and a General is not to be blamed, who puts in practice all sorts of Stratagems that may conduce to the Destruction of his Enemy. I condemn not, resumed that amiable Lady, the Artifice by which he distress'd his Enemies,
but

but the *Cruelty* he *treated them with*, when in his power. I believe there are none here, Madam, said *Melantus*, who would not find it very difficult to act as *Stilicon*. Certainly, added *Orophanes* : but it must still be allowed, the Empire owed its safety to this total Ruin of that great Army, who would else have recruited, and been no less cruel than they had been in the Heart of *Italy*, plundering and committing all sorts of Outrages wherever they passed.

I T is very essential, said *Arsames*, to a General who makes use of Stratagem, to be perfectly acquainted with the Character, and even Disposition of those he would practise them upon ; to the end, that knowing what his Enemy is capable of Enterprizing, he may also know how to prevent and break his Measures.

I N all Times, and among all Nations, added *Thelamont*, the greatest Generals have had recourse to Stratagem ; but without searching the Records of Antiquity, there are yet flagrant in our Memory, many singular and glorious Examples. Monsieur de *Turenne* with a handful of Men, his Army consisting of no more than fourteen thousand, destroyed the Imperial Forces, tho' very near six to one, and in possession of *Alsatia*. The *Germans* apprehending no such matter, were enjoying themselves, and scatter'd up and down the Country, when the Marshal surprized and attack'd them at the foot of the Mountains of that Province.

T H E Stratagems of Monsieur the Marshal de *Luxembourg* at *Flerus*, and at *Luze*, gained him two very great Victories over the confederate Armies, commanded by Count *Waldec*. At the Battle of *Steinkerque*, the Prince of *Orange* and the Duke of *Bavaria* made use of a Stratagem, which must undoubtedly have been successful, had not the Genius of *Luxembourg* been superiour to theirs. The Allies having surprized him before he could range his Army in form of Battle ; they had already broke through the Brigade of *Bourbon*, and taken six Pieces of Cannon, which they turned against the *French* : But this was destined to give

give never-dying Laurels to the gallant Prince of *Conti*, and the Marshal *de Luxembourg*; who, perceiving that all was in Danger, did things which were almost supernatural, and in repetition, will hardly be credited by after-ages: In a Word, they, and they alone, for it was their Valour that animated the rest, made Victory turn her Face to the utmost Disappointment of those two great Generals, the Prince of *Orange* and Duke of *Bavaria*, who in the Beginning of the Fight, had assured themselves of a contrary Fate.

THE Marshal *de Luxembourg* returned this Deception, said *Arsames*, and tho' it was very difficult to surprize the Prince of *Orange*, his uncommon Penetration making him see almost every thing, yet could he not prevent one which was not a little fatal to his Army. The Marshal having no Opportunity of attacking his Enemies, they being encamp'd in a Place too advantageous, he order'd fifteen thousand Pioneers, with a great Number of Cannon to go toward *Liege*, and then follow'd with the whole Body of his Army, having provided them with store of Ammunition Bread, and a prodigious Quantity of all Sorts of Victuals, which he caus'd to be bought up all round the Country. This News being immediately reported to the Prince of *Orange*, he doubted not but the Marshal was going to besiege *Liege*. In this Belief he decamp'd, and pass'd the River *Geet*, with a Resolution of following the *French* Army, and enclosing them behind when they should be set down before that City: But how great was his Confusion, when, being entered on the Plains of *Nerwind*, he perceived those whom he thought so far off, were within half a League of him; and no sooner found the Success of their Stratagem, than they turned and marched up to him. Night was just coming on; but this great Prince had Presence enough of Mind to give all necessary Orders to avoid Confusion in his Troops, he oblig'd them to work all Night to make an Entrenchment, nor gave any Moments to repose himself, but by his Presence encourag'd them
to

to neglect nothing so great an emergency required : But in spite of all these Precautions, the Marshal broke in upon him, and forced the fight while he was yet unready for defence. In this Battle the Allies lost a great number of Men ; and the *French* might be said to have gain'd a complete Victory, tho' it must be confess'd, to the glory of *Nassau*, that never any Man behaved with more Courage and Conduct ; nor did ever any Troops more answer the Expectations of their General than those he led, tho' against all the Advantages the Marshal de *Luxembourg* now had over them, they could not hope to conquer.

AMONG the many Stratagems which have met with their desired effect, said *Orophanes*, we must not omit that made use of at the Camp of *Dinant*, by Monsieur the Marshal de *Villars* ; when surprizing them with Sword in hand, he destroyed the greatest part of their Troops, dispers'd the rest, took the *Dutch* General prisoner, and all the Provisions and Ammunition that were to be conveyed to the Army of Prince *Eugene*, then besieging *Landrecy*, which obliged him soon after to raise that Siege, and occasioned the Reduction of three considerable Places which had cost the Allies three several Campaigns. All this was the fruit of one great Victory ; and the Peace that follow'd thereupon, crowned that Hero with immortal Honour. Nor did he fail to receive, replied *Urania*, the Just Reward of his Valour and Prudence from his august Master, and the whole Kingdom. It is certain, added *Erasmus*, that no General ever deserv'd more of his King and Country, than did the Marshal de *Villars*. He was a Man formed as it were, for War, and had in him all the Qualifications necessary to complete a great General : He discover'd those Admirable Talents at the most early Years, and in the first Essays of his Arms, gave Proofs that he only wanted an Opportunity to do the greatest Actions.

T H E R E

THERE is no Character, in my Judgment, replied *Florinda*, more illustrious than that of an Hero, nor do I blame Ambition in a Monarch when it transports him no farther than for the Glory of his Country: but in the Quarrels which happen between Princes, methinks good Manners should always be observed with the utmost strictness. I have seen some Declarations of War which have been filled with the most injurious Expressions, and by the heat and fury with which they seem to have been wrote, carry more the Air of a personal Hatred, than just Consideration for the good of their Subjects. They should, methinks, consider, that tho' there is a time in which *War* is necessary, it may be followed by one wherein *Peace* may be acceptable; that their Manifesto's remain to Posterity, and that Invectives for the most part do more prejudice to him that makes them, than to the Object they are made upon. I know 'tis requisite that a Prince should equally inform his Subjects and his Enemy with the Reasons of his making War; but then I would have him only set forth the Justice of his Cause, without entering into particular Piques or biting Reproaches.

IT seems to me, that Kings in all their Actions ought to be agitated in a manner different from other Men; that is to say, with as much more Grandeur and Nobleness, as they are elevated in their Station above their Subjects; and that in all their quarrels they should avoid the Weakness of the Vulgar.

NOTHING, beautiful *Florinda*, can be more just than this Reflection, replied *Thelamont*; we read in History that those Heroes whose Names are so greatly respected, gained no less Honour by their manner of making War, than by their great Victories. In the Wars of the *Greeks* and *Persians*, in those of *Peloponnesus*, of *Darius* and *Alexander*, of *Cæsar* and *Pompey*; what a just decorum was observed; what Consideration did every generous Enemy treat the other with!

A famous

A famous Historian speaking of *Demetrius* and *Ptolemy*, two of *Alexander's* Successors ; *The sole desire of Glory* said he, *enflamed their Hearts, they were free from Envy, Avarice, or Hate, and behaved with more Honour in Enmity, than we find usually practised among those who profess Friendship.*

IT is thus that all Princes ought to act, and I believe this excellent Lesson of the Ancients, that *we should treat our Friends as Persons who might one day be our Enemies ; and our Enemies as those who might hereafter become our Friends,* was chiefly intended for them.

I never read or heard of a contrary Behaviour, said *Arsames* ; but it surprizes me, that neither Policy, nor Glory can correct those wild Sallies of Passion, to which alone we can ascribe that little Respect a Prince pays to his own Dignity in abusing it in the Person of his Equal. It is indeed highly for the Interest of all Men to observe this Rule, but infinitely more so for those, whose every Action is not only conspicuous, while they live, to the whole World, but also register'd for *Posterity* to censure or approve, till time shall be no more.

ARSAMES was about to continue his Discourse, when *Urania* was informed Dinner waited them ; on which they adjourned to the Hall, where having placed themselves at Table, they gave a little Relaxation to serious Entertainments ; but tho' the Conversation could not be said to be altogether so instructive as it had been, it was not, however, accompany'd with less Wit. Such a Delicacy of Sentiment reigned through all this amiable Society, as gave an agreeable turn to the most insignificant Subject, and nothing fell from the Mouth of any of them that could be called superfluous or unmeaning.

DINNER being over, they retired to the Study, where they were no sooner entered, than they saw *Celestina* accompany'd by two Ladies whose Beauty could no where be equalled but in this Assembly. We arrived here but this Morning, said *Celestina*, and jealous of the

the Happiness of *Melantus* and *Hortensia*, who I heard were here, I come to share it with these two Persons, whom when you know as well as I do, I doubt not if their presence will be agreeable. I can assure you, replied *Hortensia*, who advanced towards them with *Urania*, that you are not in the least deceived in this Conjecture, for this agreeable Company are already strongly prepossessed in favour of *Silviana* and *Arelise*.

THESE Words leaving *Urania* no longer in suspense, she saluted her new Guests in a manner which made them see their Company was extremely acceptable to her. I know not how to believe, said *Arelise*, that we have the Advantage *Hortensia* would flatter us with the Hope, or that our Names can be considerable enough to be known in a place which contains whatever is most amiable in the World. Permit me to tell you, beautiful *Arelise*, replied *Urania*, that there is more of Modesty than Truth in your Discourse; and if you imagine that there is any thing agreeable in our Society, you must also believe that we are fond of the Company of Persons who are capable of heightning our Enjoyments. In Justice to all here, therefore, as well as to myself, I shall omit nothing in my power to convince you with how much ardency the Acquaintance of *Silviana* and *Arelise* has been desired by us.

ARELISE, said *Silviana*, with the most enchanting Vivacity, ought to speak only for herself; Solitude, the Love of Reading, and a Wisdom sometimes too austere, makes her prefer her Closet to the most enlivening Conversation: But I am of a humour altogether different, and the Gaiety of it is so well known to all who have ever seen me, that among the Number, I don't think it impossible that some one may have informed *Urania* that I am of a Character sufficiently extraordinary to excite her Curiosity.

WE shall judge of it, answer'd *Urania*, smiling; and here are those who must assist me in testifying the pleasure I feel in your presence. At these Words the

two

two beautiful* Friends received the Salutations of the whole Company, which Civilities being over, and every body sat down; You see here, said *Camilla*, with her usual Sprightliness, an Assembly which promises you nothing but Entertainments extremely grave and serious, being all of us Wives and Husbands; but when you shall know that our Husbands are our Lovers, and that our greatest Happiness is in being their Mistresses, you will banish those Ideas, which the first Reflection on our Conditions might inspire.

THIS is a very delicate and artful way, replied *Silviana*, in the same Tone, of letting us know that we have no Conquests to expect here.

IT is true, added *Florinda*, and we ought to esteem it a greater Blessing than ever we did, that those we love are united to us by indissoluble Ties; since without that, we should have cause to apprehend Danger in the sight of so many Charms.

YOU do not consider, interrupted *Orophanes*, that these Compliments involve us in the utmost Perplexity: None of us but are ready to do justice to the Beauty of *Silviana* and *Arelise*, and to prove our Sense of it by all the Gallantries in our power; but as we are Husbands, it is not permitted them to accept of our Devours, and the Character of Lovers of our Wives, forbids us also to say all that we think. To relieve you from this Inquietude, answer'd *Celestina*, I think it no breach of Discretion to declare to you that *Silviana* and *Arelise* are engaged to submit in a very short time to the Laws of *Hymen*; and as Love has the chief hand in making these Nuptials, 'tis not to be doubted but that their Husbands will also, always continue to be their Lovers.

THIS is News, Madam, said *Melintus*, which demands all our Acknowledgments; nor could any thing afford us a more sincere Satisfaction; for tho' this agreeable Company are entirely free from all Envy and Jealousy, yet I am persuaded that the Spirit of Freedom and Confidence will sparkle more among them, than had

had they been of different Conditions. In speaking these Words, he gave *Erasmus* a look which *Florinda* observing, blushed exceedingly, remembering the little Uneasiness she had express'd on the Dialogue on Self-love being read ; but recovering immediately from her Disorder ; I understand, said she to him, to whom this Discourse is address'd, and I will save you the Trouble of publishing my Weakness by doing it myself. It is I alone, continued she, to whom the beautiful *Silviana* ought to apprehend her Charms would give disquiet, since they already have done so for the space of a Moment.

URANIA perceiving *Silviana* wished an Explanation of this Discourse, related the Adventure of *Erasmus* in the *Tuilleries*, and how he had taken in his Tablets all the Discourse that pass'd between these two amiable Ladies. It was on this Occasion that both of them confirmed *Urania* and her Friends in the good Opinion they had before conceived of their Wit and Understanding ; the Repartees they made, discovering the most elegant and delicate Genius's, and it was concluded by all the Company, that tho' nothing could be more dazling than the Beauty of *Silviana* and *Arelise*, yet was the *Ear* in hearing them speak, more delighted than the *Eye* with beholding the Graces of their Persons. About half an Hour was pass'd in an eternal Round of Wit : After which, indeed said *Arelise*, if it be true that some Days are more fortunate than others, this may justly be accounted the most happy one of our Lives.

THIS is very obliging, answer'd *Urania*, but the good Fortune is entirely on our Side. 'Tis shared on both, interrupted *Celemena* ; but tho' *Arelise* seemed to railly on the Opinion of good and bad Days, yet I am positively of Opinion there are such ; having often observed, that do all we can on some Days, nothing will go right, and on others every thing shall happen to our wish, without even taking any pains for it.

IN all times, said *Thelamont*, and in all Nations this Idea has taken place; and tho' Superstition in weak Minds carries it frequently too far, yet it is not altogether to be reject^d. It is remarkable, that the fourteenth Days of the Months have always been successful to France. The 14th of *June*, in the Year 411, *Meroveus* King of France, joined the Romans and Goths near *Chalones* in *Champaign*, and fought the famous Battle of *Catalaunien*, with *Attila* King of the Huns; in which perish'd a hundred and eighty thousand of those Barbarians.

THE 14th of May 1509, *Lewis* the Twelfth gain'd a complete Victory over the *Venetians*, in the Battle of *Agnadel* or *Giarradadda*, where the *Venetians* lost twenty thousand Men, with the greatest part of their Country: and of French Soldiers died in the Field but five hundred.

THE 14th of May 1515, his Successor *Francis* the First won the Battle of *Marignon* over the *Swiss*, who had declared themselves Protectors of *Maximilian Sforza*, Duke of *Milan*, and were now justly punished for having broken the Treaty of Alliance made with France: Fifteen thousand *Swiss* dying on the spot, three thousand were made Prisoners, which with their whole Artillery, Baggage, and the Dutchy of *Milan* were the Prize of this great Victory. So cruel was the Combat, that the King being thirsty, and calling for Water, the Officers could find none fit to present him with, all the Rivers near the Camp being tingured with the Blood of his Enemies. Dreadful as History represents the Fight these People had with *Julius Caesar*, it was attended by Consequences yet less dreadful, than this with *Francis* the First at *Marignon*.

THE 14th of April 1544, the Count de *Anghien* General of the French Army, gained the Battle of *Serisoles* over the Imperial Forces, composed of Germans and Spaniards: fifteen thousand Imperialists lay breathless on the Earth, and two thousand five hundred and twenty five were taken Prisoners. Of the Spaniards, seven





seven thousand were slain, and six hundred and fifty nine, with their General, and an immense Booty brought in triumph to *Paris*.

THE 14th of *January* 1553, the *French* obliged the Emperor *Charles* the Fifth to raise the famous Siege of *Mentz* which he had attacked with a formidable Army.

AND the 14th of *March* 1590, *Henry the Great* won the memorable Victory over the Army of the *League*, which at one blow destroyed the *Hydra* that had so long disturbed its native Country with intestine Broils: All the rebellious Towns submitted upon it; and it was never in the power either of the *Spaniards*, or any other Neighbour jealous of the *French* Glory, to revive the dying Spirit of this once dangerous and turbulent Faction.

YOU convince us, said *Celestina*, perceiving *The-lamont* was silent, that these Epochs were too happy for us not to excuse our Superstition; and methinks it would be an Obstinacy not less pardonable wholly to slight Days which brought Occurrences so remarkably fortunate.

BUT, replied *Felicia*, if the *Faench* have reason to account those points of time as happy, the vanquished have the same to look on them as the reverse; and I should be curious to know if I could, what they said of them. There is no doubt, said *Erasmus*, but those who suffered so considerably, put those Days in the rank of the most unfortunate. But continued he, it is not only to *France* the Number Fourteen has been so lucky. *William*, surnamed the Conqueror, Duke of *Normandy*, obtained that great Victory over *Harald* King of *England*, which put him in possession of the whole Island on the 14th of *August* 1066.

THIS Prince, assisted by the Troops of *William* the Eighth, Duke of *Guyenne*, and Count of *Poitou*; of *Hugh de Liguria* Count of *Main*; of *Guy* Count of *Ponthieu*; of *Eustace* second Count of *Boulogne*; of *William* the First, Count of *Nevers*; of *Baldwin* Count of *Flan-*

ders, his Brother-in-Law ; and by those of the Count of *Bretagne* ; met *Harald* on *Hastings Downs* in *England*, the two Armies consisting of near an hundred thousand Men each ; where after a very sharp Fight, *William* was victorious, and that beautiful Kingdom submitted to him by the Laws of Conquest.

IT might still be said, replied *Alphonso*, that the good Genius of *France* favoured this Invasion ; the Duke of *Normandy* being a Native of it, and the greatest part of his Forces. After he had gained, added *Orophanes*, this famous Battle, in which King *Harold* lost his Life, as did also the Count of *York* his Brother ; he marched his conquering Troops directly to *London*, well knowing that being the *Metropolis*, all the other Cities would take example by it ; and had ever done so in all the Revolutions *England* had known. He therefore resolved to allow no repose to himself or Army till he should fix his Title in the Reduction of this City, which he found in a Confusion not easy to describe.

THE approach of the Conqueror was no sooner known, than the Lords assembled themselves in the Tower of *London* ; but they had little time for cool Debates, the People came in great Numbers about the walls, crying out in a tumultuous Manner, that they ought to submit to *William* Duke of *Normandy*, since the Crown had been bequeath'd him by king *Edward* ; and that it was better to preserve their Lives, their Fortunes, and the Honour of their Wives and Daughters, by opening their Gates freely to him, who else had the power to force them. These Words so often repeated and with such vehemence, made the Lords easily perceive they should be constrained to comply with them ; and whatever Desires they might have of opposing *William*, there was now no time for it ; the Counts *Edwin* and *Moreand* two Brothers, and experienced Generals, had been able to bring to *London* no more than four thousand out of that great Army which had followed *Harold* ; and there was so little hope

hope of being able to raise a new one time enough to prevent the Passage of the Conqueror, that it would have been little better than an Act of Desperation to stand out against him.

IN spight, therefore, of all the Remonstrances made by *Stigand* Archbishop of *Canterbury*, and Primate of the Kingdom, who employed all his Rhetorick to dissuade them from acknowledging a Stranger, it was resolved among the principal Lords of the Court to throw themselves in a Body at the Feet of *William* to implore his Clemency, and offer him their Allegiance. They were the more confirmed in this Design when they heard that *Edgar*, who was the only Prince remaining of the antient Britons, accompany'd by the Archbishop of *York*, the Bishop of *Durham*, and the Counts *Edwin* and *Moreand*, were gone to meet the Conqueror at *Berkhamsted*. There was therefore no room for delay, and the Mayor of *London*, with all the principal Men of the City, as well as Lords of the Court, set forward to assure him their Gates were open to give him entrance.

HE received their Submissions graciously, and the next day marched towards the Capital, where he made a triumphant Entry on the 22d of *October* 1066, fourteen Days after his Descent into *England*. Nothing could be a Spectacle of more Magnificence that to see a Prince, followed by an Army of an hundred thousand Men, surrounded by a great Number of the Nobility of *France*, whom the Love of Glory alone had engaged to accompany him in this Expedition; and by those of *England*, who conducted him to the Palace of the Kings of *England*, amidst the joyful Acclamations of an innumerable Multitude, who testified now as much Love as they had done Hate some Days before; and all this was done without any confusion, or without any abuse of Victory in the Conquerors, or murmur in the vanquished.

NOR was this wise Prince puffed up with Pride at his new Exaltation, but being of that Philosopher's Opinion, who said, *Ill-fortune trod upon the Heels of*

good, in this Affluence of Prosperity, when every thing succeeded even beyond his Hopes, he warded against the reverse by all manner of necessary Precautions; and easily seeing the People of *England* were of a fickle, uncertain Disposition, he divided his large Army into five Bodies, which he sent into separate Counties to awe them into a Perseverance of that Duty he desired from them.

HIS Coronation being fixed for *Christmas-day*, he spoke to the Archbishop of *Canterbury*, whose Office it was to perform that Ceremony; but how great was the surprize of this Conqueror, who, all cover'd with Glory, and in possession of the most absolute Power, had nothing in him which could compel this Prelate to restrain the Sentiments of his Heart; but answered him with the most determin'd Air, that the Holy Oils ought not to be administer'd but to legitimate Kings: that Conquest had not the Power of making him any other than a Tyrant and Usurper, who by Force had seated himself on a Throne to which he had no right. If, said he, you would be a King, indeed, call a free Parliament; and if the People elect you to reign over them, I shall be the first to acknowledge you as my Sovereign, and to pour on your Head that sacred Unction which gives the Title of Royalty. But till I see you established so by the Laws of the Land, no Persuasions, or Force, shall prevail on me to dress you in a pageant Greatness, and make a mockery of those divine Ceremonies by which Kings are constituted.

THE Resolution, or rather the Boldness of this Prelate left *William* in the utmost Astonishment; yet did he not seem to resent it in the least: But believing it would not be prudent to call any Assembly of the People for his Election, as pretending his Right was uncontestable, he address'd the Archbishop of *York*, who, less scrupulous than his Grace of *Canterbury*, performed the Ceremony on the appointed day; and rejoiced to have this Opportunity of disputing the Primacy with the other: which he did so warmly, that all his Successors

fors have ever since kept it up; and tho' it has created infinite Disturbances in the Church, not all the Meditation that could be made, has till this day been able to put an end to it; for tho' the Archbishops of *Canterbury* have been in possession of the Title, yet those of *York* pretend to the Right of it, and would never be brought to recede from a Claim to that Dignity.

THESE sort of Quarrels, said *Arelise*, are often the Cause of great Disorders in Religion: Wherever the Prelates quit the great Design of their Function, and obstinately uphold some particular View either of Interest or Ambition, Heresy takes its opportunity to creep in, the Rage of Party is fermented, Rebellions against the Civil as well as Ecclesiastical Jurisdiction are immediately formed, the supreme Authority is affronted, and the very Fundamentals of the greatest Monarchy are capable of being shaken.

OBSTINACY, reply'd *Thelamont*, is the inseparable Companion of Heresy, as I could easily make appear in a thousand Examples out of History; but as I have now one very remarkable one occurs to my remembrance, that shall suffice.

IN the Year 1628, continued he, Monsieur the Prince *de Conde*, Father of him who has fill'd our Annals with so many Heroic Actions, commanded the Army of the King against the *Calvinists* who were then in open Rebellion, and had possess'd themselves of several Provinces in the West of *France*. This great General, among other Places besieged the City of *St. Sever*, and having made a considerable Breach in the Walls by his Artillery, order'd his Soldiers to give a general Assault; but they were repuls'd with so much Vigour, that they were obliged to retire within their Trenches. They made various Attempts afterwards, but with the same Fate, and the Prince despairing to take it by Storm, sat down contented, that Famine would in a short time make them gladly surrender. When their Distress was at the height, and greater Numbers perished thro' Hunger than had done by the Sword; he offer'd the residue

the most favourable Conditions, yet would not these obstinate Wretches listen to any Proposals of that kind, chusing rather to die with their Wives and Children the most miserable of all Deaths, than live by the Mercy of a King they were resolved to throw off all Allegiance to.

FAMINE within, and continual Assaults without, had at length left very few alive ; yet weak and almost expiring as they were, their Obstinacy remained in full Strength ; and to deprive the Prince's Army of all Advantage by their Conquest, they destroyed by Fire all their rich Furniture, which was too bulky to be easily taken away ; and one Night when it was very dark made a Hole in the Wall, thro' which they crept, carrying with them whatever they had preserved from the Flames, and made their Escape to the Mountains, where they all perished miserably .

AT the break of Day, the Prince being told that no Person was to be seen on the Walls, made his Troops advance cautiously, imagining some Ambuscade ; but perceiving the Gap made in the Wall, he easily conjectured the Truth, and was presently confirmed, when after forcing the undefended Gates, he found several Men loaded with Goods, and endeavouring to follow their Companions the same way they went ; these he caused to be slain on the spot : and thus perished all the Inhabitants of that unhappy City, Victims of Heresy and Rebellion.

THIS was, indeed, said *Silviana*, a very terrible Effect of Obstinacy, and I think one cannot too much guard one's self against a Vice which never fails to bring its Punishment along with it.

OBSTINACY, added *Orophanes*, is the most pernicious Quality a Person can be guilty of, because it not only occasions all manner of Crimes, but also encourages a perseverance in them ; it utterly destroys all the social Virtues, and in matters of Religion is the ruin of that very Motive by which it pretends to be supported ; Meekness, Humanity, and a ready Conformity
to

to the higher Powers in all lawful Things, being the very Fundamentals of the *Christian* Doctrine. 'Tis wholly owing to this Vice of Obstinacy, that the *Christian* World is so much divided in itself; and while those who profess themselves the Followers of *Jesus*, waste the time in dissensions with each other, on meer Formalities, and Things not at all necessary to Salvation, the Enemies of our holy Faith gain Ground, and make a jest of our unhappy Misunderstandings.

THIS is an unhappy Truth, replied *Julia*, and in those Kingdoms, where all Opinions are tolerated, and every Professor inveighs with equal Warmth against the other, how difficult would it be for an Heathen, who shou'd come among them to know which was in the Right, or whether all were not guilty of some Errors.

IT was this, said *Melantus*, which gave Occasion for that severe Saying of a *Turk*, that the *Christians* changed their Opinions in Matters of Religion, as often as they did the Fashion of their Garments; and as far as he could perceive, every Man made such a one for himself as pleased him best.

YOU see, said *Celemena*, turning to *Silviana* and *Arehise*, in what kind of Entertainments this charming Society pass their Time. I doubt not but you are already convinced of the Truth of what I have told you; but continued she, I am sure *Urania* will not oppose the Desire I have to regale your Eyes as well as Ears, by letting you partake all the Beauties of her agreeable Retreat.

THO' I have nothing in it, which I can flatter myself, will answer the Description your Goodness has given of it, answer'd *Urania*, yet I am obliged to comply with your Request, because I hope the beautiful *Silviana* and *Arehise* may find it commodious enough to be honoured sometimes with their Presence.

AT these Words all the Company rose up, and she conducted the fair Strangers thro' all the different Apartments of which her House was composed: they appeared charmed with the Order every Thing was in, the

pleasant Prospects from the Windows, the Neatness and the Delicacy of Fancy *Urania* had shown in her choice of the Furniture, Pictures, and Hangings; but above all, they were delighted with a Closet, in which there were a great Number of Silk-worms; those little Animals which spend their Lives for the Pride of Mankind. Seeing they were all at Work, and the nice Economy with which every thing proper either for their Sustenance or Labour was prepared for them, *Celestina* cried out, *Urania* is ignorant of nothing. This Acclamation was seconded by *Silviana* and *Arelise*, and every one agreed that nothing cou'd be more pleasing than such an Amusement.

IT cannot, said *Urania*, be reckoned among the useful Occupations to keep these Creatures, because the Sun has not power enough in this Country to render their Productions serviceable as in Climates more warm. I pass a little time with 'em, continued she, without any other Motive than an Occasion to admire the Work of Providence, who has ordained so small an Animal the Source of the greatest Commerce in the Universe.

THEIR Industry, and the different Metamorphoses which are necessary for the Multiplication of their Species, is I think to be reckoned among the Wonders of Nature, and deserves the Attention of the whole World.

'TIS true, said *Camilla*, and I could pass whole days unwearied, in such a Contemplation; but while we so justly give our Admiration to these little Animals, methinks we ought to testify Gratitude to those who first discovered the usefulness of them; and I should be glad to know to whom we are so much obliged.

THE *Chinese* undoubtedly, answer'd *Thelamont*, were the first who found out their worth; and the Way of ordering them, so as not to have this beautiful Issue of their Bowels turn to no account; because twelve Religious Men of the Order of St. *Basil*, who were Missioners in *China*, brought the Eggs from thence into *Greece*, and instructed that Country in the Art of preserving them during

during the Winter Season, how to feed them when they became Worms with the Leaves of *Mulberries*, to take the Silk from the Shells, and to put it in a Condition afterwards for twisting and weaving. They found such an Advantage in this Manufacture, that they planted *Mulberries* thro' all their Grounds, and in a few Years all *Greece* and *Asia Minor*, was covered with Trees of that Fruit, especially the White, the Leaves of which are accounted best for these Animals. The Emperors have had such a considerable Revenue from their Silk, that several Edicts have been passed by them, to forbid on pain of Death the Transportation of any of these Eggs: but in spite of these Precautions the *Italian* Merchants procured great Quantities; but not having the right Method of managing them, when in their Enclosures, they could never outlive one Season; so that either thro' the Negligence or Ignorance of other Nations, *Greece* for a long time was in possession of this Treasure, and engrossed the Commerce of the whole World.

BUT at last, *Roger*, King of *Sicily*, taking up Arms against *Manuel Comnenus*, Son of *John Comnenus*, Emperor of *Constantinople*, for having violated the Law of Nations in ill-treating his Ambassadors, made a League with the *Florentines*, and the Republick of *Pisa* and *Genoa*; and these Powers being joined in the Year 1150 made a Descent on the Island of *Corcira*, now called *Corfu*; which having subdued, they past on and took the City of *Thebes*, *Chalcidy*, and many others, where they found an immense Booty; but the most considerable to them was the Manufactures of Silk. They brought with them all the Men and Women employ'd in tending the Worms, in rolling the Balls, and winding the Silk, as also all the Instruments and Utenfils of the Manufacture, with a prodigious Quantity of the Eggs, and transported this rich Treasure into *Italy*, where the Art was in a small time not only understood, but improved and brought to such Perfection, that it is the greatest Revenue of the Place, as also of *Provence*, *Languedoc*, and *Spain*.

THERE

THERE is one thing, said *Silviana*, which I cannot forbear taking notice of; and, that is, that to express a Curiosity here, of knowing any thing, be it of whatsoever Subject, one is immediately satisfy'd in a Manner so engaging, and so little common, that 'tis a kind of happiness to be ignorant, that one may receive the Pleasure of such Instruction.

A S *Celemena* knew the Modesty of *Thelamont*, made him entirely averse to praise, she interrupted *Silviana* in these Terms: We should never have done, said she, were we to indulge those Reflections, which are indeed the Due of every thing we find in this place: but as I have begun to take the liberty of prescribing Rules to this Company to day, I am of Opinion, that a Walk in the Gardens would give new Charms to the Conversation.

THE Sun being now near his Decline, this Advice was too agreeable not to be comply'd with, and being adjourned to the Terrass, *Silviana* and *Arelise* found new Matter for Admiration. I am no longer surprized, said the former of these amiable Ladies, at the Impatience *Melantus* and *Hortensia* express'd to come hither, for I already begin to dread the Moment that must take me from a Place so full of every thing that can delight either the Mind or Sense.

THE Motive which obliges you to quit us, answer'd *Celemena*, will easily console you. I protest, added *Arelise*, with a blush that gave her new Attractions, nothing but a Union earnestly desired, could make us leave this Company without the utmost Reluctance.

IF you would have us give credit to words so obliging, said *Orophanes*, you must speedily return to us, and bring with you, those Gentlemen, who are shortly to be happy in the Title of your Husbands. And whatever else may be wanting in this Society, I can promise you one Satisfaction, that you may enjoy the Liberty among among us of loving and confessing it, without any danger of being censured or ridiculed.

THERE

THERE cannot certainly be a greater Blessing in a married State, reply'd *Silviana*, than such a Freedom, and I believe the Inconstancy of the Men has been the only cause it is so little practis'd. The Husband is ashamed to pretend a Passion which so many know he is incapable of feeling; and the Wife dreads giving any Demonstrations of hers, lest she should be looked on as a mean-spirited, or too fond Woman.

'TIS certain, Madam, said *Erasmus*, that the Inconstancy of both Sexes had very near abrogated the Custom of married People behaving to each other with any sort of Tendernefs in publick; but I think it begins to revive again since Divorces have been less frequent, the difficulty of being separated, makes both Men and Women weigh with the utmost seriousness their own Inclinations, and the Merits of the Person to whom they are about being united, and not entering into that State without being well determined, there follows not those Occasions for repenting it afterward, as usually happened when Whim, or a sudden Flight of Passion was the Motive.

YET for all that, replied *Alphonso*, we often see persons very unhappy in Marriage, who have not entered into it without a long Reflection. Nor do I think any can be said to enjoy the pleasures of it truly, who content themselves with a simple Regard and Civility; the same warmth of Passion which occasioned that Union, must continue, or it will sink into an insipid Indolence, which by degrees will become insupportable. Nor is it sufficient that this Ardour still reigns in one of them, it must be reciprocal, such as I dare believe is between us all; else I declare a Divorce is rather to be wished than condemn'd.

BUT, said *Felicia*, it was the Assurance that every one had of being able at any time to throw off Bonds which grew uneasy, that made People so little careful of softning them, by Sweetness, and Good-Nature; therefore, I think the Practice is well laid aside, since
it

it was in reality no more than a Sanction for inconsistency.

OF all the Divorces I have read of, said *Orophanes*, I know none more surprizing than that of *Ethelred*, King of *England*; and if *Felicia* will relate the History of it to you, I am persuaded you will be of my Opinion. I hope my dear *Felicia*, replied *Urania*, will not deprive us of that Satisfaction, nor refuse me a Complaisance I have always had for her.

YOU need press me no farther, said that amiable Lady; and as I ought to conform to the Rules established here, and we have time enough before Supper, I will give you the History of the Life of that Prince, as well as I am able.

THEN having paused a little, as if to recollect the Passages she was about to mention, she began in this manner.



The History of ETHELRED *King of* England.

ENGLAND had been torn with continual Wars and Diffensions, since the Conquest of the *Saxons*, who had divided it into seven Kingdoms; nor cou'd it be said to enjoy any Tranquility till the time of *Athelstan*, who began his Reign in the tenth Age. This Prince, by his Valour and Policy, gained the sole Dominion; and having called in the People on the Coasts of *Gaul*, distributed among them several of the Lands, which they occupied in the most industrious Manner, so that, within a few Years time, and the Benefit of a perfect Peace among themselves, and with their Neighbours,
this

this State carried on an extensive Commerce, and became greatly rich and flourishing.

THE Fertility of the Country and Convenience of its Ports, joined to the Cares of this wise Monarch, fixed a Prosperity in *England* which continued till the Reign of *Ethelred*; one of his Successors, who arrived at the regal Dignity in the Year 1004. This Prince, whom Heaven had endowed with all the Qualities requisite to compleat an amiable Man, and great King, had been a very happy Monarch, cou'd he have vanquished his amorous Inclinations, or had his Passion been accompanied with Constancy.

HE had received his Education under the Care of a Prince of his own Blood, named *Edgar*; if at any time there arose an irregular Emotion in his Soul, it was immediately checked by the Admonitions of this wise Governor; accustomed always to obey the Direction of this Guide, the young *Ethelred* examined not into his own Heart, nor thought it necessary for a long time to consult on any thing, as believing it sufficient to avoid Evil, to conform himself to tread in the Steps of such a Leader.

BUT as Children, who, while supported under the Arms, walk in Security, no sooner are trusted alone, than they fall; so the Disposition of *Ethelred*, his Wit, his Generosity, and the Art of making himself beloved wherever he pleased, so much deceiv'd the Penetration of *Edgar*, prudent as he was, that believing him incapable of falling into any gross Errors, he was willing to see him regulate his Conduct himself, and something too early relinquished that Authority, the right of Protector of the Realm, and Governor had given him over him.

ETHELRED being of an Age. in which the exterior Graces are the most admired, when the Crown was set upon his Head, his People saw him wear it with Acclamations of Joy, which seemed authorized by an assured belief, that it was his due to reign over them, as much by Preheminence of Virtue, as of Blood.

THE

THE first Years of his Reign deceived not the high Expectations, not only of his Subjects, but the whole World had conceived of him; Justice, sweetly tempered with Mercy and Wisdom, were the Companions of his Authority; and even in the choice of his Favourites, a Point wherein few Princes do not err, he discovered an admirable Discernment, and a Love for Virtue. Among those who deserved and possessed that Title, was a Lord of the Court, named *Cork*; in him he placed the greatest Confidence, and his good Qualities were so justifiable a Claim to the Favours he received, that he enjoyed 'em without that envy which ordinarily attends Royal Bounty.

THO' the Court of *Ethelred* was full of Princesses and Ladies of great Beauty, yet had he never shewn a particular Attachment to any of them; but by a general Gallantry, made known he was not unacquainted with the Methods of inspiring soft Desires, while insensible of them himself.

BUT now approached the fatal Moment when he should no longer boast a Liberty unconquerable. Having appointed to go one Day into the Country, on a Party of Pleasure with some of his Nobles, the Streets and Houses of *London* were thronged with People to behold him pass; and observing with Pleasure this Testimony of his Subjects Love, he very often raised his Head, as he rode on horseback, to show himself with more Convenience to those in the Windows. It was in this Action that he had the Opportunity of seeing in one of them a young Person of about sixteen or seventeen Years of Age, but of so surprising a Beauty, as immediately riveted his Eyes on her Face. He could not resist the Pleasure the Contemplation of her Charms gave him, and perhaps had continued gazing much longer than he did, if his Horse, unaccustomed to those Pauses, had not removed him; but tho' he rode forward, his head was turned toward the Place where she was, till too great a distance barred the Prospect.

BUT

BUT when he no longer beheld her with his bodily Eyes, those of his Mind still feasted on her Idea, nor did the Diversions he partook in the Country make her one Moment absent from him. In fine, his Passion was as strong as it was sudden, and nothing being able to compensate for the Pleasure of seeing her, he returned to *London* much sooner than he intended, and with Emotions vastly different from those with which he left it. As every Movement of a King is immediately blazed abroad, the same Multitude who assembled to behold his going, were Witnesses of his coming back ; but he received not the Acclamations of the transported Populace with that Chearfulness he was wont to do, the Charmer of his Heart, and who his impatient Eyes were in search of, appeared not. The House which had presented her to him, was now shut up, and the Hope of a second Interview entirely banish'd.

SO great and unexpected a Disappointment struck him to the Soul, nor could he conceal the first Emotions of his Grief, his Countenance chang'd, and the most gloomy Pensiveness o'erspread those Eyes which used to diffuse Joy around. *Cork* in a Moment perceived the Alteration, and being near him, asked if he found himself not well. This Demand rousing the King from that Lethargy of Thought he had been in, and looking on this Favourite with a disorder'd Air, when we arrive at the Palace, said he, I will conceal nothing from thee ; till then take no farther notice of my Behaviour. These Words were sufficient to make the Person to whom they were address'd know that the Mind of his Sovereign labour'd under some great Inquietude, and calling to Mind the earnestness with which he had fix'd his Eyes on a young Beauty at their Departure, and the deep Studies he had ever since been in, was not far from guessing the Truth of this Adventure ; but could not consider it as any great Misfortune that a Prince like *Ethelred*, who he thought might make his Fate in such Affairs, should become enamour'd.

THEY

THEY had no sooner enter'd the Palace than the King retired to his Closet, where none but *Cork* being admitted, Can I, said he to him with a Look which seem'd to penerate into his very Soul, can I depend upon thee? Has the Love and Esteem, which I have always testify'd for thee, been capable of engaging thy Service and Secresy in the most important Affair of my whole Life?

OH Sir! reply'd this Favourite, throwing himself at his Feet, I beseech you wrong not my Duty or my Zeal, by doubting them. My Cares, my Pains, my Blood, my Life is yours.—Dispose of them as you please, — What is it I must undertake? What is it I must accomplish? Vouchsafe to speak, and ease me of that cruel Disquiet I am in, by the sight of yours.

ALAS! resumed the King, with a deep Sigh, I wonder not at thy Discernment; I am not yet enough accus-tomed to the Motions I feel, to learn the Art of conceal-ing them. *Cork*, continu'd he, after a little pause, I love; but love with a Violence, which is not to be equall'd, nor describ'd; and to complete my Misfor-tune, am ignorant who it is I love. Then he related to him all that had happen'd, and having discover'd the despair he was in of ever more beholding the Object of his Wishes; 'Tis for thee, my dear *Cork*, resumed he, to seek, to find, to inform this admirable Person of my Passion, and to save the Life of thy Sovereign, by in-spiring her with some Part of the same Tenderness for me.

HERE the King ceased to speak, and *Cork* was re-joic'd to find that all the Trouble he had express'd sprung only from an amorous Inclination, which he foresaw no great difficulty in the Gratification of. He omitted nothing that could bring *Ethelred* to be of the same Opinion, and after having assur'd him that he would neglect nothing for the Completion of his Desires, I hum-bly entreat, Sir, said he, that you would resume your usual Gaiety; 'tis the utmost Injustice to yourself to doubt

doubt success. Whatever Charms this Maid may be mistress of, you have such as, join'd with your Dignity, might make all the Beauties of the Earth think it their Glory to submit to you.

ETHELRED answer'd not to this Discourse, but with shaking his Head: which made the Favourite see, that when a violent Passion has taken Possession of the Heart, Self-love vanishes of course; and how amiable-soever the Lover is, he thinks all too little to please the Object belov'd; but being a little re-assured at the Promiss *Cork* had made him, he returned to the Drawing-Room, where he appeared with an Air of Contentment, which gave his Courtiers no room to suspect there was the least disturbance in his Mind.

CORK, who went out of the Palace, with a Resolution not to enter into it again, till he had made the Discoveries enjoin'd him, was so successful in his Inquiries, that he soon found the Person who had been able to captivate the Heart of his King, was called *Ethelgive*; that she was the Daughter of an *Artisan*, who, her Mother being dead, had bestowed all the Profits of his Endeavours on her Education in a Nunnery; but his Trade falling off, he had been obliged to take her thence, and that she now lived at home with him, as did also a Niece of his named *Edith*, where she spent her Time wholly in Acts of Piety and Duty, managing her Father's Affairs, and endeavouring to console him in his Misfortunes.

WHEN he had informed himself thus far that he might leave nothing undone which might contribute to the Satisfaction of his Royal Master, he went to the House of the *Artisan*, and under Pretence of ordering something to be done in his way of Business, entertained him with many Questions concerning his Family, and the Profits which might accrue from his Trade. The *Artisan*, who found by his Appearance that he was a Man of Quality, tho' he had no Train with him, answered him with the Circumspection of a Man, who feared the Knowledge of his low Circumstances, might lose him a good Customer. But *Cork* perceiving the Cause

Cause of his Reserve, to oblige him to speak more plain, resumed his Discourse in this manner: I know, said he, you are an honest Man, and that your Condition is very unhappy at this Time: explain yourself therefore to me without Disguise. I am told you have a Niece and Daughter, who are handsome and well brought up, but that you have had Misfortunes, which deprive you of the Means of establishing them in the World according to their Merit or your Desire; if it be so, I would not have you despair, we have a King who compassionates the Misery of his Subjects, and is never better pleased than when he has Opportunity of relieving them; if he were acquainted with your Poverty, I know he would make a change in your Condition, and enable you to marry the young Maids to your Satisfaction.

AH my Lord! replied the good Man, Kings are too much taken up with great Affairs to think of rendring all their Subjects happy; and however charitable ours may be, I have nothing to hope from his Bounty; I have never done him any Service, and am but one of the meanest Members of the State. I am poor, my Lord, continued he, but I am not romantic; my Niece and Daughter are indeed not disagreeable in their Persons nor Behaviour, but they are prudent and Virtuous, and entertain no Views above their Birth and Fortune.

I must see them, resumed *Cork*, I have some Power, at Court, and can recommend them to the Service of some Ladies, whose Virtue will confirm and be a Guide to theirs. To prove my good Intentions for you, continu'd he, pulling out a Purse of Gold, take this, it will supply your Necessities, till I have taken Measures to render you past the Want of it.

THE *Artisan* was equally surprized at the Demand and Generosity of *Cork*; and considering a long Time what it was best for him to do, the Favourite guessed at his Thoughts, and to relieve him from this Perplexity, Fear nothing, said he, I come not to seduce the young Maids; 'tis only Compassion induces me to make
these

these Offers, nor will I desire to speak to them but before yourself.

THESE Words, joined to the grave and reserved Air of him that spoke them, entirely vanquished all the Scruples of the old Man; and after having thrown himself at his Feet to return Thanks for the Benefit conferr'd on him, he hesitated not to conduct him to a little ill-furnish'd Chamber where *Ethelgive* and *Editb* were sitting at Work. Their Habits plain and negligent, hindred not *Cork* from distinguishing the Beauties of *Ethelgive*; never had he beheld any thing so perfectly lovely. She was tall, of a most delicate Shape, and had an Air which spoke Modesty and Wisdom; sweetly proportion'd Hands and Arms; large blue Eyes, lively and sparkling, but accompanied with an irresistible Softness; a well-made Nose, and the finest Mouth and Teeth in the World; and to all this, a Skin of a most dazzling Whiteness. The Favourite of *Ethelred* could not presently overcome his Astonishment, at the Sight of so many Charms; nor refrain testifying it by lifting up his Hands and Eyes to Heaven, on which *Ethelgive* blush'd extremely, and was little less confus'd, tho' for different Reasons.

THE Features of *Cork* were not altogether unknown to her; there were secret Emotions which had imprinted on her Memory all those who were near the King's Person the Day he rode thro' the City; and as he had the same Habit on, it was easy for her to recal the Idea of him; and tho' she knew not his Name or Quality, she very well knew he belong'd to *Ethelred*; and her Virtue presently taking the Alarm at this Visit, she was about to ask her Father, on what Motive he was introduced to her Chamber, when *Cork* having a little recover'd his Surprise, prevented her, by approaching her with a Respect rather due to a Queen, than to the Daughter of a simple Mechanick; and saying, pardon, Madam, the Presumption of my Curiosity; I could not be easy till I was convinc'd whether the Reports I heard concerning your Beauty were true

true or false, but I find you so infinitely beyond all Description, that Doubt is lost in Wonder. But in atonement for my Temerity, I shall this Moment inform the King of what I've seen, and dare venture to assure you, he has too great a Regard for Merit, such as yours, not to render it as happy as it is great.

MY Lord, answer'd *Ethelgive*, with a modest haughtiness, we are of a Birth and Station infinitely beneath the Consideration of the King, or those who have the Honour to approach him. Till we are abandoned by Heaven, Ill-fortune has no power to hurt us; nor have we the least Ambition to alter our present Way of Living; and if it be permitted me to ask any return for the Complaisance my Father has shown you, it shall be only, that you will say nothing to the King of this Adventure, nor debase yourself by any future Visits to a place altogether unworthy to receive you.

I shall always in what I can, said *Cork*, pay an entire Submission to the Will of so beautiful a Person; but it is not in my power to dispense with informing the King of what I have seen; and if by his Orders I am obliged to attend you a second time, it shall be with a Respect which I hope will give you less Fear and more Confidence.

AFTER these Words he made a low Bow, and retir'd with the Father of this Beauty, who made use of his utmost Efforts to make *Cork* take back the Purse he had given him; but the other refused it with such an Air of Authority, that he durst not press it any farther.

THE amorous *Ethelred* was all this while in the extremest Impatience, never had the Hours seemed so tedious; but the Sun had scarce withdrawn his Beams from that Part of the Horizon, when he saw his faithful Emissary appear with a Satisfaction in his Countenance, which in some Measure anticipated the News he brought.

'TIS not to be doubted, but that the King, solicitous for the Event of his Favourite's Negotiations, soon made
an

an Opportunity of being alone with him ; which he no sooner was, than he received an exact Intelligence of all that had passed. During the Repetition, *Ethelred* appear'd transported with Love and Joy ; and the mean Birth and Fortune of *Ethelgive* gave him so assured a Hope of accomplishing his Desires, that he took no other notice of the Answer she had made to *Cork*, than to admire her Wit. After having consulted with him how he should see her, he was convinc'd it was wholly improper for him to go to the House of so poor a Subject, and that there must be some Means found to remove her to a place less frequented, and where the Actions of a King wou'd be less observed.

LOVE, ingenious in all the Stratagems necessary for its Gratification, presently made *Ethelred* bethink him of a Forest, where he had sometimes taken the Diversion of hunting, and in the Midst of which, he had a small pleasure-house, small for the Retinue and Grandeur of a Monarch, but spacious enough to entertain him as a Guest. To this, he ordered *Cork* to remove her with her Father, and that young Kinswoman who was at present her Companion : adding also, that he wou'd have him neglect nothing to adorn it, which shou'd besit the Apartments of the Mistress of a King.

THO' this requir'd some time, yet *Ethelred* was willing to deprive himself for some Days of the pleasure of seeing her, that he might see her in a Condition worthy of the Love he had for her. He also forbade *Cork* to visit her till every thing should be prepared for her Reception at this Place. But this Favourite was so zealous for the Satisfaction of his King and Friend, that in eight Days he had filled the House with every thing that was necessary for the Convenience or Happiness of Life ; and having informed him of it, the King under pretence of hunting in the Forest, went himself, and saw that every thing was conformable to his Desires and the Integrity of *Cork*.

WHILE the King of *England* employed himself in these tender Cares, the beautiful *Ethelgive* was not without

out her Disquiets: the Presence of *Cork* had rekindled Sentiments in her Heart, which her Virtue and her Reason had a long time combated, and at length pretty near extinguished. Soon after *Ethelred's* Accession to the Crown, the Father of *Ethelgive*, out of a Curiosity common almost to all People, carry'd his little Family to see the new King; and, as it was on one of those solemn Days when Majesty appears in its utmost Grandeur, they beheld him accompany'd with all his Charms, which made such an Impression on the young Heart of *Ethelgive*, that ever after his Image was before her Eyes; she could think of nothing else, speak of nothing else, nor dream of nothing else, yet all without being sensible of the Occasion of it, till *Edith*, who was three Years elder, by some serious Discourses, made her enter into herself, and endeavour to put a Stop to the Torrent of an Inclination which seem'd so wild and unwarrantable.

THE tender Maid no sooner discovered it was Love, that agitated her, than she began with all her might to struggle with it; she reflected on her own Meanness, and wondered how she could lift her Eyes on her King, but as became the humblest of his Subjects; yet was not all she could do sufficient, still had she a Heart above her Birth, and tho' she knew herself unworthy of *Ethelred*, yet could she think no other Man worthy of her.

IN Emotions such as it is easy to conceive a Passion so disproportionable must occasion, did she languish near two Years, making none the Confident of her Misfortune but *Edith*, who being very prudent and faithful, omitted nothing that might give her Consolation, without flattering her with any Hopes of what neither of them could at that time imagine should come to pass. They were entertaining themselves on this Theme, when the trampling of Horses, and the tumultuous Acclamations of the People made them run to the Window: but how great was the Surprise of *Ethelgive*, when she beheld the lovely Monarch, and according to her Opinion, more enchanting, more glorious than before!

She

She durst not shut the Window, lest any Body should take notice or rather had not the power to do it; the Eyes of the King being presently fixed on her, rendring her incapable of any thing, and quite lost in an Extrasy of something to which one cannot well give a Name: but recovering from it, when she saw him no longer, all that had passed seemed but like a pleasing Dream; which, however, regretting to have lost so soon, she turned from the Windows with her Eyes streaming with Tears, and cried out to her Cousin, O *Edith*! my dear *Edith*! What will become of the unfortunate *Ethelgive*?

THIS amiable Maid, who had a Mind wholly composed of Sweetness, would not in the Anxiety of the other's combat her Passion with any warmth, and only said, My most beloved *Ethelgive*, hope that Time, your own Virtue, and the Assistance of Heaven will bring a Cure so necessary for your Repose; and that you may neglect nothing on your part, reflect without ceasing, that this *Ethelred* so beautiful, so well accomplished, is one of the greatest Kings in the World; that we are among the Number of the meanest of his Subjects, and that only a Princess is or can be destin'd for him.

I am not ignorant of all this, answer'd *Ethelgive*, and my Passion is accompany'd neither with Hopes, nor Desires; for were it possible that this King, who is so dear to me, should love me to the same Degree I love him, I should not be less unhappy: Not all his Grandeur, his Power, and my own Passion should compel me to betray my Honour—I would not listen to his Sollicitations—I would endeavour to detest them, the first I am certain I could do, and if I were not able to bring my self to the latter, it should yet be of no Signification.—But no matter, my dear *Edith*, continued she, let us talk no more of him, if I cannot vanquish this fatal tenderness, I will not indulge it—No, let me rather avoid all Occasions of seeing this too charming Prince—he will return to *London*, but I protest I will not beamong those who testify their Joy.

THIS Resolution was executed with the same Spirit it was formed ; and she no sooner heard that the King had entered the City Gates, than she shut up the Windows, and retired to the back part of the House, that she might not even be tempted to look out. This Effort on herself with so much Success, made her hope that in time she should be able to gain an entire Victory, and in this Belief she was, when *Cork* was introduced to her by her Father.

A Visit so unexpected fill'd her with the utmost Surprise ; his Discourse, and the remembrance with what an earnestness the King dwelt on her Face, made her not doubt if it were Chance or Design had brought this Courtier to their House, who was no sooner gone than her Father came to acquaint her and *Edith* with the Bounty he had received from him.

ETHELGIVE, more confirmed in what she before apprehended, remonstrated in a respectful Manner to her Father the Danger of accepting such a Sum. The Presents of great Men, said she, bring with them a Poison fatal to the Honour and Reputation of those that receive them : when bestowed on Women they are yet of more pernicious Consequence ; what will the World not say, when it shall be known that you have receiv'd Money from a Lord of the Court, and that you have permitted him to see us ? I am ignorant of the Name or Quality of this Stranger, but I remember he was among those who were near the King when he departed for the Country, and that makes me easily judge he must be of a considerable Rank ; the Visits of such a Person can terminate only in our Dishonour, because the Motives which occasions them are shameful to us, as we are too mean to expect a Person of his Condition can have any Designs on us which are authorized by Virtue.

THE beautiful *Ethelgive* could not speak these words without Tears, but the *Artisan* who understood not all these Delicacies, very much blamed her ; I think, said he, it would be the height of Folly to refuse being relieved from the Miseries we sustain, merely thro' the

Fear

Fear of what may be said of us : besides, for mean and unhappy Persons to receive Favours from those above them may be envied, but it is not without Example. I have heard of several Men of Quality who have been charitable enough to make the Fortune of poor Girls, without any Design of violating their Honours : this Lord said nothing that can give us room to suspect he has any such Intention, and therefore I am resolved to accept of whatever Portion of his Bounty he shall be pleased to allow me.

ETHELGIVE, perceiving there was no Remedy, forbore making any Reply ; but as soon as she found herself alone with *Edith*, she spared not to pour forth the Inquietudes and Terrors of her Soul, to which the other could give but little Consolation, as being of the same Opinion, that this Lord had been attracted by her Beauty, and came thither for no other purpose than to seduce her Virtue either for himself, or by Order of the King.

ETHELRED, said she, regarded you with so much Attention, that I could never since put it out of my Head, that from that Moment he entertained a Desire of knowing you more particularly ; and on the other hand, tho' the Person who visited us appeared full of Admiration for your Beauty, yet did I observe nothing in him that denoted the Lover ; besides, you may remember he would not be prevail'd on to give his Promise not to mention you to the King, which makes me almost assured he came by his Command.

THAT is the most terrible of my Reflections, replied *Ethelgive* ; yet what can the King think of me ? to what can he pretend ? O my dearest *Edith* ! the just Indignation this Idea gives me, diminishes my tenderness——*Ethelred* cannot love a Maid like me, and esteem her——his Passion which would complete the Glory of one of his own Birth, is the utmost Shame for me. Do me justice, continued she, have I not always kept my Wishes within the Bounds they ought to be ? in spite of my abject Condition, my Sentiments

are so far superior, that I can look down on what the World calls Grandeur with Contempt, since it is not for me to partake of it by lawful Means. *Ethelred* being King, cannot be the Husband of *Ethelgive*, and *Ethelgive* will never be the Mistress of *Ethelred*, were he as infinitely greater than he is, as he is elevated above me.

IN Discourses such as these did these two virtuous Maids pass the eight Days in which *Cork* was absent, and they were beginning to flatter themselves that this Adventure was at an end, when the Morning of the ninth, they saw this Favourite with the Father of *Ethelgive* come into their Chamber. Daughter, said the *Artisan*, I have received an Order from the King to remove from my House, this Lord is charged with it, and this Day is appointed for our Departure ; therefore you must prepare yourself to obey.

THE Consternation *Ethelgive* was in at these Words was so great, that it took from her the power of replying to them. *Cork* perceiving it, Madam, said he, this Command of the King has nothing in it which ought to give you an Alarm : it is the Effect of his Royal Goodness, that you are to be removed from a Habitation so unworthy of you : His Justice will not suffer a Person of your Perfections to be any longer unhappy : He has made choice of me to conduct you to the Retreat allotted for you, your Father will go with you, also the amiable *Edith*, and you have nothing to do but to take care of a Life, which our Royal Master is resolv'd to render fortunate.

MY Lord, answer'd *Ethelgive*, 'tis difficult for me to recover myself from my Astonishment : we are Persons so every way considerable, and so much beneath the Notice of his Majesty, that were it not for that Air of Probity which accompanies your Words, it wou'd not be possible for me to give Faith to them. I see, however, that my part must be obedience and I am ready to follow my Father wherever you shall lead us.

CORK,

CORK, who examined her with the utmost Attention all the time she was speaking, saw very well that she penetrated into the Truth of this Affair, and saw at the same time that she conceived much more of Grief than Joy at it, and that Virtue had so great a Dominion over every Passion of the Soul, that he doubted not if the King would not have an infinite difficulty in this Conquest. It gave him, however, a very great Esteem for *Ethelgive*, but he forbore giving any Testimonies of it at that Time, tho' he resolved from that Moment to be assisting to her Councils, and her sincere Friend.

THE Close of Day was the Time fixed for their Departure, and to the end it might not be too much observed, *Cork* appointed to meet them in another part of the Town; after which he took the *Artisan* aside, and giving him another Purse of Gold, bid him make use of that to discharge any little Debts he might have contracted, for, said he, as the King will have you leave off your Trade entirely, you must make an end of all your Affairs in *London*, that you may have no call to come to it again. This Command was too obliging not to be complied with, the old Man assur'd him of his ready Obedience, and the other had no sooner left him than he began to make up his Accounts with every body, and dispose of the Implements of his Trade, which, as they were not very considerable was in a few hours accomplish'd.

AS for the charming *Ethelgive*, she was in a Condition which it would be very difficult to describe: Sentiments of so many different kinds o'erwhelmed each other in her Mind, that it became a perfect Chaos, and *Edith* endeavoured in vain to re-establish any Calm in it, when the Moment of their departure being arrived, her Father who was impatient to see himself in another State, took her and *Edith* to the Place appointed by him whom now the old Man look'd on as his Guardian-Angel. A Chariot with two Servants on Horseback, waited their approach, but *Cork* not being in it

very much surprized *Ethelgive*. All the time of their little Journey she entertain'd her Father, with nothing but the fears she was in of being carry'd to the King, and suffering some Violence from him; but the good Man bid her be easy, and told her that he knew where they were going, assuring her nothing should make him leave her, even a Moment. These promises something allay'd her Disquiets, and he reply'd to the Pleasantries of *Editb*, who, not so much agitated, said a thousand diverting things to her, with the same tone in which the other spoke.

NIGHT had spread her Mantle o'er the Sky, about two Hours when they arrived at their new Home, and the first Object that presented it self to the Eyes of *Ethelgive*, by the help of several Flambeaus, was *Cork*, who advanced to take her out of the Chariot. My Lord, said she, to him, presenting her Hand to him, with those Graces which were inseparable from all her Actions, if you would have me receive the Honour you do me without inquietude, you must assure me that you are here alone. *Cork* immediately comprehended the meaning of these Words; and as he led her into the Apartment designed for her, Madam, answer'd he, you are the sole Mistress of this Place, I but waited here to receive you — No body has followed my Steps; and he who burns with the utmost impatience to behold you, will never appear before you but in those Hours which can give you no Apprehension. Vouchsafe then, my Lord, resumed she with some Warmth, to be my Advocate with him, whose Name, nor Designs I am not ignorant of, and be so good to remind him, that tho' he is a King, he has no right over my Innocence and Virtue.

ADMIRABLE *Ethelgive*, said *Cork*, I hope there is no Occasion for such a Remonstrance; the King, 'tis true, adores you, but 'tis with so sincere a Passion, as gives you an absolute Power over him, and renders it wholly in your self to inspire him with that distant respect you seem to wish. With these Words they

came

came into a magnificent Dining-Room, and the Father of *Ethelgive* with *Edith* being entered; This House, resumed *Cork*, and all that it contains belongs to *Ethelgive*, she will find every thing in it that can be wanted or desired by any of you: the Women and other Servants whom you'll see anon, are her Attendants; and as for other things she will regulate them as she thinks proper; he added no more, and it growing late, he took leave of them, leaving them at liberty to reflect on this change of their Fortune.

HE was no sooner gone than *Edith* desired her beautiful Cousin to visit the Apartments, to which she consenting, several Domesticks who were present took Wax-Candles and conducted them thro' all the Rooms in the House, which was not very large, but furnish'd with an extreme Magnificence and Gallantry:

IN the Chamber of *Ethelgive* there was a very splendid Toylet, and one of the Women desiring her to look into the Wardrobe, she found a great number of fine Habits, pieces of Stuff of such Beauty and Variety of Colours, and Jewels of such Value, as might have charmed the Vanity of any other Woman than she; but full of a generous Contempt, for every thing that seem'd a Bait laid for her Virtue, she regarded them, rather with Grief than Satisfaction.

BUT *Edith*, tho' very discreet, was not capable of making the like Reflections, and the Joy which this sudden Alteration in their Fortune gave her, was visible in all her Words and Actions; and when her Curiosity was gratify'd, and the Servants were withdrawn; How fine a thing, said she, it is to be a King, to have the Power of comforting the Unhappy, making the Poor rich, and rendring Justice to Wit and Beauty.

IF the Bounties we receive, answer'd *Ethelgive*, had no other Motives than those you mention, we should be blest indeed; but, my dear *Edith*, they are excited by a lawless Passion, and that embitters all their Sweetness.

I cannot believe, resumed *Edith*, that the Royal *Ethelred* will ever be capable of treating you with any Indignity : it is easy to see he endeavours to make an Impression on your Heart, but by such means as becomes the humblest Lover. If it were possible for me, said *Ethelgive*, to convert the Love the King has for me into Esteem, I should think myself happy to have it in my power to make the Fortune of my Family ; but be assured, I shall always refuse and disdain whatever must cost me a Reputation, which I prefer to all the Greatness in the World.

SHE had scarce finished these Words, when a Page came to inform her, Supper was on the Table ; a Repast so different from what they had ever been accustomed to, and the manner in which it was served, would have perplexed any other than *Ethelgive* how to behave at it ; but there was a native Grandeur in her Soul, which made her easy in this exterior one, as if she had been bred in all the Pomp imaginable.

ETHELRED, was all this time in the utmost Impatience ; *Cork* had acquainted him, that this little Family were placed according to his Desire, and gave such Encomiums of the Wit and Beauty of *Ethelgive*, that the enamour'd Prince thought never any Night so tedious. He had appointed a Hunting the next Day, that he might have an Opportunity of going where his Love call'd him ; and the Dawn no sooner appeared than he was on horseback with those Nobles who were to accompany him in the Diversions of the Chase. But that being no more than a Pretence, he soon quitted the pursuit of the Stag, and separating himself from the Lords, went towards a small Lane, attended only by *Cork*, which led to the House. The Father of the incomparable *Ethelgive*, who was informed the Night before, by *Cork*, about what time the King would come, was walking with her and *Edith* before the Gate, and seeing two Cavaliers at a Distance, doubted not but they were the King and his Favourite : nor was he deceived ; and that Prince seeing him advance with his Niece and Daughter,

Daughter, quitted his Horse to meet *Ethelgive*, and prevent her from throwing herself at his Feet, as she was about to do, nor would he permit that sort of Humiliation from *Edith*; and the Father of her who had charmed him in this manner, was the only Person from whom he received those Submissions which were his due.

HAVING given his Hand to *Ethelgive*, and separated her from the rest of the Company, who followed at a distance out of Respect, he thought her Beauties so much augmented, that he remained in a silent Contemplation on them for some Moments: after which, You see a Prince, most lovely *Ethelgive*, said he, whose Fate depends entirely on you: I believe it is not necessary to tell you I adore you, what I have done has in part informed you that I love; but these first Proofs of my Passion are infinitely too mean to express what 'tis I feel, nor can I find any Words of Force to do it. You alone have ever been able to inspire me with Sentiments of this Nature, and you alone are also worthy of them.

SIR, reply'd *Ethelgive*, perceiving he expected her to speak, I should merit Miseries much greater than those your Bounty has relieved me from; nay, Light, the common Blessing of every created Being, ought to be deny'd me, could I be insensible of such royal Favours as you have heap'd upon us; believe, Sir, that I shall always retain the Memory of them with the most lively Gratitude and profound respect: but, Sir, continued she, pardon the innocent *Ethelgive* if she dares prefer her Virtue to all the Gifts of your Majesty, that is all the Fortune I have received from Heaven, and in that alone consists my Ambition. 'Tis that, which in spite of my abject Birth, renders me nobler than the noblest can be without it, and if any other than the August *Ethelred*, to whom I have the Honour to be a Subject, should attempt to violate that All for which I value Life, I would repulse him with a Scorn should make his Greatness blush.

I look on this Change of my Fortune, continued she, but with Regret. This richly furnished House, this Glare of Dress and Jewels, this numerous Crowd of Servants who attend my Nod, instead of flattering my Vanity, are methinks only so many Marks of Shame and Humiliation, since given me for an unworthy End. Believe, Sir, that to be truly Virtuous is the chief aim of my Desires, and to be esteemed so by the World, the next : from the first, no Persuasions, nor Threats, shall ever make me swerve ; but the latter your fatal Presents, will, when known, destroy. Be content, then with the Sacrifice of my Character, and expect no more from me than those Submissions, which are owing from all Subjects to their Kings, all the Sollicitations you can make will never be able to exact farther from me, and if you resolve to pursue a design, which 'tis a Crime in me, even to listen to, I entreat your Majesty to resume your Gifts, and leave me rich in my own Innocence and good Fame.

ETHELRED was so much surprized at this Language, and the Majesty which accompany'd it, from a Maid of *Ethelgive's* Birth, that he had not the Power to interrupt her. That perfect Modesty which appeared in all her Air, and the Accents of her Voice, made him not doubt but she spoke the Truth of her Sentiments, and the austere Wisdom which could alone inspire her with them, made him conceive an Esteem for her equal to his Love : he was some time after she had given over speaking before he made any Reply ; but at length breaking silence, Incomparable *Ethelgive*, said he, a Passion so violent as mine, has not always Reason for its Guide. I confess, that among all those Perfections which have charmed me in you, I least considered those which are Enemies to my Happiness, but they now force themselves on the Eyes of my Understanding with double Force ; and instead of making me repent that I have loved you, confirm me in the Resolution of doing so for ever. That Prudence, most lovely *Ethelgive*, which teaches you to disdain the Favour

ours of a King, discovers how truly deserving you are of them ; and to prove, that I am equally jealous of your Glory as my own, never will I attack your Heart but by Submissions, such as you might expect from one of my Subjects, nor do I ask you to receive them as from a King ; but as from a Man not less enamour'd with your Virtue than your Beauty. Suffer me then to enjoy the sweet Satisfaction of rendring you happy, of seeing you, of loving you, and of telling you so incessantly : 'tis all the recompense my Passion shall demand.

A H, Sir, answer'd *Ethelgive*, how cruel is the Constraint that renders it impossible to see me without loving : If you have in reality, such Sentiments as you have just now express'd, you elevate me beyond what Mortal can aspire to.—But it is not for me, continued she, with a Sigh, 'tis not for me to oppose the Pleasure of my King : You, Sir, are Master, and I can only hope that Time, and a thorough Knowledge of my Soul will enable you to vanquish a Passion, the Sequel of which can be so little Satisfactory to your Majesty. These Words brought them to the Door of the great Hall, where they entered with *Cork*, *Edith*, and the Father of *Ethelgive*. A magnificent Collation was immediately set forth, with which the King was so much pleased, that he obliged this little Family to sit down at the Table with himself and *Cork*.

'TIS in these little Parties of pleasure, when eased of the Formalities of State, that Kings truly enjoy themselves, the rest is all constraint, and tho' bred up and practised in it, it sits not less uneasy on them, they long for an Opportunity to put off their Sovereignty, and act according to Nature and to Inclination ; and when they do, 'tis probable as much envy the Condition of their Subjects, as the most Ambitious among them can do that of a supream Authority.

THE charming *Ethelgive*, in spite of the Constraint she was under, not to give the King room to suspect the Secret of her Heart, did every thing with so good a Grace,

a Grace, that each Moment he beheld her brought with it an Augmentation of his Love and Esteem. He felt the most exquisite Pain in quitting her Presence; but fearing his Nobles would come in search of him, he forced himself away, desiring her Permission to come often, and gave her Assurances of his Love, to which Demand, she answer'd, with her former Modesty, not consenting to his Visits, nor taking the liberty to forbid them. He made a great many Compliments to *Edith*, finding her perfectly amiable and witty, and perceiving the great Intimacy and Friendship between her and *Ethelgive*; he entreated her in a gallant manner to interest herself in his behalf, and entertain her lovely Cousin with his Passion. This Confidence she received with the utmost Respect, and neglected nothing to convince him of her Zeal and Submission. After this, he being conducted to the Entrance of the Forest, he remounted his Horse, with a Soul so full of Admiration, that he could speak of nothing but the Beauties of *Ethelgive* to his Favourite, till they rejoin'd those who were by this time surprized at the Absence of their King, and as he imagined were separating themselves to go several ways in search of him, apprehending Treason, or some other ill Accident had deprived them of him. They communicated to him their impatience, but perceiving he cared not to explain the Mystery of his Retirement, they were obliged to restrain their Curiosity, and followed him to *London*, where he resolved not to remain above one Night, telling *Cork* that he could not live without *Ethelgive*, and that he would renew his Visit the next Day.

THIS beautiful Virgin no sooner found herself alone with *Edith*, than she repeated to her all the Conversation she had with the King, and the extreme Effort she had been obliged to make for the Concealment of her Passion. Why is he so amiable? Said she, Why is he so worthy to be loved? Why is he a King? Or, since he is, why am not I of Royal Blood? Methinks, continued she, there is something unjust in this Fatality.—

Why,

Why, Oh Heaven ! hast thou so perfectly united Hearts that can never be for each other ? Must all this mutual Love and Tenderneſs ſerve only to make us both completely wretched ?

BUT Couſin, reply'd *Edith*, ſince he demands no more than to tell you that he loves, cannot you enjoy the ſame Happineſs ? Is it poſſible for you always to live in this cruel Constraint ? Or to think that the Confeſſion of your Sentiments would be of prejudice to your Honour ?

WITHOUT doubt, cry'd the other, if once he ſhould know he is beloved, he would immediately flatter himſelf, with the expectation of triumphing over my weakneſs.——Nay, what might he not do in the Opinion that Love would hereafter ſeal his Pardon. No, *Edith*, no, never ſhall ſuch a Confeſſion come out of my Mouth. It may coſt me my Life, but in ſpite of all I ſuffer, ſtill can I regulate my Conduct in ſuch a manner, as ſhall never let him penetrate into this Secret. And what hope you from this Rigour, both to yourſelf and him ? Interrupted *Edith* ? To force him, answer'd *Ethelgive*, to return to himſelf, and ſeeing the Vanity of his Purſuit, carry thoſe Vows elſewhere, which I neither can nor ought to receive.

EDITH, who began to find the Pleaſures of her preſent Situation, was not ſo capable of reliſhing theſe Arguments as the other imagined ; but knowing the ſeverity of *Ethelgive*, durſt not offer any thing in oppoſition to what ſhe ſaid, and contented herſelf with teſtifying only the Compaſſion ſhe had for her Sufferings.

AS for *Ethelred*, the preſent Situation of his Mind was little gueſs'd at by thoſe about him, and the dread that it ſhould ſome way be known was no inconfiderable Addition to his Diſquiet ; but above all, he was induſtrious to conceal it from Prince *Edgar*. The wiſe Counſels of that Pillar of the State began now to be more feared than followed ; and as he knew his Virtue, he knew alſo that he would omit nothing to break off an Attachment of that Nature.

THIS

THIS Apprehension made him act with the greatest Circumspection, and tho' the Inclination he had always shown for Hunting, gave him an Opportunity of going almost every Day to the place which now contain'd what had infinitely more Charms for him, yet the Precautions he used made it a long time before this Intrigue was discovered.

'T I S certain, that the Force of Love was never more absolute than in the Heart of *Ethelred* : tho' a King he submitted himself wholly to the Will of one of the meanest of his Subjects ; and tho' all he had done, or continued to do for her, seem'd not to have made the least Impression on her Heart, yet did he for some time content himself with the bare possibility of her being one day more sensible.

BUT as this Passion, however, submissive in itself, is often attended with a Passion of a contrary Nature : the respectful Indifference *Ethelgive* always treated him with, at length gave birth to a jealousy, that it was for the sake of some more happy Man she was enabled to maintain this Reserve ; and in this Opinion, one day, after he had employ'd all the Eloquence and tenderness of Love to move her Heart, and perceiving she listened to it but with uneasiness. 'Tis too much *Ethelgive*, said he, I am now convinc'd of what I have suspected for some time : Yes, yes, continued he, looking on her, with Eyes sparkling, with mingled Rage and Grief, you know how to love, but not your King ; and *Ethelred* must languish for a Blessing which his Subject, perhaps, without difficulty obtain'd. This unexpected and unjust Accusation surprized *Ethelgive* in such a manner, that she was very near discovering what she had so long and so carefully conceal'd : she blush'd, then turned pale, her fine Eyes showered an instant Torrent, and lifting up her Hands to Heaven, Great God ! cry'd she, is it not enough to put my Vertue to the most cruel Proof that Woman ever yet sustained, but it must also be blackned with the most abhorr'd Aspersions ! She was able to bring forth no more, the mingled

mingled Passions labouring in her Soul, suppress the utterance of her Words ; and the tender *Ethelred*, who had remarked all the different Emotions which swell'd her Breast, made such Changes in her Countenance, was so touched with the Condition he had put her in, that he threw himself at her Feet, entreating her forgiveness.

M Y dear *Ethelgive*, said he, impute the Suspicion which has offended you, but to the Violence of my Passion ; was it not possible you might have loved before you knew me ? Might I not have snatched you from a Rival more fortunate than myself ? Might not I say such Apprehensions enter into the Heart of a Lover, treated as I have been with the most cruel Indifference ? And to what else, indeed, can I impute it ?

N O, my Lord, answer'd *Ethelgive*, forcing him to rise from the Posture he was in, I have never felt those Fires with which you accuse me for any Person, nor seen the Man who had the Presumption to entertain me with his. Heaven, which reserv'd for me the Advantage of inspiring them in you, has given me a Soul haughty enough to disdain a Conquest less illustrious : My Honour is the only Obstacle stands between you, and what you call your Happiness, I cannot obey the Dictates of that, and confess a 'Tenderness for you ; my Condition renders your Love and my Virtue incompatible. But, Sir, continued she, embracing his Knees, in spite of all he could do to hinder her, put an end to the Disquiet of us both——Permit me to retire for ever from your Presence.——Resume all that your lavish Goodness has bestowed upon me.——I conjure you only to facilitate my retreat into a Convent, and by granting this last Proof of your Bounty, convince the unhappy *Ethelgive* that you have loved her with Sincerity.

H O W ! cry'd the King, amazed at this Demand, can I consent to such a Division ? Can I resolve to live without you ?—Ah cruel *Ethelgive* ! Consider what it is you ask ? And if my Life is so indifferent to you, that you

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can hasten the end of it? Ah, Sir! reply'd she, weeping, I would yield mine with pleasure for the Preservation of yours, but can never sacrifice my Virtue for any mortal good.

W E L L, resumed the King with a deep Sigh, what have I exacted from you? In what I have constrained you? Has my Behaviour to you been like that of a Tyrant? Alas the Violence of my Passion transported me beyond the Respect of it? How have I deserved that you should wish to abandon me? — He was about to continue, when he perceived the Countenance of *Ethelgive* to change in such a Manner, as made him fear some Accident; on which he ran to her, calling *Edith* also at the same time to her Assistance, who was entertaining *Cork* at the other End of the Chamber.

A T their Approach they found *Ethelgive* without Sense or Motion; the King's Despair was testify'd in Exclamations, which could be excused by nothing but the Force of the most violent Passion that ever was; their Cares, however, brought her in a short time to Life, but not without such shiverings as gave strong suspicion some sudden Distemper had seiz'd her. They put her to Bed, where she was no sooner laid, than the King, imagining her Disorder proceeded from his late Accusation, threw himself on his Knees, endeavouring to expiate his Fault, by revoking all he had said; but *Ethelgive* who had been thrown into this Condition only by the violent Constraint she had put on herself in concealing the secret of her Passion, felt her Grievs and Confusion redouble at his Tenderness; and trembling lest she should be no longer able to prevent his Knowledge of it, I am sensible, said she, of all your Majesty's Goodness, and as a Testimony of my Submission. will take all the Care I can to preserve a Life which you are pleas'd to say is not indifferent to you. These Words made *Ethelred* easily comprehend she wish'd to be alone, and being press'd by *Cork* to return to *London*, he consented to do so, but with an inquietude which he could not so well disguise, but that his Courtiers took notice of it especially

ally Prince *Edgar*, who surpris'd at the Secret he made to him of it, resolv'd to omit nothing which might discover the Occasion.

THIS Indisposition of *Ethelgiva* serv'd to gratify his Curiosity, and that of all the Lords of the Court ; for during three whole Days that her Life was despair'd of, the frequent Visits made her by the King and his Favourite, could not be conceal'd, any more than the Attendance on her of all those Physicians who belong'd immediately to *Ethelred*.

THUS was this long-hid Passion reveal'd, but no body suspecting it exceeded that which Kings frequently feel for their pretty Subjects, every one made their Court to *Ethelred*, with repeating what they heard of the Wit and Beauty of his Mistress. But while this Amour made the whole Entertainment of the Court, and the King saw her with less Constraint, there pass'd strange Things in the Minds of both the one and the other.

THIS beautiful Maid had been so dangerous ill, that the King, who verily believed he had been the cause of it, discover'd a Love so perfect and disinterested the whole time of her Sickness, that on the fourth Day finding herself much worse, she resolv'd to declare to him before her Death, the Sentiments she had so long entertained in his favour, as a Recompence she ought not to refuse to those generous Proofs he had given her of his Passion.

THE King, on the other hand, despairing of being ever able to overcome her Virtue, form'd a Design of making himself happy in the Possession of her, what Price soever it should cost him ; but *Ethelgiva* was too ill at the next Visit for either of them to execute what they had intended, and the Day set apart by both to reveal what would have made their mutual Felicity, was pass'd in Tears and Despair. The Night was well advanced before a sudden Change in this fair Languisher for the better restored the Tranquility of her Family. *Ethelgiva*, who had been without the Power of Speech
or

or Motion, now raised her Eyes, and opened her Lips, but with her Faculties the Shame of owning that she loved, returned ; and the King fearing the Surprize of what he had to say might renew her Disorder, forbore to communicate his Intentions till her Health should be better established ; but as he was resolved she should be the first made acquainted with the Conversation her Virtue had wrought on his Desires, he was silent even to *Cork* on this head.

HE permitted, however, several of the Noblemen and Ladies to go visit her, who all returned from her House so much charmed, that they joined to entreat the King to bring her to Court ; to which he gladly consented, that he might have the Pleasure of seeing her often, esteeming no Hours happy, but those passed with her.

BUT he found the utmost Difficulty in persuading her to accept this Invitation. She set before his Eyes the ill Consequence it would be to her Reputation, and the Censures to which she must be inevitably exposed, and entreated he would dispense with her Submission on this Article.

BELIEVE not, said the King, that I hope by the Example and Pleasures of a Court, to obtain what was denied me in Solitude and Privacy ; but I have strong Reasons for desiring your Appearance in Publick, which you shall soon be made acquainted with, and I am certain will be approved by you. *Edith*, and the Women that are now with you, shall attend you still ; refuse not therefore, continued he, with the most tender Air, all sorts of Satisfaction to my Love.

He added much more to the same purpose, and express'd himself with such a Grace, that *Ethelgive* was at length convinced she ought to obey him in this ; and having given her Promise that she would do so, he departed, charm'd with having gain'd this Effect of her Compliance.

CORK was ordered to prepare a Palace for her, where nothing of Magnificence should be wanting, of
which

which Charge he acquitted himself with the same Integrity he had done the first time, and every thing being ready, *Ethelgive*, her Father, and *Edith* returned to *London*, in a Situation vastly different from that with which they left it. This lovely Maid appear'd at Court soon after her Arrival, where her Beauty, Sweetness, and Modesty prepared the way for that solid Esteem which an Acquaintance with the Perfections of her Mind afterwards established; without ever derogating from the Rules of Discretion and good Sense in making particular Intimacies, she had the Art of making as many Friend as Admirers, and convert even Jealousy and Envy into Love and Respect. So true it is, that Virtue, when accompanied with Wisdom, triumphs over every thing.

ETHELRED was transported with Joy to see the Object of his Love make the greatest Ornament of the Court; and his Passion being now arrived at the utmost Pitch, and the Prudence of *Ethelgive* still remaining unshaken, he could no longer defer putting in practice the Design he had formed in her Sickness. The longer time he had consider'd on it, the more he was confirm'd in the Justice of it, and resolving that nothing should oblige him to change his purpose, went one Day to the Palace of *Ethelgive*, and telling her he had an Affair of the utmost Importance to impart to her, she quitted a great Number of Ladies, and with *Edith* followed him into her Closet; where, making her sit down, and placing himself over against her, he contemplated that surprizing Beauty, which, whenever he had been an Hour absent from seemed to have received new Charms.

FOR some Moments the Language of the Eyes was all he entertained her with, but his Heart which beat with high Impatience to let her know the utmost of her Power, at last compell'd the Tongue to reveal it in this manner.

ETHELGIVE, said he, your Virtue has entirely vanquished all those delusive Hopes with which, in the beginning

beginning of our Acquaintance, I presumed to flatter my Passion. I will no longer persecute you with Vows which you could not listen to without Pain, and which nothing but the Consideration of my Rank could have enabled you to endure; but in their stead will give you a Proof of my Friendship which you little expect. In fine, continued he, beautiful *Ethelgive*, I will give you a Husband, whom I believe you will judge not unworthy of your Love; by this I assure your Fortune, do Justice to your Wisdom, and procure for my self a Tranquility which I can never enjoy otherwise.

THESE Words not being comprehended by *Ethelgive* in their true Meaning, struck her to the Heart with so much violence, that not having power to restrain the first Emotion, What Sir, cried she, have you then ceased to love me?

SHE had no sooner pronounced these Words, than her Face was turned of the Colour of Crimson: which making the King see that these Words had escaped her without thought, filled him with a Mixture of Joy and Astonishment; and impatient to be ascertained of the Truth, Is it then possible, replied he, that the Loss of *Ethelred* can move you?

SIR, said she, I have spoke too much not to betray to you what once I would have died rather than revealed; but I ought not to blush at the discovery of my Sentiments, since you have overcome yours. This Victory assuring me of your Virtue, I run no hazard in confessing that I had the boldness to lift my Eyes to my King, before he had vouchsafed to cast his on me. Yes Sir, continued she, I have loved, and still love your Majesty with all the Passion that a Heart strictly devoted to Piety and to Virtue can be capable of. I have received the Declarations you were pleased to make me, with more of tenderness for your Person, than respect for your Dignity. Not a Word you spoke, but what was eccho'd back by my repeating Soul: which dwelt incessantly on the enchanting Sound: I never saw you but with transport, never quitted your adored Presence
but

but with Agonies which are not to be expressed; I gloried in your Love, tho' I fear'd it; and that Honour which forbid me to reveal the dangerous Secret of mine, had well nigh cost me my Life. So cruel, so terrible was the constraint. But it is now over, your Majesty is now possessed of other Sentiments for me; and I repent not that I have avowed the true situation of my Heart, since by knowing that it is full of the Idea of the most august and lovely Prince in the World, you will also know it cannot entertain another: And the same Virtue which defended me from all the Attacks of your Love, and my own, will also defend me from the Baseness of taking a Husband whom I cannot render otherwise than miserable. Change, therefore, I beseech you, Sir, those Marks of your Bounty into that I have often desired of your Majesty: Suffer me to retire, that Time, Absence, and my own Virtue, may enable me to conquer this presumptuous and unhappy Passion. I have made this Confession as a Recompence due to your Love; give then to mine what is owing it, and which you cannot deny without Injustice. Yes, cried the King, prostrating himself at her Feet; yes, I will give you the Recompence you so well merit. But, most adorable *Ethelgive*, it must not be a Retreat, but a Throne, the Throne of *Ethelred* can only recompense the Confession you have made. Be undeceived my dear *Ethelgive*, continued he, taking one of her Hands and ardently kissing it, I never ceased to love you, nor had no other Husband to offer you but my self; my Resolution has a long time been fixed; I brought you to Court but to accustom you to those Honours to which I have destined you; hoping that the Sacrifice I made you of my Crown and Liberty, would engage a suitable return; but this happy Mistake occasioning you to lay open all your Heart, has made me blest'd as much above my own Expectation, as I am above all Mankind beside. Oh, to be loved by you, to have it in my power to put you in a Condition to tell me so without ceasing, without shame, without restraint,

straint, is Joy unutterable! *Edith*, cried he, turning toward her, behold my Queen and yours, and share with me in the pleasure of rendering her the first Testimonies of Duty!

A Discourse so unexpected, and accompany'd with such vehement Transports, made *Ethelgive* incapable of any reply for some time; but recovering herself a little, 'tis too much, Sir, said she, and if it were possible to love with greater Tenderneſs than I do, my whole Soul would be too little to repay your Goodneſs; but while you are ſo ſtudious for my Glory, ſuffer me to take ſome care of yours. I love you. Sir, I have told you, and ſhall tell you ſo to the laſt Moment of my Life: I have nothing now to fear from a Prince who wou'd unite me to him by the moſt holy Tyes. I call Heaven to witneſs, continued ſhe, that the Offer you make me wou'd compleat all the Happineſs I cou'd know on Earth, had I been born worthy of you, or were you of a Rank leſs elevated: 'Tis *Ethelred*, not his Throne, I am ambitious of — 'Tis himſelf alone employs all my Hopes, my Wiſhes — Ah Sir! if without injuring thoſe rare Qualities which render you ſo fit to reign, I could ſeparate you from your Dignity, the Fate of *Ethelgive* would be fortunate indeed. But, Sir, as you are a King, as you were born to be one, and that Title draws the perpetual Attention of the whole World on your leaſt Actions, you ought to caſt your Eyes on ſome Princeſs whoſe Alliance may be pleaſing to your People; your preſent Paſſion makes you not ſee the meanneneſs of your Choice in me wou'd be a laſting Stain on your Glory, and, perhaps, bring on Calamities which no Intereſt of my own can ever engage to render you liable to. I am ignorant of the Policies of States, educated in Simplicity and Innocence, my Views have not extended ſo far, but I diſcern thoſe which are offer'd to the Eyes of common Underſtanding. The Honours I now receive from your Subjects, as believing me the Miſtreſs of their King, would immediately be turned into Outrage when you give me to them as their Queen.

Queen.—They know they are born to obey, but they know also what is due to them from him who governs; and expect he should neither debase himself nor the Homage they are obliged to render the Person he shall make choice of to be his Partner in the Throne. Pardon, Sir, that I presume to set these Things before you; but I ought to neglect nothing which may prevent my King, who is dearer to me than the light of the Sun, from doing any thing to the prejudice of his Fame.

ALL the time *Ethelgive* was speaking, the King list'ned to her with an Admiration which by degrees wrought itself to Extasy: He had his Arms cross'd over his Breast, and his Eyes so intently fix'd on her Face, that he seemed immoveable. But when she had finished her Discourse, Madam, said he, without stirring from the posture he had been in, I have always found your Soul so beautiful and disinterested, that I doubted not but you would make these Objections: But you ought to be assured that a Prince, who believing himself but barely esteemed by you, came to offer you his Empire, will never depart from that Design, after knowing he is beloved by you, and that the less you imagine yourself worthy of a Throne, by so much the more you are so.

MY Love demands the possession of you; your Virtue forbids me to hope it but by warrantable Means; and both the one and the other gives you my Crown, and my Faith: Oppose no longer, therefore, a Resolution which is not to be shaken; and believe that Death alone can separate me from *Ethelgive*.

THE grave Air with which *Ethelred* pronounced these Words, left her no room to question the Sincerity of them, notwithstanding this Beautiful Virgin, to the end he might have nothing to reproach her with hereafter, renewed her Efforts to dissuade him from his Intention; she even went so far as to promise him, since she found her presence was necessary to his repose, never to think or speak again of retiring from Court; that

that she wou'd always continue near him, and, in spite of all might be said of her, give him all the proofs he could wish of her Affection, which were not directly of prejudice to her Virtue.

BUT the more she remonstrated, the more the King was confirm'd in his Resolution, and she was obliged to yield to his Intreaties, and make the Dictates of her Wisdom give place to those of her Gratitude and Love; Sentiments which she felt too lively in her Heart not to express with all that force and agreeableness which are the Companions of Truth.

ETHELRED, charmed with his Happiness, made her recite a hundred Times over the beginning and the progress of her Passion for him; and when he found her Modesty kept her from dwelling on some Particulars, he obliged *Editb* to supply that deficiency. In fine, after a long Conversation he took his Leave, in order to prepare Matters for their mutual Satisfaction, more full of Love and Admiration than ever.

ETHELGIVE was no sooner at liberty, than both she and *Editb*, reflecting on what had happened, and in how strange a manner Divine Providence had conducted this Adventure, gave thanks to the King of Kings; and the Charmer of *Ethelred* remitting her future Destiny, as she had always done, to the heavenly Throne, prayed only that so infinite a Prosperity as she was going to enjoy, might not render her forgetful of the Source from whence it sprung, or value herself on her own Merits as the occasion.

WHILE she was in these pious Meditations, her Royal Lover, returned to his Palace with an Air of Contentment in his Looks, which was visible to all those who were about him, but particularly to *Cork*, and as his Visit to *Ethelgive* had been much longer than usual; he imputed the Satisfaction of his King to a Motive not very advantageous to that virtuous Maid; but he remain'd not long in this Error, *Ethelred* having retired to his Closet, order'd him to be call'd, and looking on him with Eyes sparkling with Joy, *Cork*, said he, I am the most fortunate of all Mankind.

SIR,

SIR, reply'd the Favourite, I never doubted but Perseverance and the excellent Qualities of your Majesty would in the end be recompenced with the most tender Affection of *Ethelgive*; but I confess, the Virtue I observed in that amiable Virgin made me fear a longer Resistance; and I rejoyce that you have triumph'd. —

HOLD, cry'd the King, hastily interrupting him, make not too rash a Judgment: *Ethelgive* is chaste, pure, and uncorruptible as Virtue's self. — I have not, nor is there a possibility of triumphing over her. No, she has triumph'd over all my looser Desires. — In a Word, I love, am beloved, and shall make her my Queen.

'TWOULD be in vain to go about making any Description of the surprize *Cork* was in at these Words, he sprang back several Paces, and without speaking fix'd his Eyes on the King's Face, as if he would discover in his Countenance the Truth of what he had heard; but this Monarch penetrating into his Sentiments, and willing to ascertain him, repeated to him all that had passed between him and *Ethelgive*, and concluded with commanding him to go and congratulate her on this change of her Fortune.

CORK, who had now no longer room for doubt, could not forbear giving those Praises to *Ethelgive* which her Beauty, Wit and Virtue demanded, but the Interest of his King overway'd all other Considerations; and looking on this Marriage as the utmost Misfortune which could happen, either to him or the Kingdom, took the Liberty to represent to him the ills which might ensue; but the King interrupted him in the beginning of his Discourse, saying to him, with an Air of Fierceness, *Cork*, be sensible of the Honour I do you, in making you the first of all my Subjects acquainted with my Design, and prove your Gratitude in your Obedience. This Favourite, who had never heard *Ethelred* speak in this Tone, found it was most prudent for him to be silent, and made no other Answer than a

low Bow: After which he went to *Ethelgife*, whose Wisdom, Modesty, and Disinterestedness appear'd to him in such lively Colours, that he could not avoid confessing, that if the King's Choice should not be approved by his People, at least it ought to be so.

ETHELRED, however, was willing to reconcile to this Marriage before he consummated it, all the Princes of the Blood, and great Men of the Kingdom. *Edgar* was the first he resolved to consult on it; for tho' he very well knew he should have great difficulty to persuade him to be of his Opinion; yet as he was not only the President of the Council, but also a Man whose Words would have weight to influence all the rest, in gaining him, he gain'd every thing, he therefore prepared himself to hear the Reproaches he expected from him, as became a King, who knew his own Authority, and would be obey'd. My dear *Edgar* said he as soon as he saw him enter, as I believe my Conduct for some time past, may have surprized you, I sent for you to hear my Justification, and by an ample Confession of my most secret Thoughts, give you a proof of my Esteem and Confidence. I flatter myself you will return it in Kind, and convinced of my perfect Friendship, give me all imaginable Testimonies of yours.

THIS Preamble had the Effect on *Edgar* it was intended for, he felt in himself that Affection which it is natural to have for Persons educated under our Care; and tho' *Ethelred* had an uncommon Art of engaging the Hearts of all those who knew him; yet was this Prince more sensibly touch'd with his good Qualities, than any other, and answering him in the most tender Accents, As you are the supreme Master, said he, you stand not in need of Justification; but if it pleases you, Sir, to render an Account of your Actions, I shall listen more out of Obedience than the Imagination I have any privilege to demand a Reason for them.

THIS Reply flattering the Hopes of *Ethelred*, he gave him the exact History of his Love for *Ethelgife*,
from

from its beginning to that Moment; and after having exaggerated the Beauty of her Mind, her Virtue, and the nobleness of her Sentiments, he concluded with declaring the Resolution he had to espouse her, and desiring the Prince as President of the Council to influence the others to be satisfied with his Choice.

EDGAR, who till then had listened with the utmost Attention, now lost all Patience, and crying out with a Voice that made known the Agitation of his Soul; Is it for me, Sir, said he, for me to approve an Alliance, such as this? What, continued he, with he utmost Vehemence, shall the Descendant of so many Kings, the August *Ethelred*, place on his Throne the Daughter of a vile Mechanick? Think, Sir, think, what the Nobility, nay, what your whole People will say to see Royalty thus shamed, disgraced, and made the scorn of every petty Commonwealth. Think what Misfortunes must ensue, when instead of being adored, you are contemned at home, and instead of being respected and feared, be hated by your Neighbours? Will not both the one and the other conspire to deprive you of a Crown you have so unworthily bestowed? Ah, Sir, reflect you are King of a Nation who are rather to be governed by Love than Authority. — The *English* are not a People who obey, because they must, but because they will; and you have sufficient Examples in the Annals of your Ancestors, that when once the Person of a King falls into Contempt, his Dignity is little regarded. Are there not Princes of your own Blood, whose Ambition would make them rejoice in this Opportunity of exciting your Subjects to Sedition and Rebellion? Have you not Neighbours who wait but a fair Occasion to invade your Realm? Have you not every thing to fear from the King of *Denmark*? Send therefore to him, demand his Daughter in Marriage, give her the place your blind Passion offers to the meanest and most unworthy of your Subjects, and drive far hence this blot of your Renown. Believe, Sir, that when hereafter you shall call to mind the re-

membrance of this Frenzy, you will bleſh to think what a Queen you would have given us, and what a Family you would have confounded with your own.

HERE he ceaſed to ſpeak; and the King, who had ſuffer'd him to go on without Interruption, anſwer'd him coolly, You tell me nothing, ſaid he, but what I have already heard from *Ethelgiwe* herſelf, and you may therefore judge how impoſſible it is to prevent what I have reſolved to do. Her diſinterreſtedneſs engaged my Pardon for the wrong ſhe did herſelf, and I pardon what you have done on account of your Zeal, tho' a miſtaken one. But expect not I will do ſo a ſecond time, continued he, raiſing his Voice; for know, that as *Man*, I will be ſatisfy'd, and as *King*, I will be obeyed, *Imaginary Misfortunes* ſhall not deprive me of a *Real Happineſs*; if my Neighbours, or my Subjects ſhall attempt any thing to the Diſturbance of the State, I truſt my *Courage* ſhall triumph over the *one*, and my *Power* make the *others* tremble. As for you Prince *Edgar*, I declared not my *Deſign* to you for your *Advice*, but *Approbation*; and tho' I ſhould have been glad you had ſubſcribed to it, I am not diſquieted that you do not; and, perhaps, without your *Aſſiſtance*, I ſhall know how to exact from my Council that *Submission* which is owing to the Will of their King. With theſe Words he went out of his Cabinet, and left the Prince in ſo much Grief and Conſternation, that he retired to his Apartment, where he ſhut himſelf up to avoid the Sight or the Speech of any one.

ETHELKED, however, diſcloſed no mark of Alteration in his Countenance, and the greateſt part of thoſe who compoſed the Council, being in his Chamber when he was going to bed, he ſaid a thouſand obliging things to them, was extremely facetious, and omitted nothing which might render them unable to reſuſe any thing he ſhould aſk; after which he order'd them to aſſemble the next Morning on an Affair of Importance.

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THIS Monarch, whose Resolution remain'd unshaken, pass the Night with no other inquietude than what the Impatience of possessing *Ethelgive* occasioned. But *Edgar* was taken up with very different agitations; his great Age and Wisdom having shut his Eyes to Beauty, made him think it madness to run those risques the King did for the Attainment of it: Nor did the Wit and fine Qualities of *Ethelgive* appear to him any more than frivolous Ornaments on a Throne to which he believed Birth only could give a just Pretension. He imagined also, that there was more Artifice than Virtue in the proceedings of *Ethelgive*, and that she had not maintained so strict a Reserve to the King, but to bring him to those Terms they were now upon. The weakness of *Ethelred* seem'd the more inexcusable to him, by the firm belief he had, that all the Actions of this young Beauty were actuated by Ambition; and his natural Haughtiness mingling with his concern for the Interest of King and Kingdom, and representing to him that he must be obliged to bow the Knee and treat as Queen, one who was not born even to approach Majesty. made him determine, whatever should be the Consequence, to take all sorts of Measures, rather than suffer this Marriage to be accomplished.

THE appointed Hour being arrived, the King went to the Council Chamber, where there wanted only Prince *Edgar* to render the Assembly compleat. His Absence gave *Ethelred* a great Joy, believing he should find the Dispositions of the others more favourable; and when he saw they were all attentive to what he should say, he began his Discourse by commenting on the Blessings of Peace, and the Care he had taken in his Conduct with his Allies to procure it for his Subjects. He told them he was resolv'd as long as God should continue him among them, to give them all imaginable Proofs of his Tenderness and Love. And then said, he hoped, having spent those Years, which most Men dedicate wholly to Pleasure, in the Service of the State, his People would not now think it strange that he sought

a little Satisfaction for himself; and as he could not approve of Marriages formed only by political Views, he had chosed for himself a Woman whose Beauty, Wisdom, and Virtue, very well compensated for her want of Birth.

HE added, that he thought he could not give his Subjects a greater proof of his Love for them, than by taking one of them for his Wife; and that he hoped the admirable *Ethelgive* who had already attracted all their Hearts, would find no difficulty in acquiring their most duteous Homage. He scarce pronounced these Words, when such a confused Murmur ran thro' the whole Assembly, as hindred him from proceeding.

THEIR Eyes were cast down to the Earth, a gloomy Discontent, mixed with a certain Air of Perturbation, almost to horror, overspread the Faces of all present; and while every one was thinking in what manner he should oppose an Alliance which seemed so monstrously unproportionable, the King had little to expect for his Satisfaction from their Replies.

BUT whatever their Sentiments were on this Affair, they forebore making any Discovery of them, till the Appearance of Prince *Edgar* gave them new Courage, and *Ethelred* new occasion to believe he had nothing to hope from their Assent.

THIS wise Minister, tho' he easily guess'd the Reason of this general Consternation, desired it might be explain'd, to the end he might have a second opportunity of remonstrating to the King the Dangers which threatned him in the Pursuit of his Design. He had no sooner ask'd the Question, than one of the Lords, after having first entreated the King's Pardon, told him, in the name of the rest, that the Reason of their Inquietude was, that they were obliged to refuse any Thing to a Monarch they so dearly loved, and was so justly valuable to them; but that neither their Loyalty to him, nor the Welfare of the State would permit them ever to consent he should be the Husband of a Maid, such as *Ethelgive*.

N O W

NOW it was, that this Prince made use of all his Wisdom, his fine Reasoning, and Eloquence, mingling Tears with his Dissuasions from a Union, which promised nothing but Tumults and Seditions among his Subjects, ill Usage from his Neighbours, and too late Repentance and Remorse in himself. What he said was seconded by others, and they all join'd in one Voice to cry out, *Ethelgive* should never be their Queen; when *Ethelred* convinced nothing was to be done dismiss'd them, with telling them, that he would consider farther on the Affair, and they should know his Pleasure another time.

EDGAR now flatter'd himself that the King was somewhat shaken in his Resolution; but how strangely was he surprized, when he heard soon after than *Ethelred* had no sooner left the Council than he went into the Room of State, and declared to a numerous concourse of Nobility then present, that he should shortly make *Ethelgive* his Queen, and that he had sent to the Bishop of *Durham* to come to *London*, in order to solemnize this Marriage.

AS this Prince was naturally violent, this News put him into a Rage that exceeded all Bounds; and listening only to the Dictates of his Zeal, he ran to the Palace of *Ethelgive* to reproach her with those Artifices he imagined she had made use of to seduce the Heart of the King. She had no other Company than *Editb* when he enter'd; and the Rank he held at Court, his Age, the near Alliance he had to *Ethelred*, and the great Esteem he was honoured with by that Monarch, made her receive him with all the Respect that was his due.

BUT *Edgar*, whose Mind was prejudiced against her by the most disadvantageous Ideas, without examining the Sweetness and Modesty that accompanied the Civilities with which she treated him, opened not his Mouth but to rail at her Ambition, mingling with his Upbraidings several Reflections on the Meanness of her Birth; and all this in Terms the most Outrageous that Despair could suggest.

HIS Behaviour and Discourse threw this beautiful Maid into an Astonishment which kept her from interrupting him; but when she perceived he had no more to say, she recollected herself, and answered in this manner.

MY Lord, (said she with her accustomed Sweetness) another, in the Situation I am, would not, perhaps, have listned with so much Tranquility to Reproaches I so little deserve; but I shall always respect my King in the Persons of all who have the Honour of being allied to him, and none with more Sincerity than Prince *Edgar*, to whom I hope to make my Innocence appear so clearly, that he shall find more to approve, than blame in my Conduct.

THAT Majesty which reigned in the whole Person of *Ethelgive*, and the charming Tone of her Voice, began to produce their ordinary Effects. Already the Prince beheld her with Eyes less incens'd, and already began to repent him of his Fierceness; when she continued in this manner: I love the King, my Lord, said she, I do not pretend to deny it; but that Tenderness had never any other Object than himself: The Ambition you reproach me with, has always been so distant from my Soul, that I have never aimed to make myself beloved; but, on the contrary, looked on the Affection, and the Bounties his Majesty honour'd me with, as the most terrible Misfortune could befall me; and for the space of a whole Year, that I have been compelled to receive them, Respect and Indifference have been all the returns I made. I confess, that in this I did myself the utmost Violence, but Virtue and Religion enabled me to go through it; and I take all the Saints to witness, that in this Constraint I had no other View, no other Desire, than to cure my Royal Master of a Passion, the Gratification of which could be attended only with Infamy and Shame.

IT is but two Days since the Secret of my Soul, and the King's Intentions in my favour were, by an Accident, at once discovered; and I appeal to him, if I did not labour with a disinterestedness, few of my Sex, perhaps,

haps, would have been able to have testified on such an Occasion, to dissuade his Majesty from a March so greatly to the disadvantage of his Glory, and his Subjects Repose. Ambition, and Artifice, my Lord, are Monsters unknown to me: Innocence guides all my Steps, and Truth my Words. I could not refuse my Heart to the Merit of *Ethelred*, but never did I aspire to become the Wife of my King; and to convince you of it, invent some Means to break off this disproportionable Marriage, you shall see with how much Resignation I will sacrifice both my Love and Life for the Happiness of the State, and the Glory of my Sovereign.

THE time she was speaking, Prince *Edgar* regarded her with all the Marks of Admiration; and as soon as she had done, Madam, said he, by what Services can I atone for the Crime I have been guilty of? I wish to God it were in my power to subject the Hearts and reconcile the Voices of the whole World in your favour; with what Zeal would I endeavour it! — But alas the Report I shall make of you, I fear, will not be believed; nor is it at all surprizing they should not give credit to my Words, when it is difficult for me to persuade my self of what I see.

TIME alone can convince the Nation of your Worth, and may Heaven, who inspires you with such excellent Virtues, constrain the *English* to render them the Homage which is their due. I am no longer astonish'd at the Sentiments of the King: It is no longer in my power to blame them; and I am certain that to separate him from you, would be a Misfortune more terrible than all that Policy can foresee in being united to you.

ETHELGIVE appeared more perplexed at these Praises from the Prince, than she had been at the Indignation he at first express'd. She replied, however, with the utmost Modesty, and entreated he would regulate her Conduct by his Advice, with Graces so enchanting, that she gained him entirely to her Party; nor was there ever a more sincere Friend than she found in him from this moment.

THE King, who burned with the strongest Impatience to be for ever with his dear *Ethelgive*, had no sooner given the necessary Orders for the Celebration of his Marriage, than he came to her Palace. He enter'd the very moment *Edgar* was going out, and being surprized to meet him in that Place, What Occasion, Prince, said he, has brought you here?

SIR, replied *Edgar*, I came with Sentiments very different from those I carry out; and retired immediately. The King, who knew not what to think of this Visit, went with some Inquietude to the Chamber of *Ethelgive*; but the Tranquility that appear'd in her Countenance, dissipated it: His Curiosity however remained, and he desired she would inform him of the Conversation that pass'd between them.

THIS prudent Maid, who knew the Injury she should do the Prince if she discovered the beginning of his Discourse to her; she therefore carefully conceal'd it, and only told the King that he had entertained her with the Goodness of his Majesty to her. This gave an infinite Satisfaction to *Ethelred*, for imagining that he came only to examine the Worth of *Ethelgive*, and finding it superior to his Expectations, he had departed satisfied with his Choice, he resolv'd to take him into favour again. But quitting this Conversation, they entred into one more agreeable to the Disposition of their Hearts. *Ethelred* testified such an impatience to be joined to her by Ties indissoluble, that she could not dispense with answering, in the most tender manner he could wish; and a few days after, they were married in the Royal Chapel by the Bishop of *Durham*.

BUT the Ceremony was no sooner over, than the Palace became a Desert: Of all the numerous Concourse of Beauties that used to grace the Circle, now not one was to be seen; nor of the other Sex any but those who by their Employments were oblig'd to be near the Person of the King, except a few, to whom the Merit of *Ethelgive* was known; among whom were Prince *Edgar* and *Cork*.

THE

T H E Possession of his fair Queen easily consoled *Ethelred* for the little Complaisance of his Subjects, and every Day more charmed than before, his whole Felicity consisted in her Conversation, and in giving and receiving the most tender Proofs of Love.

N O R did *Ethelgive* seem in the least disturbed at this Behaviour of the Courtiers : Contented to possess the Heart of *Ethelred*, she disdained his Throne ; and the Title of Queen, which the People refused to give her, was entirely indifferent to her : nay so far was she from resenting the Contempt they treated her with, that she made use of her utmost power with the King, to prevent him from coming into any Extremities with them. The few whom her Virtue had attached to her, thought they could never sufficiently admire and applaud her Patience, Humility, and Sweetness. Prince *Edgar*, who almost idolized her Goodness, used incessant Endeavours to persuade the Nobility to acknowledge her for what she was, and consent to her Coronation ; but without Success for a long time, so implacable is that Animosity which arises from the Pride of Blood.

H E A V E N, however confirmed its approbation of this Marriage by blessing the Royal Pair with a Son, whom the King named *Edmond*. The Birth of this Prince, the Goodness of his Mother, and the Sollicitations of *Edgar*, made some of the wisest of the Great Men less inveterate than they had been ; and they began by degrees to come to Court, and congratulate the King : after which they could not refuse the Title of Majesty to her who had given them a Prince, whose Right to the Empire none in the least disputed.

T H E Y had doubtless no longer opposed setting the Crown on her Head, as was her due, being the Wife of their King, had not Couriers arrived with Intelligence which filled the Minds of every one with Thoughts of another nature.

T W O Earls who pretended to be descended from *Alfred*, one of the seven Kings that reigned in *England*, when *Athelstan* made an entire Conquest of it, took the Opportunity of the general Discontent to raise an Army. They had taken up Arms in the Northern Provinces, and were supported in their Enterprize by *Sueno* King of *Denmark*, who sent them several well-disciplin'd Troops; and were promised the same by *Malcolm* King of *Scotland*: and their Forces every day augmenting, they flatter'd themselves with the Assurance of dethroning *Ethelred*.

T H I S News greatly afflicted those whose Loyalty, notwithstanding their Discontent, remained unshaken. But the King, who had a truly Royal Courage, appeared little moved at it; and having issued out Orders for levying an Army, such Numbers list'd as Volunteers, that he had the Satisfaction to see he had not lost the Hearts of his Subjects, though they had omitted paying those superficial Duties he expected from them. In fine, he was very soon in a Condition to repel the Insolence of the Rebels; and every thing being ready, he took leave of his beloved *Ethelgive*, who had now given some proofs of a second Pregnancy.

T H I S Princess, who had never known before what 'twas to fear the Danger of the Man she loved, felt the most sensible Grief at the Separation; and the certainty that this Rebellion had no other Pretence than the Marriage of the King, was no inconsiderable addition to her Sorrows. But *Ethelred*, whose Passion for her every hour increas'd, conjured her to be of comfort, assuring her, that tho' the whole World should turn against him on her account, it should not be capable of diminishing any part of that firm Affection he had vow'd for her, or making him, even for a moment, regret the having loved her.

T H E King marched from *London*, at the Head of his Army towards the North of *England*, where he found the Rebels entrenched near *Lincoln*, which City they designed to besiege.

THEY

THEY were extremely surprized at the Number and Beauty of the King's Army, which were encamped very near them, and had taken all necessary measures for an advantageous Attack. But this Monarch, unwilling to spill the Blood of those, who, through Rebels, were yet his Subjects, offered a Free-Pardon to such as would return to their Allegiance; and to engage them to do so, represented to them their Weakness, and his Superiority. But the *Scots*, who were at perpetual Enmity with the *English* animated them in such a manner, that they refused to listen to these Proposals, and prepared themselves to make a vigorous Defence: which so far irritated the King, that he fell immediately on them with such fury and success, that in four Hours he gained a compleat Victory. And having distributed his Rewards and Punishments with the greatest Justice, returned to *London*, where the tender *Ethelgive*, who had past all the time of his Absence at the Foot of the Altar, received him with a Joy as perfect as his Love; and both were so sublime, and above the ordinary Endearments, that never did any conjugal Affection appear so illustrious.

THE Feasts and Rejoicings which were made in the Court and City for the King's Victory and Return, were in a few Months afterward, renewed on the Birth of a second Prince which *Ethelgive* brought into the World, and was called *Edwin*. This Fertility, the Constancy of *Ethelred*, and the Virtue and Goodness of *Ethelgive*, determined the People at length to acknowledge her for their Queen. The Lords of the Council had agreed at their next Meeting to propose to the King a Day for her Coronation, and all the Nobility of both Sexes were busy in preparing new Habits and Equipages to make their Court in to the Queen. Prince *Edgar*, whose true Friendship for her had gone a great way in bringing about this Change, reserved to himself the pleasure of being the first who should inform her of it.

BUT

BUT how different from his Expectation did he find her! She was leaning on a Table with one Arm which supported her Head, while the other held a Handkerchief before her Eyes; no Company but *Editb*, who was on her Knees by her, with her Face all covered with Tears, and seemed abandoned to the utmost Excess of Grief.

A Spectacle so extraordinary, confounded the Prince; he stood for some time observing them, without being seen by them; but not able longer to restrain his Curiosity, he drew nearer, and with a Voice which his Surprise rendred more precipitate than usual, What do I see, Madam! said he? What strange Accident, unknown to all the World but yourself, can disturb the Felicity of your Majesty? He had not finished this Exclamation, when the lovely Mourner took her Handkerchief from before her Face, and looking on him with Eyes in which Despair was visibly painted, My Lord, reply'd she, in the depth of Misery it affords some Ease to see you—'Tis in your Advice alone I hope for Remedy.

YOU may judge, Madam, said the Prince, by what I have already done, that there is nothing in my power I would not do for your Service. But I confess myself strangely at a loss to guess what Subject of Complaint you can have in this happy Point of Time, when, as if to triumph over the Heart of *Ethelred* were not sufficient for your Glory, you also triumph over the Wills of his People. They now, Madam, joyfully acknowledge the incomparable *Ethelgive* is worthy of a Throne, and the first meeting of the Council will fix a Day to set the Crown upon your Head. I came full of Joy to acquaint you with this News, and I find you in Tears, and Grief of Heart.—— Ah! Madam, give not way to Sorrow so ill timed; nor wrong your own good Fortune, and that of the King, who, by a Constancy unparallel'd, merits all your Attention.

NO, my Lord, no, interrupted she hastily, the King loves *Ethelgise* no more. — Coldness and Indifference have for a month past, usurp'd the place of Tenderness — This, my Lord, this, continued she, weeping, is the occasion of my Tears, and my Despair. The Honours you bring me Tidings of, have no effect on a Mind like mine, wholly taken up with Love, the Heart of *Ethelred* was all my Pride, all my Desire; and having lost that, the Grave is my only Wish.

THIS beautiful Princess pronounced these Words with a Vehemence which easily made known the Sincerity of them. But as *Edgar* had never perceived the least Change in the King's Behaviour, he believed not, after having given such Proofs of the most pure Affection, he could be Inconstant; especially as *Ethelgise* was grown more beautiful than ever, and had brought two Pledges of their mutual Affection, which seemed to cement it more closely than before; and therefore look'd on this Suspicion as a Weakness which Women are too frequently guilty of. The more he reflected, the more he was fortified in this Opinion, and conjured her not to be so easily alarmed. He told her, that such Doubts were equally prejudicial to the Glory of *Ethelred*, as to her own Repose; that what he had done for her, in Opposition to the whole Nation, was sufficient to convince her he never could be capable of doing any thing which shou'd give her a just cause of Complaint; and that the two Princes she had given him, her Beauty, and his own Honour, were Securities for his Constancy. In fine, he laboured all he could to persuade her what he really believed himself; and when he left her, bid her be assured he would shortly return with new Proofs of the King's unchangeable Affection.

BUT all he had said was of little effect, the King's Behaviour to her for some time was more convincing than every thing which could proceed from any other Mouth. Nor did her worst of Fears deceive her, a new Attachment for a Lady of the Court had rendred him
disgustful

disgustful of what he had before pursued with so tender an Ardency. He saw *Ethelgive* but with regret, and repented him of having entred into engagements with her, which were not to be broke but by death. He endeavoured, however, to conceal his Sentiments from her, being desirous she should think the Disgrace he determined for her was not owing to his Inconstancy, but to Reasons of State.

BUT nothing is so quick sighted as Love; *Ethelgive* not only preceived he had no longer any remains of Tenderness for her, but also that he had a Passion for another; but a hope of one Day being able to recover him, made her keep this part of her Misfortune a Secret to Prince *Edgar*: the Respect she still preserved for this ungrateful Monarch not permitting her to discover what was so great a Blemish on his Glory.

THIS Prince, however, not being able to persuade himself that the King had in reality given any Reason for these Jealousies, went immediately to his Apartment, believing he should some way or other make a Discovery of the Truth.

HE found him in his Cabinet, with *Cork*; and the King no sooner saw him enter, than he cried out with all the Marks of the most furious Rage, *Edgar*, what think you of the Subject that has the boldness to refuse Obedience to my Commands? Prince, continued he, I have made serious Reflections on the Rank *Ethelgive* holds here; I know her Presence is Poison to the Eyes of all who wish me well, and tho' I have been guilty of a Fault I cannot repair, in marrying her, yet will I give my Court the Satisfaction of making her retire; and it was with my Orders to her, for that purpose, that I was about to send *Cork*, and he has the Insolence to deny me. What, Sir, interrupted *Edgar*, will you send the Queen from your Palace? will you plunge a Ponyard into the Breast of a Princess who adores you? of a Wife, to whom the State is indebted for two Princes who are looked on as a Support of the Empire; and of a Wife, for whom your Subjects
have

have conceived so perfect an Esteem, that they entreat you, by me, to set the Crown on her Head? They are ready, Sir, to acknowledge her their Queen; and her Virtue has made such Impression on their Hearts, that to hear of such a Change as you now threaten, would fill them with the extremest Grief.

ETHELRED was astonished at these Words from *Edgar*, but he was not in a Disposition to listen to his Reasons; Wisdom was no longer the Conductor of his Actions; Vice had taken the Place of Virtue, Inconstancy left him a Relish only for dissolute Pleasures, and if he durst, Prince *Edgar* had that Moment felt the Effect of his Rage, for having offer'd to oppose his Will. He constrained himself, however, as to this particular, but let his whole Fury loose on *Cork*, who, for refusing to be the Bearer of his cruel Orders, he banished from Court; and refusing to hear the Prince, he called one of his Train, and dispatch'd him to *Ethelgive*, with the Sentence of her Fate.

PRINCE *Edgar*, who foresaw the Trouble this Accident would occasion, retired with a Soul filled with the most disturbed Emotions; he could not resolve to see *Ethelgive*, till she had been made acquainted with her Misfortune by some other hand; he lamented the Misery he knew she must sustain; and most of all, that a Prince whom she had educated in the strictest Principles of Virtue and of Honour should be guilty of an Action so much the Reverse of both. The whole Court was in a general Consternation, when informed of what was doing, and *Ethelgive*, who two Years before had not one Voice in her Favour, had now the universal Love, Esteem, and Pity. Every one condemn'd the King's Change, but he was insensible to all the Remonstrances that several of the great Men took the liberty to make him; and in spite of all that could be said, the unhappy *Ethelgive* received the fatal Order to abandon for ever the Palace and Presence of the King, and retire to that House he had given her before Marriage.

THE

THE Ladies ran in Troops to her Apartment, to condole her under so sad, and so unexpected an Affliction; but there was no time for reasoning, the Person charged with this cruel Commission had no sooner executed it, than she fell into a Swoon, from which it was near two Hours before all their Endeavours could recover her; and when at the End of that Time she opened her Eyes, Death was so strongly decyphered in her Countenance, that every one believed that finisher of all mortal Things was near at hand; all the Remains of Strength left her in this dreadful Hour, was employ'd in beseeching those present, that they would prevail on the King to permit her to take her last adieu of a Husband she so tenderly lov'd, and by whom she had been so much beloved. On which several of the Ladies flew to the Room of State where the King then was, and threw themselves at his Feet, begging with Tears and the most sincere Ardency, that he would not refuse this last Consolation to a dying Wife: with them the chief Nobility join'd their Prayers, but the hard-hearted *Ethelred* was inexorable to every thing, and wholly taken up with his new Passion, flung from the Petitioners with an Air, which made them see he was not to be moved.

THEIR Tears and whole Deportment at their return spoke the ill Success of thir Embassy, and the Queen without asking knew there was nothing left her to hope. On which, she ordered her Children to be brought, and seeing Prince *Edgar* that Moment enter, If the Cruelty of the King has exercised on me, said she, could admit of Consolation, I should find it in the Testimonies you, and the whole Court now give me of good Will. I protest to you, that I never wished more than your Friendship and Esteem, nor was Ambitious of any higher Title than your Protectress and Intercessor. It is not for my Presumption, Heaven has thought fit to punish me; but for my too tender Love for the King, who has been too much its Rival in my Adoration. Then after a little pause, My Lord, resumed she,
addressing

addressing herself to *Edgar*, to you I recommend my Sons, I have cause to fear the Infection of their Mother's Fate for them; but if you vouchsafe to take them under your Protection, I hope those Principles of Virtue your Admonitions and Example will inspire in them, will enable them to surmount the Obstacles that threaten to impede their way to Glory. Here she took the Children in her Arms, and embraced them with such Extasies of Grief and Tenderness, as touch'd the Hearts of all who were Witnesses of it, with the most piercing Sorrow. For some Minutes this mournful Scene was fill'd up only with Sighs: Grief had lock'd up every Tongue, nor had even Prince *Edgar* the Power of Speech: at length the Queen recovering herself a little, May ye, said she, to the young Princes, dear Pledges of a Love too tender and too ill recompenc'd, may ye, one day be able to inspire the Heart of *Ethelred* with some part of that Affection he swore should be inviolable to me and mine. — May those Sentiments of Duty and Respect, which will accompany me to my Grave for him, live in you, and encrease with your Years.—And may your Virtues oblige him one Day to regret the Fate of the unfortunate *Ethelgife*. To your Care, my Lord, continued she, turning to *Edgar*, I commit these unhappy Princes: forsake them not, I conjure you. With these Words she renewed her Endearments to them; and finding that no person had the power of answering her but with Tears, Sighs, and Looks, which spoke much more than Language could, the part they took in her Sufferings, her Generosity would not permit her to prolong so touching a Spectacle, and having embraced them all, one after another, preserve for my Children, said she, the Love and Compassion you testify for me, 'tis all I have now to implore. Then supported by Prince *Edgar*, and the inconsolable *Edith*, she went down the Palace-Stairs, and stepped into a Chariot which waited to carry her to the Place ordain'd for her Retirement.

THIS

THIS Princess appeared so beautiful in her Grief, and such peculiar Graces accompany'd her every Action, that the whole Assembly set up a Cry at her Departure, which ecchoed thro' the Palace, and *Edgar* himself was obliged to hold the Handkerchief before his Face to conceal the Tears, which forced themselves in great Abundance from his manly Eyes. None but *Editb* went with her into the Chariot ; but all the Ladies and Women of her Bed-chamber, with the Officers of her Household resolving not to quit her in this Disgrace, made what speed they could to give her their usual Attendance at this little Court, where she was no sooner arrived, than she found herself so much indisposed, that she was obliged to be put immediately to Bed.

EDGAR, who expected no less from her Despair, and was presently informed of it, went the next Day to visit her, and touched to the Soul at the languishing Condition he beheld her in. I come not, Madam, said he, to offer any thing to console you. I know you too well, not to know such Efforts would be in vain, but to persuade you to summon to your Aid all that Courage and high Virtue which has render'd you the Admiration of the World. 'Tis in this sad reverse of Fortune you ought to exert them, and show how worthy you are of a Rank, whence you are so unjustly driven. Time and Patience may bring about a Change to your advantage ; you have acquired the Hearts of the People, their Example may recover that of the King, to whom your Perfections are infinitely more known. Live, Madam, and by your Fortitude make him blush at his Infidelity ; and tho' I easily perceive I have lost all Power with him, be assured, I will not spare remonstrating to him every thing that is necessary for your Re-establishment ; tho' dead at present, the Seeds of Nobleness are in his Nature, I flatter myself he will one Day listen to the Voice of Reason ; I beg of you no more than to live to enjoy the Fruit of my Labours, and a Happiness which nothing hereafter will have the Power to discompose.

MY Lord, reply'd she, my Resignation to the Immortal Will, may assure you I shall do nothing to hasten my Death; but the Love of *Ethelred* was so much a part of my Life, that he cannot destroy the one without the other. I cannot promise you to live, that does not depend on myself; but this I can, that to my last Moment I will retain the grateful Memory of what you have done for me.

THE Pain with which she uttered these Words convincing the Prince that Company was far from being any Alleviation to her Sorrows, he took leave with a Heart truly touch'd with her Calamities; but while he and the whole Court were commiserating her Condition, *Ethelred* pursued his new Amour, and the Object of it having neither the Piety nor the Virtue of *Ethelgive*, permitted him to indulge all those wanton Joys an unlawful Love could ask; which News being reported to *Ethelgive*, gave her some little Hope that the difference of their Characters might in time recal the Wanderer; but just as she was beginning to console herself on the unworthiness of her Rival, she received a second Intelligence, which entirely overthrew all the pleasing Prospect the other had raised.

THE Commerce at that time between the Cities of *London* and *Roan*, and the Correspondence the *English* Lords had with those of *Normandy*, brought to the Ears of *Ethelred* the report of the exquisite Beauty of the Princess *Emma*, Sister to *Richard* the Second, Duke of *Normandy*. This inconstant Prince, whose Heart being once false, was now like Tinder, which every Spark could kindle, was immediately enflamed with the Description he heard of her; but her Picture being presented to him, entirely compleated the Conquest. He now more than ever regretted his Marriage with *Ethelgive*, and her having Children by him, putting an invincible Obstacle to an entire cancelling it, he fell into so violent a Despair, that the Sight of the young Princess was insupportable to him.

THE

THE Mistress for whose sake he had banish'd his Queen, was now banish'd herself with as much Contempt and Ignominy, as the other had been with Love and Reverence. He abandon'd all his former Pleasures, and delivering himself up to Melancholy, he pass'd whole Days together in his Cabinet, contemplating the beautiful Picture of *Emma*.

THIS was no sooner related to *Ethelgiva*, than she found the Loss of all her Hopes in the Birth and Perfections of this Princess; and unable to sustain this second Shock, she fell into a violent Fever, from which the Physicians soon perceived it was not in the power of their Art to recover her. She receiv'd the Certainty of her Death with an unparallel'd Constancy of Mind; and seeing nothing but Tears, and the most piercing Sorrow in all those who were about her, appear'd easy and unmov'd herself, and endeavour'd to comfort them, by saying they ought not to mourn, but rejoice, that she was going to be delivered from the Miseries she had so long endur'd.

SOME Hours before her Death, she wrote a Letter to the King, under a Cover directed to Prince *Edgar*; who she begg'd to take the care of delivering it. After this, she distributed what she was possess'd of between *Edith* and the Persons who had not forsok her in the Change of her Condition; and dedicating her last Moments to Acts of Devotion, she expired, being no more than three and twenty Years old, as beautiful as ever, and universally lamented.

EDITH had no sooner performed her last Duties, and seen her laid in the Earth, than she retired to a Convent, where she took the Veil some time after. As for Prince *Edgar*, he acquitted himself of the Commission entrusted to him by this virtuous Princess, and with Eyes streaming with unfeign'd Tears presented her Letter to the King, who having already heard of her Death, received it with a Coldness and Insensibility, which made the Prince think he had shook of all Humanity; he took the Letter, but without opening it, or even cast-
ing

ing his Eyes on it, threw it carelessly into a little enamell'd Coffer which happen'd to stand near him; and without speaking a Word of the Person who had wrote it, entertain'd *Edgar* with indifferent Things; who surprized at the Hard-heartedness of this Behaviour, took his Leave in a short time, and gave him liberty to indulge the secret Satisfaction of his Mind.

THIS Monarch who was naturally vehement in all his Passions, suffered but a few Days to pass before he declared his Intentions of desiring the Princess *Emma* of her Brother in Marriage, and to that end sent as Ambassador to the Court of *Normandy*, the Earl of *Kent*, one of the most rich and powerful of the *English* Noblemen, and at that time General of all the Forces of the Kingdom. He arrived at *Roan* with a magnificent Equipage, and followed by three hundred Gentlemen of Condition, nor was his Reception unworthy of his Appearance; and having made known the Purport of his Embassy, it was immediately acceded to, and he returned according to the Wish of his Master in a very short time, bringing with him the beautiful Princess.

NEVER was Alliance celebrated with more Pomp, and the Charms of *Emma* making the People hope the Inclinations of their King would now be fix'd, they looked on her with a sincere Joy; the publick Rejoicings continued a whole Month, and this Prince seemed now so infinitely happy in his lovely Queen, that it was thought next to an Impossibility he should ever be capable of changing more.

THE new Queen was not ignorant of all that had happened on *Ethelgrive's* Account, and the History of her Virtues and Sufferings, made her, as she was herself a Miracle of Goodness, conceive the utmost Esteem for her Memory; and treat her Children with little less Affection than if they had been her own.

THE first Year of her Marriage she presented *England* with a Prince, whom *Ethelred* named *Alfred*, and who was regarded as presumptive Heir to the Crown, because the King's Marriage with *Ethelgrive* being against the
Consent

Consent of the Parliament and Council, had not been celebrated with all the Formalities requisite by the Laws of the Kingdom. The second Year was born another Son, who was called *Edward*, and was afterwards that famous *Edward the Confessor*, King of *England*.

A profound Tranquillity now reign'd through all the Kingdom; there were now no Factions, no opposite Parties, the common People were content, and the Great lived in a perfect good Intelligence; the Queen, who possess'd all the Qualities necessary for a great Princess, was the Delight of both the Court and City. The Tenderness she testified for the Children of *Ethelgive*, very much contributed to render her beloved; Prince *Edmond*, whose Features had the exact Resemblance of his beautiful Mother, kept the Memory of that unfortunate Princess fresh in the Minds of the People, and made them behold with Joy the Bounties of the Queen to her Remains, making not the least difference between them and the two Princes she had brought *Ethelred*. Every thing smiled, there wanted nothing to make this King the happiest Monarch in the World; when, as tho' weary of Prosperity, his own Inconstancy of Nature began to appear, and involved him and his Country in Disturbances which were not easily quieted.

HE took so sudden, and so extraordinary an Aversion for the Queen, that he was not able to endure her in his Sight, nor had he the Power of concealing either from her or the whole Court, the Cause why he took all Opportunities of being absent from her. Tho' few Women had ever more charming Sweetness to her Inferiors, yet was she naturally fierce to her Equals; she complained to the King of the change of his Behaviour, and warn'd him not to oblige her to proceed to Extremities which might be disadvantageous to him, this Menace serv'd only to heighten his Dislike; and instead of attempting any thing in his Vindication, he flung from her with an Air of Disdain, which she was unable to support, and wrote immediately the whole Account of
every

every thing to the Duke of *Normandy*, who entring into the Interests of his Sister, sent Ambassadors to *Ethelred* demanding the Reason of this Treatment of a Princess not unworthy of him.

THIS Proceeding more irritated Matters between them, and she had the same Sentence pass'd upon her, as had been so fatal to her Predecessor. She was banish'd from the Bed and Palace of the King, to both which Mistresses of all Degrees and all Complexions were admitted, the Court was filled with Debaucheries of all kinds; and in their Riots the Queen and the Duke of *Normandy* were ridiculed in the most contemptuous manner. The whole Kingdom was now in the utmost Confusion, Factions were formed, Conspiracies carried on, Religion effaced, Commerce neglected, and every thing that could subvert a Monarchy prosecuted with the utmost Vigour.

IN the midst of this Confusion two *Danish* Lords were accused of sending Intelligence abroad to the prejudice of *England*. On which, *Ethelred* made them be seiz'd, and their Heads immediately struck off; tho' this Sentence was opposed by all the wise Men of the Council, who foresaw the ill Consequences that would attend such a Proceeding.

THIS News was no sooner carry'd to *Denmark*, than *Sueno* swore to revenge their Death in the most bloody Manner, and accordingly rais'd a very powerful Army, with which, through the Neglect of *Ethelred*, and the unhappy Divisions among his Subjects, he invaded *England* in the beginning of the Month of *May* 1013, where he soon became Master of all the Northern Provinces of that Kingdom.

ETHELRED, who wanted not Courage, now began to look about him, and gathering together what Forces he could raise, went to meet the Enemy; but they being flush'd with their former Successes, prevented his March, and fell upon him so unexpectedly, that his Troops were immediately put into Disorder; some were killed, others taken Prisoners but much the greater part betook themselves to flight. Finding it

impossible to rally, he was compelled to return to *London*, where he found every thing in the utmost Confusion. In this Extremity he had recourse to the Queen, who burying all the Memory of her Wrongs in his Misfortunes, wrote to her Brother to afford him Refuge in his Dukedom; who, in consideration of her Interest, accorded to every thing desired of him; and *Ethelred*, with all the Royal Family, embark'd with all speed for *Normandy*.

THE Duke, excited by his natural Generosity, and by the Intreaties of his Sister, received *Ethelred* with the same Civility he would have done, had he been still in Possession of the Crown of *England*, and promised he would do his utmost for his Re-establishment.

THIS News arriving in *France*, a great Number of young Noblemen, animated by the desire of Glory, repaired to *Normandy*, and entred into the Service of the *English* King. And as the Example of those in high life never fails to influence those beneath, these were followed by so great a concourse of inferior Gentry; that with them, and the Succours raised him in *Normandy*, the King soon found himself in a Condition to attempt the Recovery of his Dominions.

FORTUNE, so lately averse, now seemed to smile again on the Designs of *Ethelred*: As he was almost ready to put to Sea, he heard of the Death of *Sueno*; and his Son *Canutus*, who was very young, had nothing in his Name which could give Terror to his Opposers. All things being prepared, the King landed in *Sussex* with an Army of eighty thousand Men. The *Danes* who were posted to obstruct his March were easily defeated, and he passed on to the main Body of the Army: where, being bold enough to hazard a Battle. they were almost all slain, or taken Prisoners, with the Loss of all their Baggage. *Canutus*, the Son of *Sueno*, escap'd; and with a few *Danes* that remain'd, embark'd hastily, quitting their Glory, and their Conquest.

ETHELRED returning with his victorious Army to *London*, was received with the joyful Acclamations of all

all his Subjects : He sent for his Family from *Normandy*, and heaped Honours and Presents on those who had so bravely assisted his Enterprize. Every thing was now once more in Tranquillity, and this Monarch, who had resolved never to fall into his former Inadvertencies, hoped to pass the remainder of his Days in Calmness ; when the repose of his Mind was all at once destroy'd by an Accident he least expected.

AS he was amusing himself one Day, in his Cabinet, with chusing from among a great number of Diamonds some to make a Bracelet for the Queen, he happen'd to cast his Eyes on the Letter of the unfortunate *Ethelgive*, which had till this Moment never been opened ; a sudden Emotion of which he was not Master, made him break the Seal, and the first Lines engaging him to read on, the most tender pity took possession of his Heart. He kiss'd the dangerous Paper, without being sensible why he did so ; in fine, he examin'd the Contents of it, and found they were as follows.

The faithful and most unfortunate *ETHELGIVE*, to her Husband and her King, the too much beloved *ETHELRED*.

MY LORD,

WERE not my Death inevitable, and at hand, I should not have the presumption to approach you with any Testimonies of a Passion which has no longer any thing in it agreeable to your Majesty. But the Condition I am in, authorizes my Temerity ; and you cannot refuse the dying *Ethelgive* the Consolation of giving you her last farewell, and of telling you that she has loved, and still loves you as much as ever, in spite of all you have made her suffer ; and that it is not in the Power of that Death your cruel Change inflicts on her, to erase the Memory of that dear Affection you once honoured me with.

I take not the Pen in my Hand, oh *Ethelred* ! to reproach you ; my Respect surmounts your Infidelity, and I accuse not your Inconstancy, so much as my own ill Fate, which gave me not the Qualities necessary to preserve your

Heart. I only beseech you to remember, I neglected nothing that might hinder you from repenting you had bestowed it on me; and that I returned with the most perfect tenderness and submission the Favours you conferred upon me.

LET not therefore a Name which has been pleasing to your Ears, become odious, nor make those unfortunate Princess I leave behind, share in the Contempt you show their wretched Mother. Remember, Sir, you are their Father; and that when they first saw light, they lost all that might be ascribed to them from my Birth, to partake the Glory of yours: If they have any resemblance of me, I wish it may be only in their Love and Duty to your Majesty.

YOU will soon give England a Queen truly worthy to fill the Place I have but usurped: I yield, without regret, a Throne to which I never pretended; but, if I were to live, I could not, with the same Resignation, behold her Reign in your Heart. But, Sir, I die, and there will shortly remain no Obstacle to these wish'd for Nuptials.—May they be more happy than mine, formed under the most auspicious Influences, and no dangerous Novelties interpose to poison their future Sweets.

PERMIT me, Sir, in Quality of the first of your Subjects, to take the Liberty of calling you back to your self, whence you too long have wandred. No Interest of my own has any part in this Admonition, 'tis dictated only by the Consideration of yours.—'Tis to your Glory—'tis to your Repose, I beg you will sacrifice the gayer Emotions of your Soul—Engage by your Love, and by your Constancy, that excellent Princess you are going to make your Partner: Let her not blame the Ardour of that Passion I have express'd for you; the more amiable you appear to her, the more she will excuse my Conduct.—

But, alas! who can ever love you as Ethelgive has done? She lived not but for you, and died when her Life had no more the Power to please you. Adieu, Sir, my Strength is exhausted, but my Tenderness for you remains in its full Vigour—You will see me no more,—you will bear from me no more; and I leave the World with this only Hope that you will sometimes think of

ETHELGIVE.
THIS

THIS Letter had as sudden an Effect on the Heart of the King, as the first Sight of her who wrote it; the Image of this Princess, adorned with all her Charms, presented itself to his Mind: Her soft Endearments, every Joy he had experienced in her Possession, returned to his Memory. His Admiration of her thousand Virtues now rekindling, and Grief, and Remorse for having treated her so unworthily, made his Breast a perfect Chaos of Confusion. But when he reflected that she was for ever lost, and that his Unkindness had caused her Death, he reproached himself in the severest manner. His past Conduct now appeared in its blackest Colours, a terrible Repentance ensued. From his Wrongs of *Ethelgiva*, he descended to those he had offered *Emma*; the Outrage he had done two of the most lovely, and most Virtuous Women on the Earth, made him seem a Monster to himself. He stood amazed that there was a Possibility for him to have abused Patience, and Sweetness, such as theirs; the perfect Submission of the first, her Love, and her Death; the Obligations he had to the last, all at once assailed him, and put him into a Condition truly pityable.

WHILE he was employed in these Meditations, the Queen entred the Cabinet unseen by him, his Back being to the Door; and perceiving a Paper in his Hand, she drew near softly, and leaning over the Chair in which he sat, read distinctly the whole Letter of *Ethelgiva*. She was so much touch'd with it, that without thinking where she was, Tears burst from her Eyes, and she sigh'd; which rousing the King ought of the deep Thought he had been in, and turning about, and seeing her in that posture, Ah Madam! said he, what have you discovered?

DO not be alarm'd, reply'd this beautiful Queen, to find me in Tears, they are occasion'd neither by Jealousy nor Envy; but I give 'em to the Memory and Misfortunes of the most amiable Woman that ever was; and I should be unworthy to fill the Place she has left me, if I should regret that which she ought always to maintain in your Remembrance.

SENTIMENTS

SENTIMENTS so noble and so rare, entirely brought back all the former Virtues of this Prince; and relating to the Queen without Disguise the whole Adventure of this Letter, he freely confess'd, that it had rekindled in his Heart all the Love he had felt for *Ethelgive*: But, Madam, said he, this Passion is but for a Shade, you are the Substance to whom my whole Vows shall hereafter be perpetually address'd, not can I repay the Wrongs I have done that unfortunate Princess, but by loving her Perfections in you. My Lord, reply'd the Queen, I shall always receive your Affection with the most sensible Pleasure, whether given on my own or *Ethelgive's* account. This generosity seem'd to restore some part of that ease to *Ethelred*, the reading the Letter had deprived him of. He thank'd her, and this moving Conversation concluded with Promises of an inviolable Fidelity.

BUT whatever he said, or perhaps thought at that time, his Soul grew more and more perplexed. The Image of *Ethelgive* followed him wherever he went, her Letter was imprinted on his Heart in indelible Characters, he gave every Moment the Tribute of a Sigh to her Memory; and tho' he lived in the utmost Unity with the Queen, yet *Ethelgive* had all his Love, she took up all his Thoughts, and secret Grief began to prey upon his Health, and render his Body languid as his Mind, when he heard that *Canutus* the young King of *Denmark* was coming with a numerous Army to invade his Territories. This News being confirm'd, *Ethelred* assembled his Troops, recruited them, and took all necessary precautions to resist his Enemy; who in the Spring of the Year 1015, appear'd on the Coasts of *England* with a formidable Fleet, where he not only landed in spite of all the Opposition could be made: but also encamped so advantageously, that *Ethelred* judg'd it not prudent to hazard a Battle, and contented himself with small Skirmishes, falling sometimes on one part, and sometimes on another; but his Troops being always beaten, and the Enemy still gaining ground, this unhappy Monarch, press'd by this new Misfortune, tore
by

by the most cruel Remorse, and persecuted with the Idea of her who could not be recalled, was seized with a violent Fever, of which he died in a few Days, pronouncing incessantly the Name of *Ethelgive*, and leaving his Kingdom and Family in a Confusion which is not to be express'd. The Children of *Emma* were not in a Condition by reason of their Age to dispute the Crown with those of *Ethelgive*; and *Edmond* being the eldest, was set upon the Throne to the prejudice of those born of the *Norman* Princess. This, continued *Felicia*, was the End of *Ethelred*, one of the most lovely and most inconstant Monarchs in the World.

FELICIA had scarce done speaking, when this amiable Company, who had done nothing but weep during her recital of these Adventures, gave her a thousand Praises, not only for the History itself, but for the touching manner in which she had repeated it. For my part, said *Camilla* if I hear many more of the same Nature, it will absolutely convert all my Gaiety into Melancholy; I have a Heart so much softned with this one, that I know not when I shall be able to laugh again.

THAT would be an unspeakable loss to all who enjoy the Pleasure of your agreeable Conversation, said *Urania*; but the Misfortunes of *Ethelgive* are indeed of such a Nature, that one cannot hear them without being sensibly affected.

CONFESS then, added *Florinda*, that it gives one a cruel Idea of Mankind, and that *Ethelred* is a great Example of the Instability of his Sex. Ah! my dear *Florinda*, interrupted *Erasmus*, carry not your dangerous Reflections too far, nor for one faithless Man condemn those who are incapable of changing.

WHATEVER they are, said *Celestina*, 'tis safest for our own Tranquility to believe them true; and I am so thoroughly persuaded of the Fidelity of all here, that the History of the King of *England* has given me no Idea to their Disadvantage.

WE

WE merit this Confidence, Madam, cry'd *Thelamont*, and you risque nothing in answering for our Constancy. As he was proceeding, a Servant came to inform them Supper was ready. I assure you, said *Camilla*, rising, I have need of as good a Repast as that I am going to, to dissipate the sorrow *Felicia* has caused in me.

THE manner in which this beautiful Lady pronounced these Words, made them all laugh; and to divert this pretended Melancholy, every body, after they were set at Table, endeavoured to vie with the other in Wit and Pleasantry. *Silviana* and *Arelise* having declared they had never pass'd a more agreeable Day, *Urania*, whose House was large enough to contain this Augmentation of her Company, entreated *Celemena* and her amiable Friends to stay all Night. They accepted the Invitation with pleasure, to the End they might enjoy the next Day the Improvements and Amusements of this charming Retreat.



The End of the Third Volume.

1607/1788.

VI 307

1865

